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December 3, 1938

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Collier's

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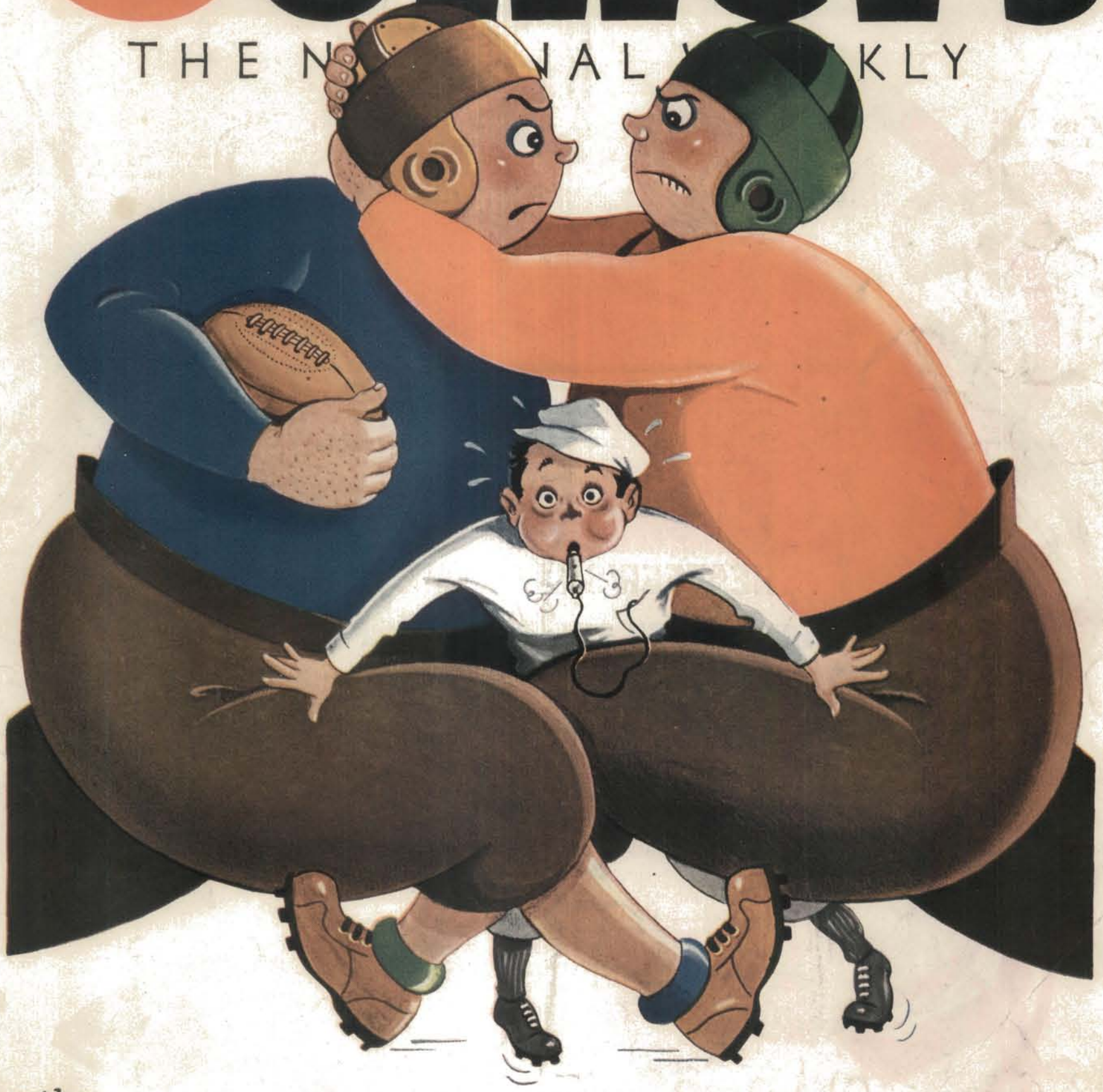

arthur crouch

James Hilton **Agatha Christie** **J[illegible]**

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SHEAFFER'S

THE ONLY LIFETIME° PEN! IDENTIFIED BY THE WHITE DOT!

CREST Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $19.75—LADY CREST, $17.75

$20 with Lifetime° pen

$15 with Lifetime° pen

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GIVE THE FINEST MONEY CAN BUY

...at a price all can afford

SHEAFFER'S LIFETIME° PEN MATCHED WITH THE *Fineline* PENCIL

This wonderful new combination of Sheaffer's Lifetime° Feathertouch° pen with the new FINELINE pencil contains the only real improvement in pencil writing in 23 years. With a permanent sharpness heretofore unknown, FINELINE provides the world's smoothest, fastest writing. It was developed for Sheaffer by the Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. after years of research. It is found only in Sheaffer's gift ensembles this year. Ask your dealer to explain the wonderful merits of this ideal gift combination.

Your list of gifts will contain desk sets, so select Sheaffer's Dry-proof, the greatest improvement in the history of this writing instrument.

All Lifetime° pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

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JUNIOR Streamlined Ensemble, $3.95

CRAFTSMAN Streamlined Ensemble, $5 MISS UNIVERSE, $5

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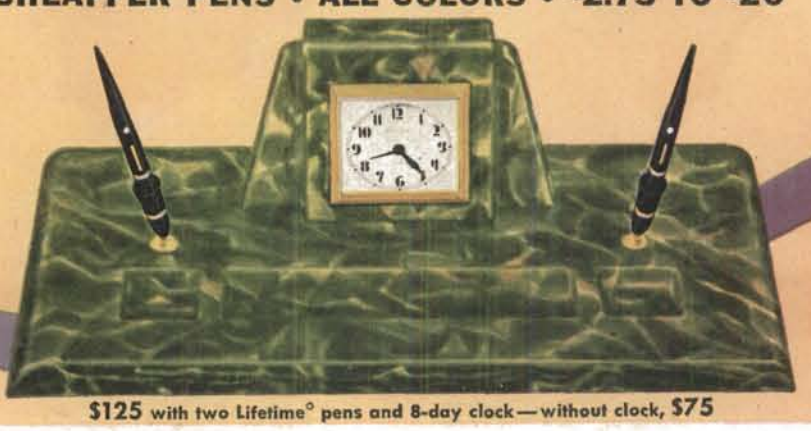

$10 with Lifetime° pen

$5 with pen

$7.50 with pen

$125 with two Lifetime° pens and 8-day clock—without clock, $75

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The News Traveled Fast Plymouth's Got It!

BIGGER VALUE *Lower Prices*

THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH IS THE TALK OF THE U.S.A. —HERE'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE CAR OF THE YEAR!

1. Greater Size—114-in. Wheelbase
2. New High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy
3. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting—marvelous new ease
4. New Auto-Mesh Transmission
5. New Coil Springs of Special Amola Steel
6. New "Safety Signal" Speedometer
7. New Streamlined Safety Headlamps
8. Time-proven Hydraulic Brakes
9. Floating Power Engine Mountings
10. All-Steel Body completely rust-proofed

939 PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" Two-Door Touring Sedan with thrilling new High-Torque engine performance and new economy!

EASY TO BUY

CONVENIENT TERMS

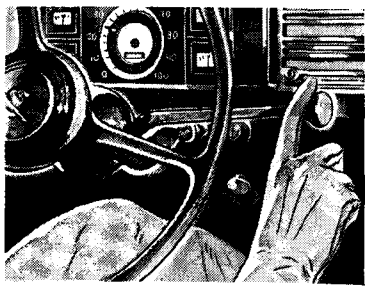
"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cu. ft.). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

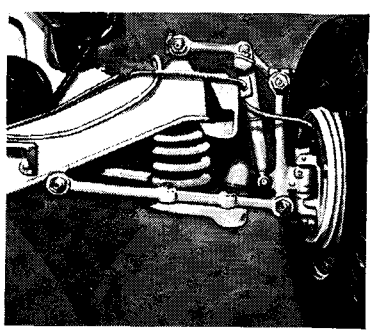
FROM THE DAY it was announced, the big, new 1939 Plymouth has attracted crowds everywhere! It's amazing that Plymouth can offer such added value, *at new lower prices!*

Plymouth's new ride — new luxury and safety — are the talk of the automobile world.

Easy to own... your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.



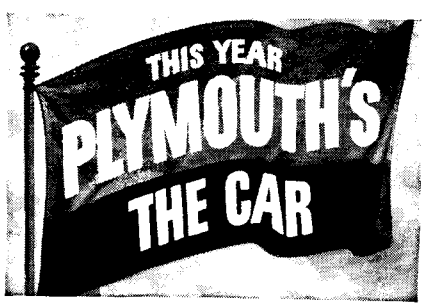
STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models, at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. New shifting ease.



NEW AMOLA STEEL COIL Springs, finest design in the industry, give Plymouth a wonderful new ride.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

JUDITH CLAYTON'S problem would have been tough for any girl to handle. Her uncle was rapidly and brazenly misappropriating her large fortune. Nothing could be done at law, because of the family. And the only way in which Judith could get control of her estate was by marrying. The obstacle there was that the man she loved hadn't given her any serious consideration.

Judith solved the problem very simply. She proposed. She proposed marriage on a business basis, and on a business basis it remained —for a time. Thus begins "Strange Honeymoon," the new serial by Octavus Roy Cohen.

IT USED to be when you looked at Prague at night you would see the bridge and parliament and the great white opera house cut out of darkness by a blaze of lights. Not any more. One of the main powerhouses supplying Prague now lies in German territory. The city is dim by night, and in the day fear haunts it. Along the new borders of Czechoslovakia a dispirited army smarts from a defeat in which it had no part. And in the cities businessmen struggle hopelessly to mend a national economy that has been deliberately smashed. They at least know what has happened to them. But the common people are frozen into a weary despair. From the scene of Germany's triumph Martha Gellhorn sends you the "Obituary of a Democracy."

SKID ALLEN had her pride. "I'm a good wife," she used to tell herself complacently, "while I'm married to 'em." And she was. If she felt no compunction in leaving them, that was in large measure their fault. But it wasn't Mike Allen's fault. His mistake was in being down on his luck. In "Lover Come Back," Paul O'Neil gives you the dramatic climax of a triangle.

THERE'S a tradition about great goalies in hockey—they come from Canada. Even now, with Mike Karakas firmly established, people can't believe he's American. "Yankee Invasion" is by Arthur Mann.

MR. GENSEL was the manager. "Delicate," he told Joey. "Remember, delicate is the keyword." And Irwin Shaw shows you a fight in Philadelphia that was, in almost all respects, delicate. The story is called "Stop Pushing."

THOMAS McMORROW, Quentin Reynolds, Ben Ames Williams, MacKinlay Kantor, S. Dillon Ripley, Agatha Christie, Freling Foster and others complete the issue.

Collier's

December 3, 1938

This Week

SHORT STORIES

JAMES HILTON
From Information Received. The rise and fall of a Nazi. Page 9

FRANK FENTON
The Jitterbug. Romance among alligators. Page 14

ALAN GREEN
Your Money or Your Love. An unambitious lover. Page 19

SHORT SHORT STORIES
Safe, by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 11

The Compliment, by Richard Hoffmann. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder for Christmas. The fourth of ten parts. Poirot among the daughters-in-law. Page 16

HUMPHREY COBB
None But the Brave. Conclusion. The last hunch. Page 18

ARTICLES

JOHN T. FLYNN
Bet You an Empire. Railroads on the gambling table. Page 12

MARCIA DAVENPORT
Music Will Out. The irrepressible career of Marian Anderson. Page 17

MUSHKY JACKSON as told to JAMES CANNON
My Fighters Lose. Guaranteed collapsible. Page 21

EARL M. SHERMAN, D.D.S.
Save Your Teeth. Spare yourself grief. Page 30

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. For use at the dinner table. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Hitler Against Heaven. Page 54

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

AFTER reading Mr. John M. Thomas' letter several times we're pretty sure somebody owes him orchids. We will depend upon him then to distribute them with discernment and justice. Mr. Thomas is a sophomore at Amherst and "proud of it." Nevertheless, he has orchids coming to him and we've dropped a hint to Quentin Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds, as you doubtless know, wrote a piece for us about New York's better-smelling night clubs—"Have You a Reservation?" At one of these, said Mr. Reynolds, the proprietor gives gardenia corsages to ladies in evening dress. Mr. Thomas read it—and groaned. Says he: "Now I am not a well-known playboy or anything of that nature but I can truthfully say that I have visited the night club referred to many times. Every time, with one exception, I and the girl I was with wore full dress but none of these times was my charming escort honored with gardenias. I could tell you of countless others—my friends here at college who have spent as much money in that club as a lot of other people. Why publish such statements?"

WE'RE on Mr. Thomas' side, especially in that Mr. Reynolds has just passed by wearing orchids. Moreover, we were at the moment reading a letter from Mrs. Mary Louise Danz of Baltimore, Maryland, who would "pay for all the cost of relief and go a long way toward balancing the budget" by imposing a fifty-per-cent tax on "all money spent after ten-thirty at night." Gladly Mrs. Danz explains: "Money spent after ten-thirty at night (P. M.)," says she, "is not spent for any good. It is spent wastefully and riotously and does no one any good including the spender."

WE PROBABLY shan't become a subscriber to the Southern Listening Bureau, the prospectus of which comes to us from its offices in Little Rock, Arkansas. And yet it offers "well-trained and experienced listeners who will hear you as long as you wish to talk and without interruption, for a nominal fee. As our listeners listen, their faces portray interest, pity, tenderness, fellow feeling, intelligence and understanding. Where called for, they exhibit the more vigorous emotions —hate, joy, chagrin, hope, despair, indignation, fury and exultation, etc. Lawyers, politicians, civic club leaders, reformers and whoopers-up can try out their speeches on us. You may talk freely about your business, finances, love life, children and domestic problems without fear of having any confidence betrayed. No quackery. No scientific pretensions. No unsolicited nor uncalled-for advice offered. Just let off steam into the discreet ears of our experts and feel better."

ANYWAY, the offer comes to us somewhat late. We could have used a few good enthusiastic listeners on at least one occasion a few years ago when, at the conclusion of what we still believe was a rather important and engagingly delivered radio talk, we invited our unseen public to write to us. After a somewhat disconcerting wait we received our mail—two letters. One told us that we talked too fast. The other asked us what the subject of our discourse was.

MR. R. W. GERMANY of Monroe, Louisiana, tells us he saw a delegation of ladies and gentlemen gathered around the tomb of the Honorable Huey P. Long at Baton Rouge. Mr. Germany paused long enough to be understandably shocked by the delegation's leader who, being a clergyman quite politically inclined, elected to utter a few well-chosen words to make the pilgrimage memorable. And he did so, winding up with: "How much better it would be if all his damnable enemies were dead and in hell instead of our beloved senator."

WE'VE pledged our weekly subscription to Mr. J. W. Morse of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Morse writes: "The British Empire and the United States are in a great danger. Four well-known men throughout the world will die. They will be Mr. Hitler, Mr. Mussolini, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt. Send me one dollar to December thirty-first. After that date I'll not accept your dollar. In return I'll answer to you how to save the British Empire, the United States, civilization, democracy, Christianity and also the exact date and circumstances of your death."

AND well worth it. W. D.

Vol. 102, No. 23. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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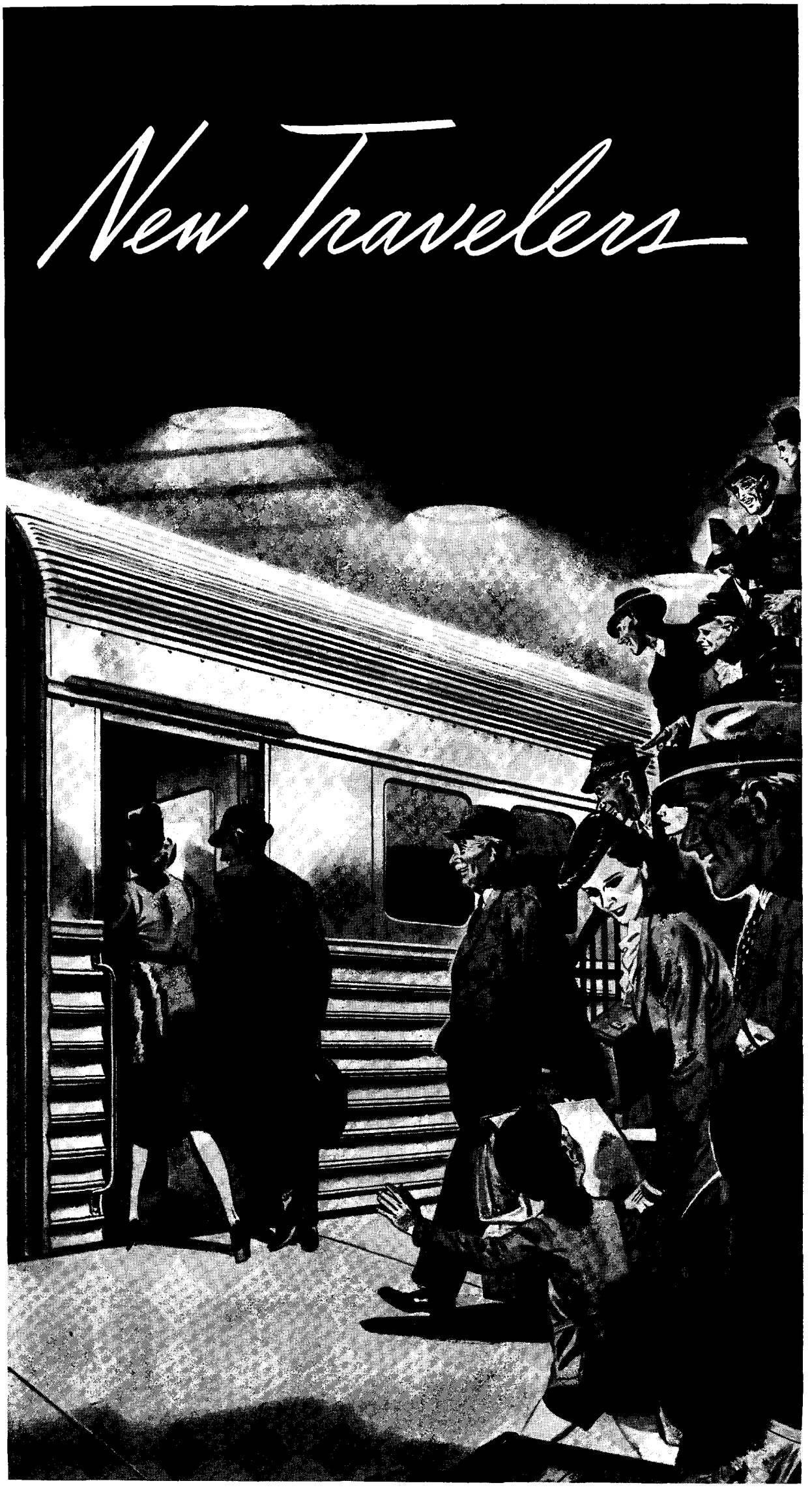
NEW TRAINS... New Travelers



This year millions of Americans have rediscovered the pleasure of traveling by train. We have talked with some of them. We know why they are once more enthusiastic about train travel. Again and again we have heard the same phrase repeated — "It's these *new trains!*"

Your first glimpse of a silvery Budd-built streamliner, skimming arrow-like along the rails, is an invitation to travel. But there is a still greater thrill when you step aboard. Roomy, luxurious seats, restful color schemes, perfect air-conditioning and insulation against noise are among the comforts you first notice. You are hardly aware of speed until you watch the landscape shoot past the wide windows. And when you glide to a stop at your destination you will be eager to travel the Budd way again.

Each of the twenty-four Budd-built trains now in service has produced a steady increase in passenger traffic. The same condition prevails whether the distance covered is a hundred miles or a thousand. Wherever the new trains run they are creating the desire for up-to-date transportation and attracting new travelers.

This is a hopeful sign for America's hard-pressed railroads. For the light-weight trains that Budd builds not only add to passenger revenue but *cost less* to operate. Budd design and the Budd SHOTWELD★ process make it possible to build with high-tensile stainless steel *throughout* the car structure, and thus achieve true light weight without the slightest sacrifice of strength or safety.

• *Originator of ALL STEEL★ automobile bodies, Budd has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of many steel products. The Budd developments in stainless steel include railway cars, marine and bridge structures, airplanes, tanks, bus, truck and trailer bodies and equipment for the chemical and rayon industries.* ★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

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Get rid of that telltale DANDRUFF for keeps—with LISTERINE

Pityrosporum ovale, the germ that causes dandruff, magnified many times.

Sensational discovery that a germ causes dandruff leads to antiseptic therapy. Listerine Antiseptic relieves and masters dandruff, tests prove. 76% of patients of New Jersey clinic got amazing relief.

THINK of it, dandruff that defied science so long now yields to a new delightful treatment.

Its cause has been discovered—a queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale, which is found in the scalp, the hair follicles and the hair itself.

Quickly killed

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills these germs when applied full strength with massage.

Thus freed of the parasite that saps their vitality, scalp, hair follicles, and hair itself come back to normal in a surprisingly short time. Itching stops, and the scalp and hair regain new vigor and lustre.

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment takes the place of those smelly salves, lotions, pomades, and dressings that treat dandruff symptoms but not its cause.

Easy . . . delightful . . . quick

If you have any evidence of dandruff, all you do is douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp once or twice a day. Follow it with vigorous and persistent massage. It's the most delightful, stimulating treatment you ever heard of and gets results that simply amaze you.

Every day we receive enthusiastic letters telling how Listerine Antiseptic checked dandruff in a much shorter time than that shown in exhaustive clinical and laboratory tests.* Even after dandruff disappears, it is wise to use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against reinfection.

Don't wait until dandruff becomes an advanced infection; if you have the slightest symptom, start the Listerine Antiseptic treatment now . . . The only treatment we know of which is backed by authoritative scientific proof. Such prompt treatment may spare you a lot of trouble later.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

DO OTHERS OFFER SUCH PROOF?

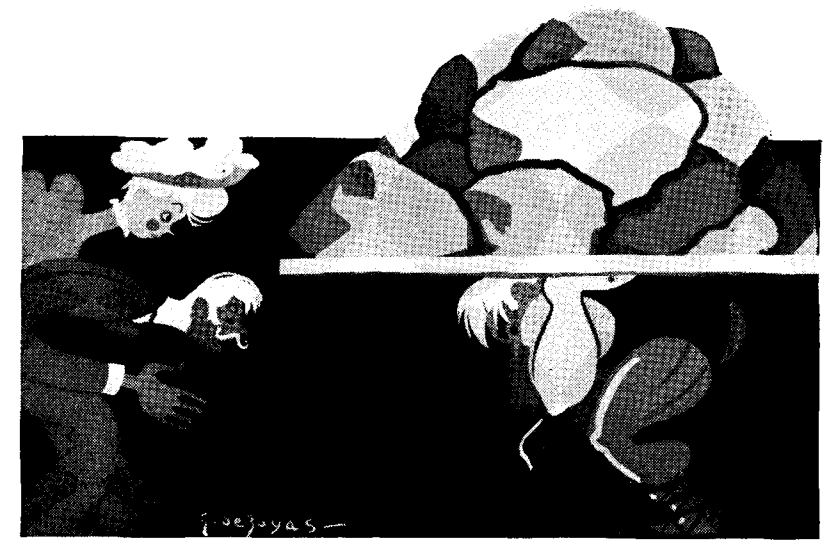
***Clinic and laboratory prove this:**

1 That dandruff infected rabbits treated with *Listerine Antiseptic showed a complete disappearance* of dandruff symptoms at the end of 14 days on the average.

2 A substantial number of men and women dandruff patients of a great mid-western skin clinic, who were instructed to massage the scalp once a day with Listerine Antiseptic, obtained marked relief in the first 2 weeks, on the average.

3 Seventy-six per cent of the dandruff patients of a New Jersey clinic showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of 4 weeks.

LISTERINE THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The greatest weight-lifting act of which there is an authentic record was performed by P. J. McCarthy of St. Louis in 1898. Standing beneath a platform and using his arms and back, he raised a load of stones weighing 6,370 pounds, or more than three tons.—*By William Rainey, West Collingswood, N. J.*

Sobhuza, paramount chief of Swaziland in South Africa, is displeased with his diplomats because he has reached the age of 38 years and they have not yet found the required ten brides for his official marriage. In the meantime, he has acquired a harem of 51 ladies and become the father of 103 children.

Few names have been listed longer in a telephone directory than that of "Quong Lee" in San Francisco's Chinatown. This name, with the same address, has appeared regularly in the directory since its first issue, which appeared on June 1, 1878, more than sixty years ago. —*By Edna Doman, Cumberland, Maryland.*

Since 1900, the French Academy of Science has received thousands of letters from persons who claim the Guzman Prize of 100,000 francs for the first individual who communicates, through signals, with any heavenly body except Mars.—*By William Niedermair, New York City.*

Although the women's prison in Haguenau, France, is noted for its rigid rules and strict discipline, it is one of the very few penal institutions in the world that serve wine daily to the "lifers" and also sell it, in the canteen, to all the other inmates.

The Jews of Germany and Italy now are using ingenious methods in removing their money from these countries before it is confiscated. Recently one clever Italian banker safely drove his fortune over the border before the eyes of the frontier police, having turned it into solid gold (black-painted) mudguards for his car.—*By Mrs. A. Ratter, Liverpool, England.*

One of the oldest ways of catching fish is to tickle them. The most susceptible species are those that bask in shallow water with their heads under rocks. As the fisherman gently tickles their sides, they slowly move backward into his hand and then he seizes their gills.

Although several years old, ship-to-shore radio telephone service is available on no more than 25 passenger vessels. Twenty-two of them are Atlantic liners.

The oyster now comes in tablet form for those who dislike its taste, yet are in need of iodine, iron, copper and its many other minerals. In organic iodine alone, it is estimated that oysters contain about a hundred times as much as the same quantity of beef and eggs.

The longest serial in newspaper history is "The Married Life of Helen and Warren." It began 28 years ago and is still being published.—*By John Fortson, New York City.*

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MEN AND WOMEN AGREE...

Be Modern—Buy Chrysler!

TO WOMEN PARTICULARLY!

Chrysler's Modern Beauty: Really modern! Really beautiful! With front-end units harmoniously blended! With Airflow streamlines of tapered symmetry! No protruding headlamps! No bulging trunk! A long, low, graceful car that sets the pace in beauty as in performance and luxury!

The Exquisite New Interiors: Lighter and brighter, with wider, higher windows! More luxurious, with great chair-high seats, wide as divans, smartly tailored! Roomier, with broad, clear floors and body 4″ wider at the windshield! Beautiful new instrument panel of gorgeous moulded plastic, with recessed controls.

The New Handling Ease: Effortless gear-shifting, with the convenient Steering Wheel Gear-Shift always at your finger-tips! Easy steering and parking and braking, because of Chrysler's feather-touch steering gear and perfected hydraulic brakes! A wonderful performer in town and country... and easy for a woman to drive!

New Luggage Compartment: Entirely concealed by the sloping back is a still bigger, easy-to-get-at luggage compartment, opened from the rear. Fully lined, including floor mat, it holds an enormous amount of bags and packages, safely protected from weather and theft!

ESPECIALLY INTERESTING TO MEN!

Chrysler's Increased Power and Performance: Greatly increased horsepower . . . velvet-smooth with Floating Power. Lightning responsiveness . . . with economy that is truly remarkable! A car that's "rarin' to go"... that instantly translates your thoughts into action. Drive a new Chrysler and learn what modern performance really means!

Chrysler's New Superfinished Parts: Imagine accuracy of 2-millionths of an inch! That's the new standard set by Chrysler's amazing new Superfinishing process. Provides a bearing surface of double the usual life. Used on pistons, crankshafts, wrist pins, brake drums and many other parts. One of the most important contributions ever made to economy and long life.

The Amazing Roominess: Body 4″ wider at the windshield giving roominess that you actually *feel!* Broad, level floors, with no obstructions! Great, wide, chair-high seats, like divans! Leg-room, elbow-room, head-room, *driving*-room . . . in an interior that sets new standards in luxury and smartness!

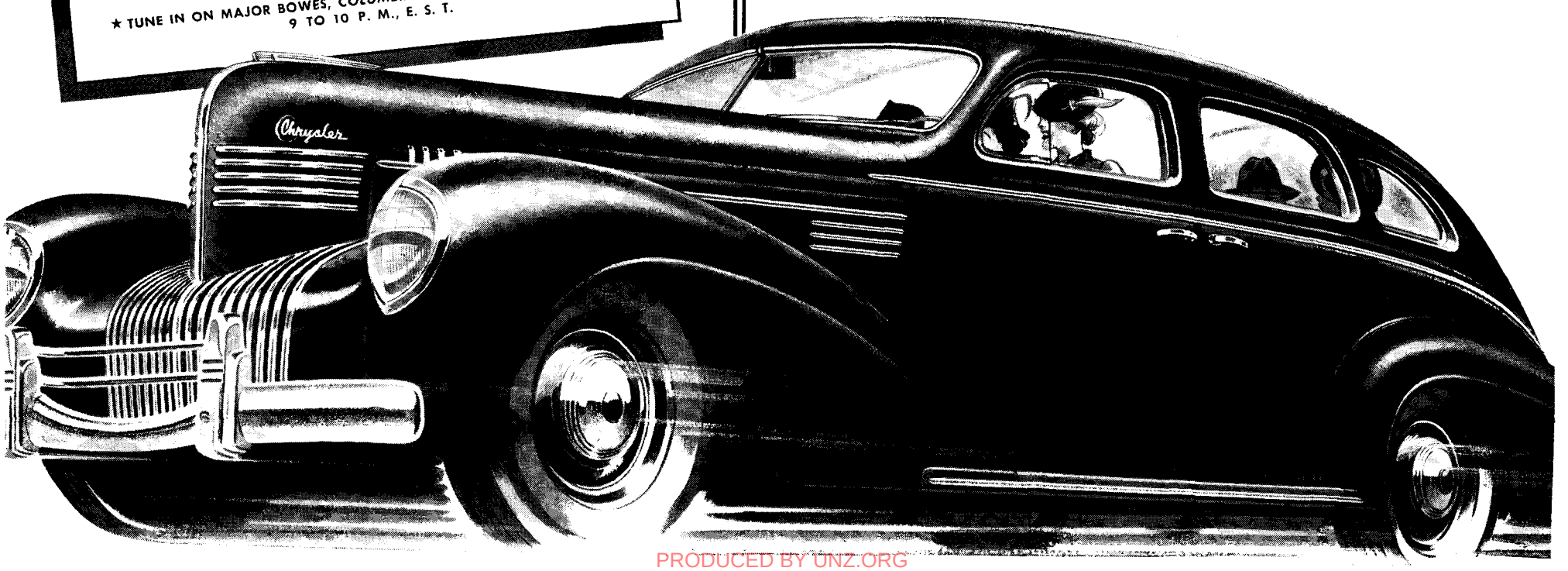
New Engineering Features: Again, you get the good things first from Chrysler . . . Steering Wheel Gear-Shift . . . rubber insulated steering . . . safety signal speedometer, with different colored lights for low, medium and high speed ranges . . . Superfinished parts, most accurate ever built. And, of course, you get all the famous Chrysler features, including perfected hydraulic brakes and Safety *All-Steel* Body! See the new Chryslers today. They're America's most modern motor cars!

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL
100 Horsepower
119-Inch Wheelbase

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
135 Horsepower
125-Inch Wheelbase

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the "fluid clutch."

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.



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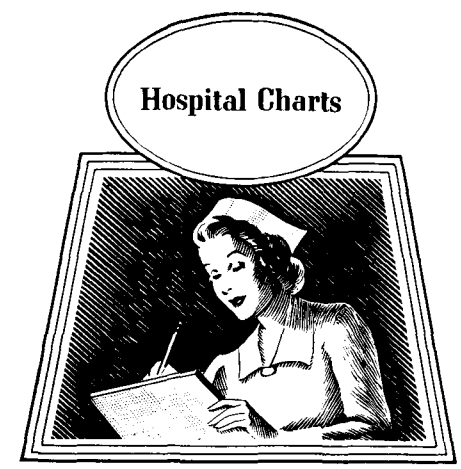
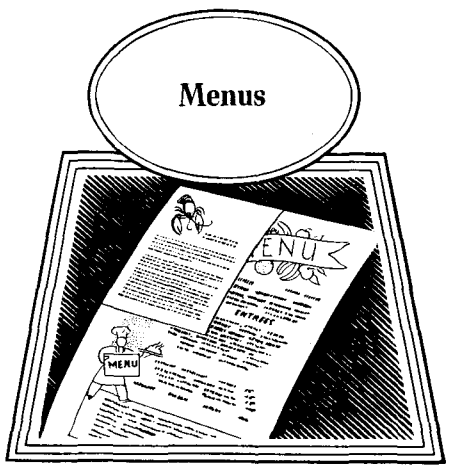
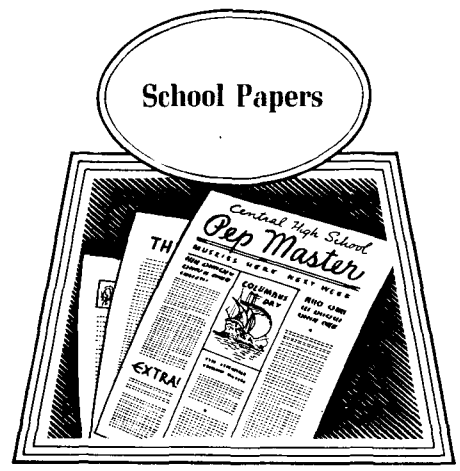
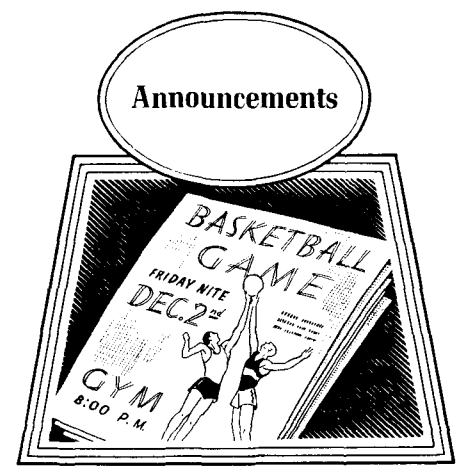
A Lot of People Think It's Only for Letters

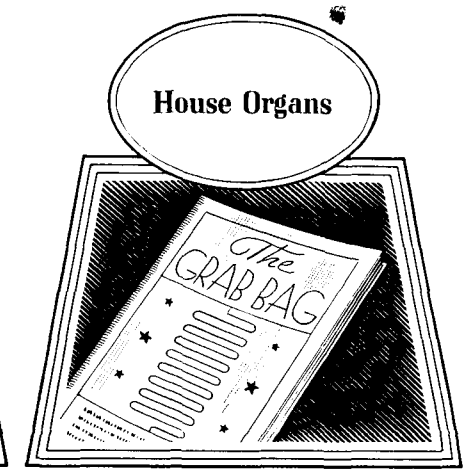
—but here are 14 other ways, out of many thousands, to which American businesses and institutions have put the Mimeograph to work . . .

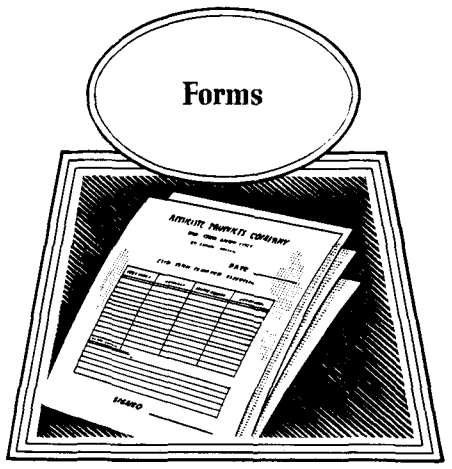


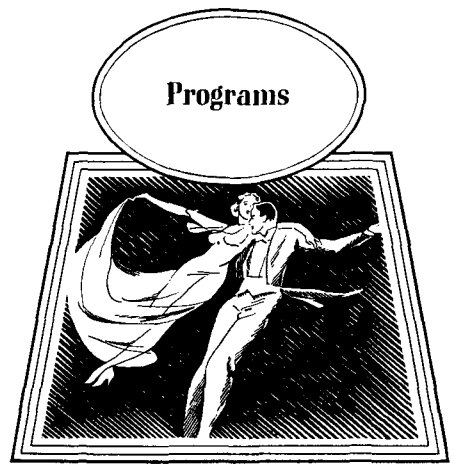


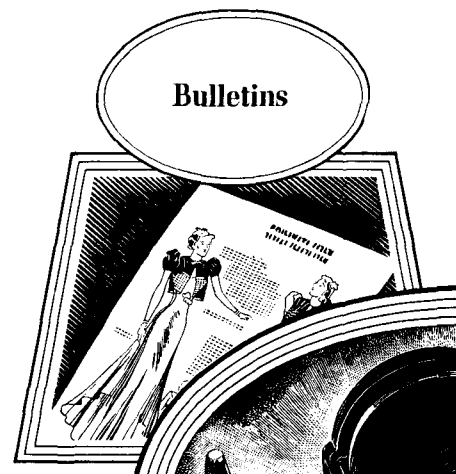
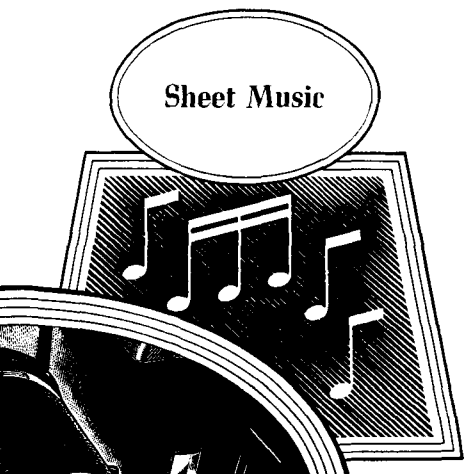


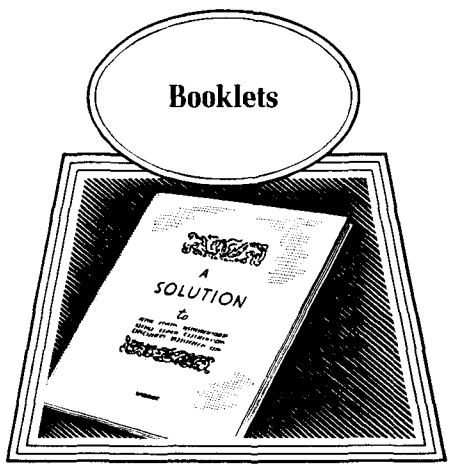


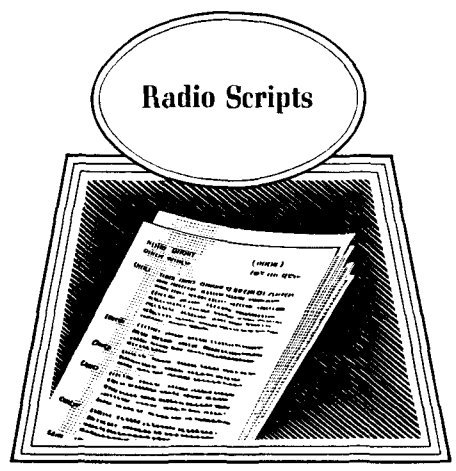


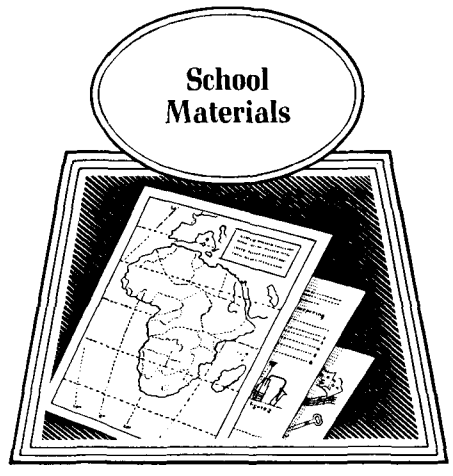


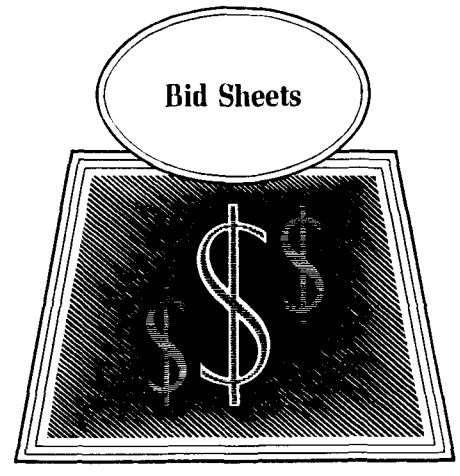


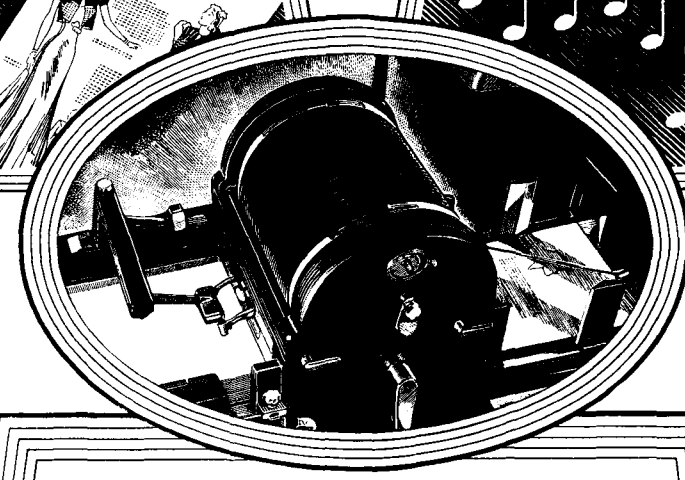












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"They're killing a man down there!" she cried, in a hoarse whisper. "A man who's never harmed anyone in his life . . . they're killing him"

From Information Received

By James Hilton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The dramatic story of a boy's fight for survival in Vienna

THE coffee, hot rolls and honey at Basel railway station restaurant at six in the morning are as good a stimulus to conversation as any I know —better, because more clarifying, than the most garrulous smoke-room nightcap. At six in the morning the things you say are apt to be worth saying, or else you do not say them; and at a public breakfast table the people you talk to are worth the effort, or you do not have to make it. And Basel, also, seems contrived by nature and the Swiss State Railways for the special purpose of enabling chance travelers to meet, talk long enough, and separate. The great transcontinental trains arrive about half past five, there is a brief skirmish with the customs officials, and by six the smell of coffee and rolls soothes even the most cantankerous early riser.

There were two others at my table—a man and a woman—strangers to each other as well as to me. I never knew their names, but we soon discovered a common affection for Austria, and that led naturally to talk of recent events. The man was either English or American and had been Viennese correspondent for a newspaper until his views had made it more comfortable to leave. He was very bitter about the whole business. The woman was middle-aged, with a clever face and somehow an air of talking to men from their own side of the fence that was at first disconcerting and then oddly persuasive. She spoke excellent English with a slight accent, was less bitter, but more calmly cynical than the journalist.

"Human nature is pretty much the same everywhere," she was saying. "Now that the battle's won and the shouting's ended there's a sort of hush all over Vienna, but if you put your ear to the ground you can hear a scratching noise—it's caused by a million totalitarians doing the most individualistic thing in the world: intriguing and plotting and palm-greasing for the best jobs. Every man who ever wore a swastika badge when the police weren't looking, or who says he ever did, expects his reward in the shape of a nice cozy government job with an office, a secretary, and a bulging brief case. And there just aren't enough of such jobs to go round. Turning swords into plowshares is hard enough, but it's saner, economically, than turning swords into typewriters. . . .

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"And believe me, in this scramble for desks the Austrian Nazis don't love the German Nazis any more than the boss' nephew. Jobs . . . jobs . . . jobs . . . that's what they're all after. A hundred thousand unemployed Viennese students and university graduates worked for Hitler because they believed he could give them a chance of being what they were trained to be—doctors, teachers, civil servants, and so on. Decent boys, most of them . . ."

"You wouldn't call them decent if you'd seen them behave as I have," said the journalist.

"I mean decent individually," she answered. "As a mob, of course, just pitiless. But then, so are most mobs."

I remarked, with the idea of easing the argument, that I hadn't been in Austria for several years and that the only Austrian Nazi I remembered was a young fellow named Kurt Bruckner, whom I had met at a Salzburg dinner party during the festival. "My hostess assured me he was a very dangerous agitator and wanted by the police. Personally I found him charming and intelligent."

BOTH my companions had looked up sharply at the mention of Bruckner's name. The woman said quietly: "Yes, I knew Bruckner, too." Then the man said: "So did I," and added in a grim voice, chiefly for my benefit: "Brains and brass knuckles aren't as far apart as you might think. He used them both." To the woman he then added emphatically: "And don't tell me he was decent as an individual. I probably know more about him than either of you."

"What do you know about him?" asked the woman.

"He was in jail awaiting trial when Hitler's men marched in."

"Yes, I knew that much. . . ."

He continued, leaning over the table and speaking more eagerly: "But I'll bet you didn't know what the charge was? We journalists get to know these things. . . . It wasn't a political offense at all. Just the sordid, brutal murder of a woman—the sort of thing that makes Sunday headlines in our low-minded democratic countries. You see . . . it's not so easy to remain a decent individual when you form part of a mob that behaves like a beast. I should say that mass cruelty leads to personal degeneracy quicker than almost anything . . . even if you *do* have brains. Bruckner was married and had a son. His wife, I'm told, didn't have the slightest suspicion of anything queer. Yet there he was, living a double life all the time. The neighbors of the woman knew him by sight—they said he had come there frequently. It was a cheap room in a poor district.

"One night they heard shots and he was caught with the gun in his hand and the woman dying at his feet. He was trying to shoot himself too, but the gun had jammed. . . . In jail when they questioned him he didn't conceal his identity, didn't deny anything, didn't offer the slightest excuse or explanation. . . . The lawyer who was to defend him hadn't the ghost of an idea where to begin. Even his Nazi pals were a bit disgusted. They didn't object to a little private murder, but they did feel he might have chosen a political opponent, not some poor devil off the streets. And old enough to be his mother, too, from what I heard."

"Who told you that?" asked the woman.

"I knew some of the police. They let him out of jail when the Germans took over, but that was only to avoid a scandal. They had to take him to a worse place. That is, if you consider a padded cell in a private asylum at Wiener Neustadt worse than a Nazi jail. It's a matter of taste."

She nodded. "Yes, that's right—Wiener Neustadt." She looked as if she were confirming something in her mind; then she went on: "You mentioned just now the lawyer who was to have defended him. I happen to be that lawyer. . . . I talked a lot with Bruckner, both in prison and—and afterward. Would you be interested in knowing the truth . . . as I discovered it?"

"The truth," replied the journalist harshly, "is rarely what a lawyer discovers—especially a woman lawyer—in a case like this."

"MAYBE . . ." She was unperturbed. "And I admit that most of what I tell you would have been in my speech in court." She looked to me for encouragement and, receiving it, continued: "It's the speech I never made—the speech that might have brought me the reputation I never made, and that I know I shall never make now. All Europe is full of those personal might-have-beens. It's a strange irony—my last job was to defend one of them, and yet as soon as they came into power I had to escape. But there would have been nothing to stay for, anyway. They don't believe in women having a profession. Women should stay at home and look after the children. Well, I was looking after one of the children—in *my* way. You couldn't call Bruckner much more than a child. He was nineteen."

"That is only a good defense, madame, if you have no other. I speak from long experience of judges, lawyers, and juries."

She smiled. "May I make you my audience? Judge and jury, too, if you like, but an audience, anyhow. . . ." She paused and went on: "Kurt Bruckner's mother was an Austrian married to a staff captain in the German army. He was drafted to the Ukraine after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and, being influential, he had his wife out there with him. They lived together in Kiev and she was with him when he died—killed by an assassin. That was before the boy was born—also in Kiev. By the terms of the November Armistice the Germans had to clear out of the Ukraine immediately, and in the prevailing chaos of revolution and defeat there was no one to insure that a German officer's widow, who shouldn't according to regulations have been there at all, was properly returned to her relatives in Vienna. Thus it was that she and her child were engulfed in the first fiasco of the treaty makers, for after the German withdrawal the country plunged into a hell of Red- and White-faction fighting, cold-blooded slaughter, wholesale robbery, starvation and pestilence.

"In this environment Kurt endured his first years of infancy and boyhood. The number of times he nearly perished was less remarkable than the ultimate fact that he survived. He probably wouldn't have done so but for his mother's beauty, which had enslaved a local hospital doctor who had better access to foods and medicines than the rest of the population.

"This man was a rather fine type of intellectual revolutionary whose ideals hadn't yet been stifled by the need to be politically circumspect. He not only loved and served humanity in the bulk (and what a bulk he found during his day-and-night work at the hospital!), but he loved and cherished Kurt as his own son. He even found time to teach him the rudiments of culture in an age that seemed to have no more use for such things. When Kurt was nine,

(Continued on page 35)

He could only wonder what she was talking about. "What do you mean?" he cried. "What can you tell them?"

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SAFE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JOE was driving and he wouldn't listen when Lippo told him about the back road over the hill.

"We're staying right on the pike, see? It's ten miles shorter and twenty minutes quicker."

Lippo pointed out that the pike passed a state police substation and went through a good-sized town, with traffic bulls at every corner.

"So what?" Joe said. "Nobody's looking for us this side of the lake. From here in it's a breeze."

Lippo gave it up. The dumber they were the quicker they started kidding themselves they were safe. You couldn't get it across to them that the minute a man in a risky racket begins feeling safe he's taking the first step—and the longest one—on the road to the wire cage and the chair. Luckily, they'd split the money when they switched cars. Lippo's share was inside of his shirt. He reached out abruptly and cut the juice. The car slowed, with Joe staring, ugly.

"I'm walking," Lippo said. He jumped out.

"Okay, sucker. Maybe it'll warm up them dogs," Joe laughed. "See you in church."

The car jerked forward. Lippo wagged his head as he watched it gather speed. Trust Joe to dope it out that eighty was safe driving for a gun with the heat on him! Lippo hated walking, but this was one time when he was glad to be afoot, plodding along the narrow twisting road that climbed up through the scrubby woods. If he hadn't learned to be everlastingly on guard against the sucker notion he'd almost have let himself feel safe.

He knew better, though. He kept his hand on the grip of the gun in his overcoat pocket; he kept his eyes alert, and his ears, as if danger waited for him behind every bend of the road. He didn't even let his thoughts stray to the good times ahead, when the heat would cool down and he'd be spending the soft money in his shirt. He held his wits tight to their job of bringing Benny Lippo, alive and healthy, to the hideout cabin at the head of the lake. He didn't have to take time to think when the state trooper's motorcycle zoomed around one of those sharp corners and came down toward him. That was lucky, because there wouldn't have been much time for thinking. It was only a few seconds before the motorcycle stopped in front of him and the trooper's narrowed eyes were looking him over with hard interest.

There wasn't even time for Lippo to be scared. Instead, his hand snaked out of his pocket. The cop's hands were still on the steering grips when he slumped sidewise with Lippo's three slugs in him.

Lippo dragged him back into a thick clump of bushes. He felt like laughing. Even a bull couldn't afford the luxury of feeling safe. He brought the motorcycle into the bushes, too. When he trundled it back to the road, maybe fifteen minutes later, he was wearing the shiny puttees and the snappy light blue uniform. It fitted him fairly well and he guessed that the stains on the front of it wouldn't matter. He'd be traveling too fast, now, for anybody to get a good look at him. A trooper didn't have to worry about speed limits.

Lippo didn't worry about them, after he'd climbed the hill and jogged down to the highway at the far side of it. He kept on playing safe, though, swinging west on a wide circle instead of heading straight north for the hideout. Even so there was one crossing where some hick deputies were stopping traffic. They only waved to him as he shot by them, and he found that he was breathing easier when he'd turned the next bend. He didn't let himself start feeling safe, though, even then, although it was getting dark and the back way in through the woods to the hideout camp was just ahead. It was only a footpath, but when he turned into it he stopped and went back to scuff out the tire tracks in the soft shoulder. The path was hard enough to ride on, but he pushed the motorcycle along it till there was no chance that its engine could be heard from the road.

THERE'D be spare clothes for him at the cabin and the flat-bottomed boat he fished from. When he'd sunk the motorcycle in the deep place in the lake, with the uniform wired to it, he wouldn't have much to worry about for a while. The natives were used to him. They'd think nothing of it if he hung around the camp for a while longer than usual. There was plenty of grub. He'd be sa—

He laughed at himself for breaking off the thought in the middle of the word. Between the trees he could see the pale gleam of water and the black loom of the cabin roof against the sky. This was one time, Lippo guessed, when it wouldn't cost him anything to feel safe. And it was a good feeling, better than he'd expected it would be. It was good to let his breath go all the way down, to slack off on tight nerves and give tired brains a rest.

A swell feeling, Lippo decided. He let himself enjoy it as he coasted down into the clearing. It made it easy for him, suddenly to understand Joe and to feel friendly toward him again, to be honestly glad when he coasted out into the clearing and saw the car, with Joe standing beside it.

He was still grinning, with his hands still on the steering grips, when the first slug struck him. He hadn't even stopped feeling safe when he heard Joe's voice, coming from a long way off, calling him copper and asking him how he liked them apples.

Lippo felt like laughing. Even a bull could not afford the luxury of feeling safe

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Bet You an Empire

By John T. Flynn

See that group of men watching the ticker? They're waiting for the lucky number to come up, and the prize is the greatest railroad empire in America. This particular game of chance was started by the Van Sweringens—who also devised the rules. It's one answer to the question of what's wrong with our railroads

ON a clear, warm Sabbath day in August, 1935, two deeply troubled little men got into a motorcar at their farm outside Cleveland and set out for Muncie, Indiana. This was the last stage of a long journey—a journey that had begun many years back on the sidewalks of Cleveland when both boys sold papers upon the same corner and one that had led them to the mastery of the greatest railroad empire on earth.

These two shy and now a little frightened brothers dominated a railroad kingdom larger than all the railroads in Great Britain or in France. It included not merely railroads but steamship lines, trucking companies, coal mines, hotels, department stores, streetcar lines, skyscrapers. And all this they held in the palms of their four pudgy hands. But they were broke.

From New York bankers they had made a personal loan of a small matter of forty million dollars. It was past due. The bankers felt they had reached the end of the trail. So they quietly told the insolvent brothers that at an early date they would put up at auction the securities pledged as collateral. These securities represented their control of this great rail structure. This was indeed the end of the road.

But they had one chance left: The securities would be sold for a song. Could they get someone to advance the money to buy them? Through their fingers flowed millions monthly. But they had no money. They could not pay their living expenses. Old friends in Cleveland had refused to trust them just this one time more. Now they were going to Muncie to ask a complete stranger for a few more millions.

Of course these two brothers were Oris P. and Mantis J. Van Sweringen. And they were driving over to Indiana to see Mr. George A. Ball, grand maharaja of that amazing little cosmos known to the geographies as Muncie and to the world of social literature as Middletown.

This was to be a desperate throw of the dice. But the Vans were men of endless guile and inexhaustible hope. Besides, they had no inhibitions when it came to asking for money. Had not O. P. walked one day into the office of a neighbor he knew only slightly and bowled him over by asking him to buy the Cleveland Plain Dealer for him? And had not that neighbor, when he got his breath, gone out and offered ten million for the paper? Now, that gentleman—George Tomlinson, big lake ship owner—was in the car with them taking them to his friend and remote relative, George Ball, for one last desperate touch.

At the moment it looked as if that simmering broth, the New Deal, was about to boil over into an ebullient prosperity. The morning newspapers told them, as their car with Mantis J. at the wheel hurried along the Ohio roads, that on the preceding day ninety-five stocks had hit high for the recovery. Mixed in with news of Huey Long's warning to the Senate that he had discovered a plot to assassinate him, and with the orgy of summer sports results, were the prophecies of a possible coming boom. O. P. had carefully rehearsed the story he would tell old man Ball. So the two harried men dared to hope.

But before we can understand clearly the strange series of events they were to set in motion this Sunday morning, it is necessary to see clearly, but swiftly, the formula these men had used to get control of the vast empire they ruled, how they could use that formula now and to what uses it would be put later. All of which is worth telling, not only because it is an astonishing personal drama, a story of the struggle of promoters for the richest prize in America, but because it involves the essential features of the great railroad crisis itself.

Why We Face a Rail Crisis

For the railroads are at a crisis. A few simple facts tell the tale in an instant:

Nearly 100 railroad companies are in the hands of receivers—76,000 miles of road gone to the cleaner, more than at any other period in history.

In the first half of this year the total earnings of the roads were only a little over half what they were in 1929—a quarter less than last year.

The roads employ 800,000 men less than in 1929 and about 250,000 less than last year. Pretty serious!

It is serious because the roads are not only a means of transportation; they are our biggest buyer—our billion-dollar customer. They buy 23 per cent of all our soft coal, 20 per cent of our oil and our timber, 17 per cent of our iron and steel and about 70,000 other items produced in every state and county in the union. And they hold the direct investments of two million Americans and millions more indirectly.

But in six months this year they cut down their purchases by nearly 700 million dollars under 1929 and 345 million under last year.

That's why we face a railroad crisis. But why? The railroads say the government has done 'em wrong; over-regulated them and forced them to pay higher wages and work for smaller rates. They blame the automobile, the truck and the bus. It's everybody's fault but that of the roads themselves.

Well, let's watch this great Van Sweringen system sink down. This is a little railroad world. It contains within itself all the virtues and faults of the roads. It's easier to look at than the whole railroad world. When we are through looking at it we will be better able to form an opinion of what is the matter.

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Year after year these wheels have rolled up profits for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, making it a rich prize in the mad scramble for control of a railroad empire

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

I'll tell the story. You bring in the verdict.

Now the first thing to look at is the simple device by which the Vans got together this immense tangle of properties. The story of how they entered the railroad field by purchasing the Nickel Plate road with only $500,000 has been told over and over. But they didn't. They bought it with nothing. And the trick they used is little understood. Here it is in a nutshell. You might try it sometime.

They agreed to buy the Nickel Plate road from the New York Central for $8,500,000. They agreed to pay $2,000,000 down and $650,000 a year—as you buy a piano. But they didn't have the $2,000,000. Now watch them get it.

They took the agreement to the now defunct Union Guardian Trust Company and borrowed $2,000,000, putting up the agreement as collateral. Now they had to get the money to repay the bank.

Roads and Still More Roads

They organized the Nickel Plate Securities Corporation, a holding company, to take title to the Nickel Plate. They then issued $2,075,000 of preferred stock. They sold $1,575,000 around Cleveland. They needed $500,000 more. They subscribed to that themselves, borrowed the $500,000 from a bank and gave the bank the stock as collateral. Thus they had the $2,000,000 to repay the Union Guardian and $75,000 to boot. Then they issued $12,000,000 of common stock and took $10,000,000 of it themselves, giving them complete control of the Nickel Plate Securities Corporation, without putting up a cent. Thus they dominated the road. If you don't grasp the scheme from this overhasty description of an intricate financial deal, read it over again. For this was the device they used to buy more roads—the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Missouri-Pacific and many others until they ruled 28,000 miles of railroad, running from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Nothing seemed to stop these strange, shrinking brothers. Newspapers, magazines, businessmen glorified them. By this wondrous device they might have continued until they had swallowed the world—if the depression had not intervened. The depression!—that was the dragon that slew them—at least so they said. But it was not the depression. It was because they built a fair-weather vessel. They made a craft that was good only upon a tranquil sea, under the delusion that there would be no more storms. They put together a vehicle good only upon smooth, level roads in a world of soaring hills and murderous curves. Having seen the magic formula that made them, we can now see what unmade them and what now vexes their successors.

They decided to create one great master holding company that would own all their others. They owned about 200 corporations caught up in an inextricable tangle of holding-company threads. At the same time they would use this corporation to realize some of their fabulous profits and raise more millions for more adventures.

(Continued on page 51)

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She looked even more beautiful dancing. She made me wonder what I'd been doing just sitting around these past months

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The Jitterbug

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

When alligator meets alligator, beware! Unless, like the old man, you're a philosopher

MY BROTHER belongs to the younger generation. After he was out of high school a year, I thought it was about time he got himself a job and helped me and the old man keep the joint in hamburger.

"Red," I said, "you don't play football so there ain't no use you goin' to college. Why don't you go to work?"

He said, "There ain't any work but the WPA."

"What's wrong with the WPA?" I said. "Ain't I on it?"

"The old man ain't," he said.

"The old man," I said, "is merely waitin' on the pension. He's gonna get thirty fish a week from the state. He should go fooling around on the WPA!"

"To hell with relief," Red said. He was fidgeting by the radio, waiting for Benny Goodman.

I said, "The WPA ain't relief."

"To hell with it," Red said; "it ain't a career."

"It's gettin' to be one with me," I said.

In California it ain't so bad in winter. It doesn't get cold enough to ante up the gas bill too much, and once in a while it quits raining long enough to wad up the chinks in the roof. The old man wasn't making any dough but he still wouldn't sell that farm he had back east in Ohio. But with me drawin' down twenty-three-eighty from the government, things weren't exactly tough. I mean, me and Red and the old man weren't starving to death. Only this was summer and maybe the heat turned me sour.

I looked at him again at the dinner table. "Red," I said, "you remember them screwballs that used to be marathon dancers?"

He was making a sandwich out of the meat. He'd even eat his dessert, if there was some, right along with the meat. "You're over my head," he said.

THE old man shook his head sadly. The old man was a wonderful guy, a sort of philosopher. He used to say it was hard enough dodging everybody else's feet, let alone trying to kick other people around. So he took things easy, even Red.

"Well, anyway, that's you," I said. "Somebody who'd get up at five in the morning to go dancin' comes from the same bughouse stock as them marathoners."

He just walked over to the radio then and switched the dial around to a hot band. He stood there hearing the music and snapping his fingers. Me and the old man looked at him. The old man couldn't keep looking.

That was Red. He'd been getting up in the mornings around sunrise and going down to a beach dance hall to hotfoot it with a bunch of other young mouth breathers. Me and the old man would hear him gettin' up, havin' a jam session with himself while he got dressed. Then at night he'd go out for a real session, taking his saxophone along. That's all he thought of—like one night he was home and we sat around the gin bottle with one of them quiz books, and he got one question answered right; he knew who Gene Krupa was. I didn't but I knew Lincoln give the Gettysburg Address.

So one night he comes in higher than a kite. He was snapping his fingers and twisting his hips, hot as a junked-up canary. It woke up me and the old man when the radio went on. We got outa bed and there was Red, blasting away on his saxophone and it's two o'clock in the morning.

The old man said, "It's a damn' good thing his maw ain't here on earth."

"Red," I said, "pretty soon I'm gonna beat out your brains. Tomorrow you get up and go out and look for a job, or you get your brains beat out."

"If you beat out his brains," the old man said, "you'll have to catch him with his shoes off."

Red just stood there in a trance. He was listening to the music. "Boy, can they go!" he said.

IN THE morning I got him up all right. I turned over the bed to do it, but he got up and went out without saying a word. He didn't come back until nine o'clock at night. He had seven dollars and a half he'd gotten somewhere. "If you want money," he said, "there it is." He just tossed the bills on the kitchen table.

The old man took the money and poured Red a weak drink. He always made Red's weak.

"Where'd you get that dough?" I asked. I was pretty suspicious, and I knew he didn't have a stake for a crap game.

He said he'd got a day's work as an extra in a movie studio.

"Did you act?" I said.

"A lot of us fellows danced," he said. "Of course we'll look pretty blurred out in the background but we were swingin' it okay. It was keen!"

The old man took one quick without the lemonade mix. He saw me waitin' for him to say something. "This is God's world, it ain't mine," he finally said.

"Yeah, but this here is your son," I said.

The old man shrugged. Well, what could anybody say? That day on the job I'd been gabbing with a guy who was a Communist that wanted to throw out the government and try something else for a change. I told this guy about Red and he laughed and said that, hell, swing was okay—it was folk music like the Big Apple was folk dancing, and was damn' good Communism.

"Red," I said, "do you know what swing is?"

"He asks me if I know what swing is," Red said sarcastically.

"Well," I said, "it's nothin' but plain damned Communism!"

Red looked a little surprised. I thought I had him then. I was glad I remembered about that guy. "Communism?" he said. "Say, is that a new thing?"

Maybe I should say, "Who am I to judge?" That's what the old man would say. But I ain't the old man. Red was just then leaving the table and going out of the room. "Hey," I said, "you might put in your shirttail before you go out on the streets."

There was Red blasting away, and it's two o'clock in the morning

He just stopped a second and looked at me with disgust and like he pitied me. Then he told us that it happened to be the latest thing, a shirt you didn't have to stuff inside your pants.

"Why should you?" he said, and went out.

The old man just rubbed his chin.

So it was Friday and no work and the old man and I went fishing. We drove down to the beach and then crawled out over the girders to the end of the jetty. We baited hand lines with anchovies and waited for a halibut or a stray kelp bass. The ocean was as smooth as a blue plate. "This is the life for me and Riley," I said.

The old man unhooked a big crab and tossed it back in. "Crab throws his legs around like Red," he said.

I said, "We gotta do something about Red."

"When I was around nineteen," he said, "my pop figured me for a loon. When you were about that age, I thought you didn't seem none too sound of mind yourself. Everybody that's nineteen is crazy."

"Not crazy like Red," I said, "he's under some kind of spell."

"People are just gettin' crazier is all," the old man said. "People get craziest when they're twenty and when they're fifty. That's why this here old-age security pension kind of equalizes itself. It throws the fifty-year-olds outa circulation and puts the twenty-year-olds in—so the system is preserved as crazy as it was, and there's only more ham and eggs in circulation, which is reasonable."

THAT was the old man: he was a philosopher. If he hadn't been cursed with honesty he coulda been a great congressman. He hooked something and hauled in the line.

"That's a helluva-lookin' fish you got there," I said.

"Don't judge nothin' from appearances, son," he said. "This here is known as a spot fin croaker and it ain't bad eatin'."

I caught one and it was the same kind. Then after a while the old man caught an eel. He knew all about eels. He held this one up by the neck and looked at him. "Mebbe he come clean from some inland stream," he said. "He mighta even swum from Alum crick back in Ohio." It made him sad. Anything that came from Ohio, like an auto tire or a tractor or a box of matches, made him kind of homesick. Now it was this eel. He dropped it back in the sea. "Better go on home to them mud turtles and catfish," he said as it slid into the water.

"He sure is a helluva way from home," I said.

"He ain't no further than me," the old man said sadly.

It was high tide when we crawled off the jetty, and a big wave soaked the old man's trousers. When we got into Hollywood a hot wind was blowing in from the desert, so we stopped in at a bar for some beers.

The old man was sad and his legs

(Continued on page 32)

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Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

RICH, testy, dictatorial old Simeon Lee—whose diamond operations in South Africa had started him on the road to wealth—orders the members of his family to participate in a reunion at his country house, Gorston Hall. A day or so before Christmas, everyone is on hand: Simeon's granddaughter, Pilar Estravados, whom the old man has never before seen and whose mother (the old fellow's daughter) is dead; and his sons and their wives—Alfred and Lydia, who live at Gorston Hall; David, a struggling artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene; and Harry, who, after embezzling a large sum of money, has been wandering aimlessly about the world. One guest alone—Stephen Farr, the son of Simeon's partner in Africa—is not related to the old man.

The reunion does not promise to be a happy one. Simeon, with characteristic irascibility, insults everyone—except Pilar, whom he likes. He makes it clear that he is on the verge of altering his will, in which (it is generally supposed) Alfred and George are favored. He states definitely that Pilar and Harry will, in the future, be permanent members of the household. And he shocks George by telling him that his allowance, a liberal one, must be cut.

Seeking contributions for the police orphanage, Superintendent of Police Sugden calls on the old man. Shortly after he leaves, loud noises—a crashing of china, overthrowing of furniture, a series of cracks and bumps—are heard coming from Simeon's bedroom. A scream—high, wailing, dying away in a choke or gurgle—follows the noises. Then there is silence.

The guests rush to the room. The door is locked—Farr and Harry and Alfred break it down. They step into the room. Simeon Lee is lying on the floor. He is dead. Someone has cut his throat. . . . Superintendent Sugden arrives. He examines the body. Then, turning to Pilar, he says abruptly: "You picked up something from the floor just now. Give it to me."

Pilar hands him a wisp of rubber and a "small object made of wood." And Sugden makes no further comment.

Later in the evening, Sugden reports to Colonel Johnson, chief constable of Middleshire, in a room at Gorston Hall. Johnson is accompanied by an old friend, who happens to be in England: Hercule Poirot, the most brilliant detective in Europe. Sugden outlines the facts in the case: Mr. Lee had phoned him and asked him to come over at 8 P. M. He had gone, and the old man had informed him that someone—either a servant or a member of his family, he had not been quite sure which—had stolen some rough diamonds that he had kept *in a safe in Gorston Hall.*

"Any idea," says Johnson, "who this member of the family he suspected might be?" "No, sir," says Sugden. Johnson shakes his head. "Well," he says slowly, "let's get on with it."

IV

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN resumed his official manner:

"I returned to the house, sir, at nine-fifteen precisely. Just as I was about to ring the front doorbell I heard a scream from inside the house and then a confused sound of shouts and a general commotion. I rang several times and also used the knocker. It was three or four minutes before the door was answered. When the footman at last opened it I could see that something momentous had occurred. He was shaking all over and looked as though he was about to faint. He gasped out that Mr. Lee had been murdered. I ran hastily upstairs. I found Mr. Lee's room in a state of wild confusion. There had evidently been a severe struggle. Mr. Lee himself was lying in front of the fire in a pool of blood with his throat cut."

The chief constable said sharply, "He couldn't have done it himself?"

Sugden shook his head.

"Impossible, sir. For one thing there were the chairs and tables overturned and the broken crockery and then there was no sign of the razor or knife with which the crime had been committed."

The chief constable said thoughtfully, "Yes, that seems conclusive. Anyone in the room?"

"Most of the family were there, sir. Just standing around."

Colonel Johnson said sharply, "Any ideas, Sugden?"

The superintendent said slowly, "It's a bad business, sir. It looks to me as though one of them must have done it. I don't see how anyone from outside could have done it and got away in the time."

"WHAT about the window? Closed or open?"

"There are two windows in the room, sir. One was closed and locked. The other was open a few inches at the bottom—but it was fixed in that position by a burglar screw and, moreover, I've tried it and it's stuck fast—hasn't been opened for years, I should say. Also the wall outside is quite smooth and unbroken—no ivy or creepers. I don't see how anyone could have left that way."

"How many doors in the room?"

"Just one. The room is at the end of a passage. That door was locked on the inside. When they heard the noise of the struggle and the old man's dying scream and rushed upstairs they had to break down the door to get in."

Johnson said sharply, "And who was in the room?"

"Nobody was in the room, sir, except the old man who had been killed not more than a few minutes previously," Superintendent Sugden replied gravely.

Colonel Johnson stared at Sugden for some minutes before he spluttered, "Do you mean to tell me, Superintendent, that this is one of those damned cases you get in detective stories where a man is killed in a locked room by some apparently supernatural agency?"

A very faint smile agitated the superintendent's mustache as he replied gravely, "I do not think it's quite as bad as that, sir."

Colonel Johnson said, "Suicide. It must be suicide!"

"Where's the weapon, if so? No, sir, suicide won't do."

"Then how did the murderer escape? By the window?"

Sugden shook his head. "I'll take my oath he didn't do that."

"But the door was locked, you say, on the inside."

The superintendent nodded. He drew a key from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"No fingerprints," he announced. "But just look at that key, sir. Take a look at it with that magnifying glass there."

POIROT bent forward. He and Johnson examined the key together. The chief constable uttered an exclamation.

"By Jove, I get you. Those faint scratches on the end of the barrel. You see 'em, Poirot?"

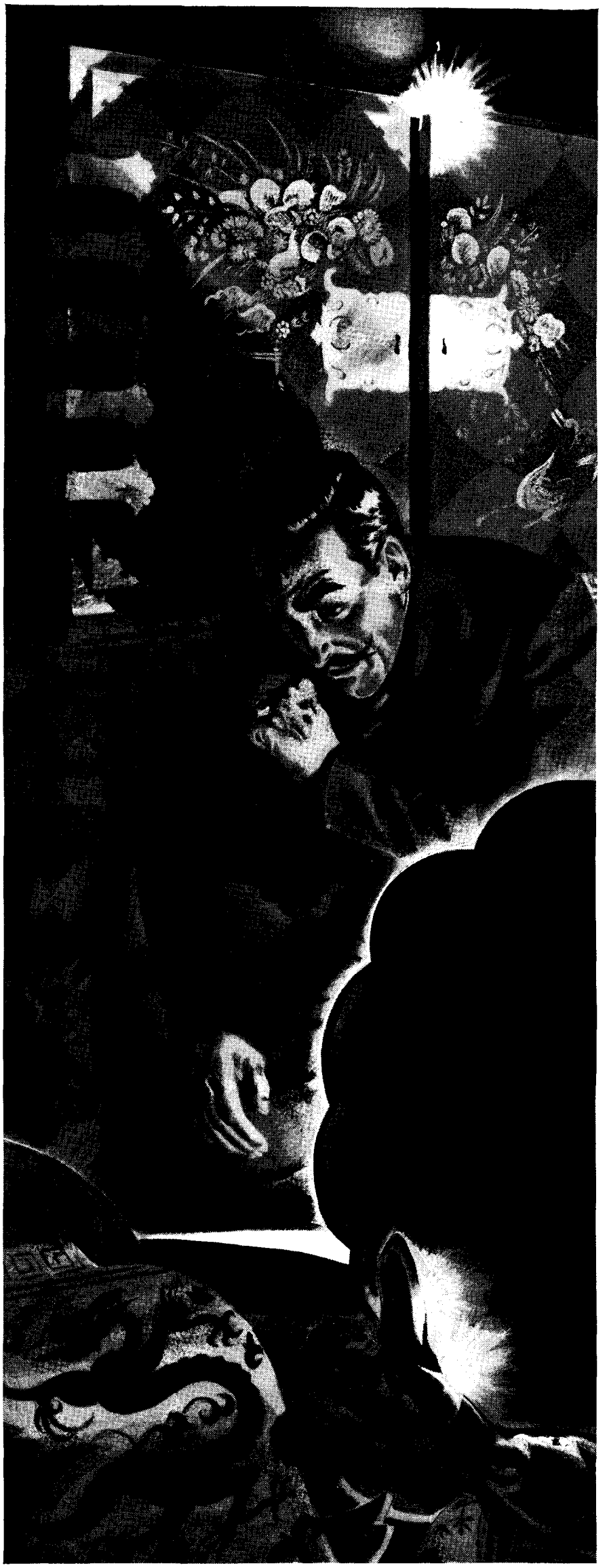
"But yes, I see. That means—does it not?—that the key was turned from outside the door—turned by means of a special implement that went through the keyhole and gripped the barrel—possibly an ordinary pair of pliers would do it."

The superintendent nodded.

"It can be done, all right."

Poirot said, "The idea being, then,

(Continued on page 47)



Poirot sighed. "Such a frail old man—and yet—all this," he murmured

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Music Will Out

By Marcia Davenport

The inspiring story of Marian Anderson, the Negro girl who was born to sing and is competently fulfilling her destiny

[FOR THOMAS

IN THE drab kitchen of a Negro home in South Philadelphia, a little girl sat facing a bench, playing on it with her fingers as if it were a piano and singing while she accompanied herself. Her parents had no piano, nor much of anything else beyond the meagerest necessary possessions. Life was lived on the perilous brink of material insecurity. But in the heart of Anna Anderson, as she watched her wide-eyed child throbbing with music, there was steadfast belief that, for any worthy end, a way will come. It was the one form of security they knew.

The crowded alleys and raucous streets of South Philadelphia are inhabited by Negroes who earn the scantiest share of life by performing the city's hardest and most menial labor. They scrub its steps and pavements and buildings; they tend its furnaces and remove its trash; they cook its food and clean its houses and wash its clothes. By work of the latter sort, after her husband's early death, the widowed mother of three little girls kept up their poor and deeply religious home. One of those girls, the middle one, who "played piano" as a baby in her mother's kitchen, has become one of the few great singers in the world today. Between South Philadelphia and the pinnacle of serious accomplishment lies Marian Anderson's story.

It is a story in which the Church plays a vital part, a part as real as the meaning of God and His works in the lives of genuinely simple people. It is a story, like all the moving stories of Marian Anderson's race, in which the whole afflicted people will struggle together to help realize the dreams of one or of all. This is the background of Marian Anderson's early years; this, and being the mainstay of the choir of the Union Baptist Church; also the pursuit of a good grammar-school and high-school education, and the possession of a spirit of such rare and gentle beauty that the blows and rebuffs of a brutal world could not embitter or defeat her.

No impression of Marian Anderson's character could depict her better than her own face. It is a grave, broad face of solid modeling, serious in repose, passionate in music, and radiantly gay in the play of conversation. It is a dramatic face, a profoundly human face, and supremely a singer's face.

"We" is her way of couching everything. When she talks, freely and without constraint, of her early years and struggles, "we" means, of course, her family; later it means her teachers; later still her friends, and now her deeply devoted accompanist, coach, and constant companion, Kosti Vehanen. Always it takes the place of "I"; always, and with apparently no awareness on her part of the significant habit, it has become the verbal symbol of her instinctive and thoroughly sincere modesty. Life has not given her the stimuli to the self-centered mentality of the usual singer, in whose tacit and spoken thoughts "I" is the dominating factor. If you ask, "Where is your next concert?" she will answer automatically, "We are singing in Buffalo tomorrow." This is the expression of a person conditioned from the beginning to a life interdependent with the fates of others.

An Eight-Year-Old Wonder

Marian as a small child was possessed by music. If she did not try, or succeed, in making it one way, she made it in another. A piano did find its way into the home, finally, but before that Marian, perhaps six years old, was begging for a violin. Her father was still alive at the time, and the slow accumulation of the three dollars needed was one of the first dramas of its sort in her life. At last the money was saved, and she made the trip with her father to the pawnshop where he was going to buy the violin. She says her anxiety that it be a good violin, the very finest, was one of the earliest and keenest emotions she remembers. "You're *sure* it's a good violin?" she begged the pawnshop proprietor. "A *really* good one?"

She played it, she says, until her musical energy completely outgrew the limitations of the instrument, and she had to have a bigger field in which to exercise. That was when the piano appeared. Between it and the growing compulsion to sing, she felt more satisfied. By the time she was eight she had already revealed the rudiments of the contralto notes that amaze her hearers, on first introduction, to the point of gaping. She was already singing in the choir at church, and her neighbors had already discovered that the child possessed something so remarkable that one could charge money (always being raised for some good cause) for the opportunity to hear it. Thus she retains a distorted memory of the first humble billing she ever received, the handbill announcing some little community concert at which "Marian Anderson, the Ten-Year-Old Contralto," was to sing. And she remembers wondering about the untruth of the statement, because she was only eight years old at the time.

All through her school days she earned money, in infinitesimal amounts, by singing in choirs every Sunday and many times during the week, in her own church and often elsewhere, when other Negro churches in Philadelphia would engage her as soloist. The fees ranged from fifty cents to two or three dollars, and carfare. This groundwork of choir singing is responsible in part for her sound musicianship, and in part for that astounding range of voice—the "two voices" that set her apart from other singers altogether. "It came from learning all four parts of every anthem," she says. "Soprano, contralto, tenor, and even bass. If the bass hadn't come to choir practice, for instance, the leader would say, 'Marian, will you sing the bass today?' and I'd sing the part—of course an octave higher." This early and constant use of the voice, which might so easily have ruined her mature resources, seems not to have harmed Marian Anderson at all, and that is unusual enough to serve as a warning, rather than an example, to young girls.

In her own community she was loved and regarded with devoted pride. Her presence on the program of any concert

(Continued on page 40)

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None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

IN a small town in Canada, General Smith-Shankland is the Armistice Day guest of "Shorty" Turner, who had served under him in France during the World War. Recalling a curious episode—the use of his, the general's, name on a telegram, just before the close of hostilities—the general asks Turner for an explanation. By way of answer, Turner hands the general a bulky manuscript, suggests that he read it, and goes out.

The manuscript is an account of the war experiences of one Andrew Paige. The general begins to read. . . .

Neighbors and close friends in Canada, Andy Paige and Dick Patterson are in love with the same girl: Louise Frawley. The World War starts. Louise goes to London, becomes an ambulance driver; Andy and Dick join the army and go to France.

There, at the front, Andy makes a shocking discovery: Dick Patterson—whom he has always loved and admired—*is a coward!* Again and again, Dick shows a "yellow streak"; and he confesses to Andy that he cannot face the perils of the front lines. . . . Wounded, Dick is sent to a hospital in London. He returns with a lieutenant's commission.

And again he surprises Andy: he leads a raid so courageously that he is awarded the Victoria Cross! Wondering how his friend has succeeded in subduing his fears, Andy gets the answer—from Dick himself. Dick confesses to him that, just before the raid, he had given himself strong injections of a narcotic drug.

The battalion goes over the top. In the course of the savage fighting, someone sees Dick—a "V. C."!—apparently running away. Hoping to save him, Andy searches for him, finds him—with a self-inflicted wound, he is hiding in a dugout. Andy tries to force him to leave the dugout. Dick shoots him in the hand. Andy fires at him, hoping to inflict a slight wound. The bullet strikes Dick in the shoulder. He falls. Andy leans over him. Dick mumbles a few words. Then—"Last request, Andy . . ."

Conclusion

TO THIS day I don't know how long I remained there on my knees, waiting for words that never came.

In the end I think it was the pain in my hand that began to pierce the numbness in my brain, and I could feel myself starting to think once more.

The dead Fritz's potato-masher grenade was sticking in my mind for some reason, but I did not know why until I found myself lifting Dick's shoulder and looking to see if the bullet I had fired at him had come out. It hadn't.

I got up after that and really began to think.

Here I was down in a dugout with a dead V. C. who had obviously received a point-blank wound in the elbow, though there was no corresponding hole in the cloth. A dead V. C. in a dugout, miles back of where he should have died, was in itself sufficient cause for a court of inquiry. When you added a peculiar wound to the setup, it began to look significant. And if witnesses came forward and testified the dead V. C. had last been seen unwounded and streaking for the rear, it would be just too bad. I mean, they'd start looking into the matter all over again, and with a microscope this time. An autopsy would probably be ordered and then out of the back of the dead V. C.'s shoulder would tumble a round of Webley ammunition, which is as British as the Union Jack.

I was thinking about the officer who had popped out of the shell hole and had seen me running back toward the sunken road (running *away,* at a court-martial), when my eye lit on the Fritz again.

I began to move. I took his potato-masher grenade off him, stuck my Webley back in its holster, and grabbed Dick by the ankle with my good hand. I had a hell of a time dragging him because his other leg kept getting caught in things, but I managed finally to get him to the foot of the stairs.

I pulled his legs up over three or four steps, leaving his head down on the floor. The general posture of his body indicated pretty clearly that he had been blown down the dugout entrance, and I was going to complete the illusion.

I TOOK the German potato-masher grenade and unscrewed the cap. I turned and inspected the stairs behind me. They were in good enough condition, and no obstructions.

I backed up seven or eight of the steps, stopped, measured the distance very carefully with my eye, pulled the string, and dropped the grenade into the hollow made by Dick's left elbow.

Then I turned and raced for the top.

As soon as I had cleared the threshold, I jumped aside and plastered my back against the embankment. Wham!

Nobody'll ever know what happened to him now, I said to myself. Just another one of the minor unsolved mysteries of the war, and there were thousands of them.

As I started to relax I noticed that I was shaking all over. I stepped away from the embankment and began to cross the sunken road.

"What are you doing here?" said a voice. I whirled guiltily, and in that whirl I knew the jig was up. Hunch No. 5! Myself!

Standing on top of the embankment, a few yards from where I had been plastered against it, was a captain of the Black Watch with a pair of binoculars in his hands.

"Are you deaf?" he asked pleasantly.

"No," I said.

"Then answer my question."

"What was it?" Instinctively, I was stalling for time.

"I asked: What are you doing here?"

"I was looking for a telephone," I told him. I'd just thought of that one.

"Did you find it?" he asked.

"Er—no—yes." I was pretty rattled, but he wasn't.

"Come up here," he said.

I clambered up the embankment as best I could with only one hand to pull myself up by.

"Wounded, eh?"

(Continued on page 43)

I had spent the morning trying to drive a holder of the Victoria Cross back up to the line at the point of my pistol

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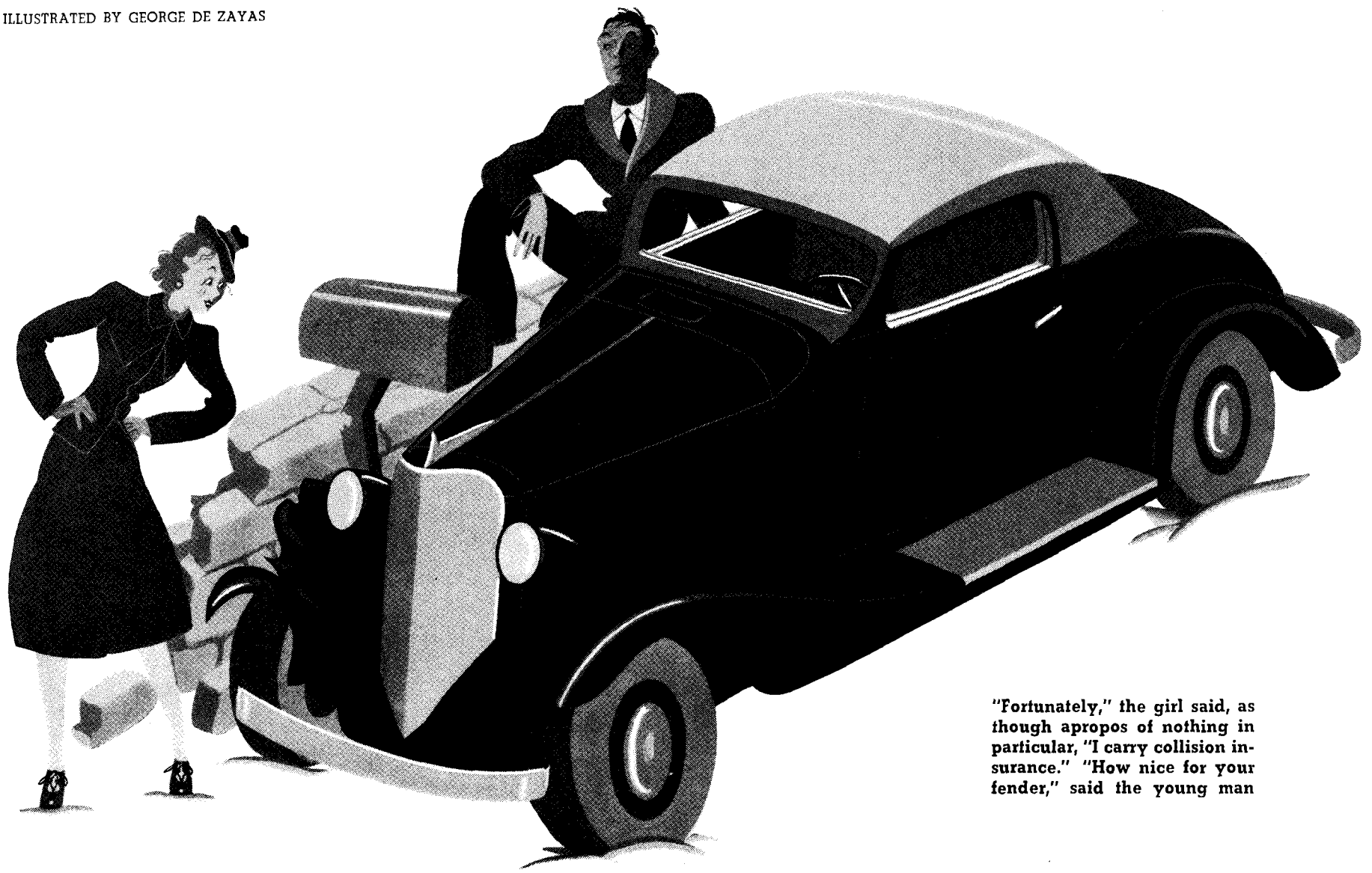
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



"Fortunately," the girl said, as though apropos of nothing in particular, "I carry collision insurance." "How nice for your fender," said the young man

Your Money or Your Love

By Alan Green

The somewhat exceptional events leading up to a happy marriage

YOU probably know North Dover. It's that unusual little town in central Connecticut near Danbury on Route No. Seven.

And, if you've ever approached North Dover from the west, you've undoubtedly passed the little tan-shingled house about half a mile outside the town. It has a gabled doorway, a flagged walk, a half acre of terraced lawn, a low stone wall and an R. F. D. box.

At this very spot, one rainy morning, in early autumn, a young man had emerged from the gabled doorway, traversed the flagged walk and opened the R. F. D. box. While thus occupied, he suddenly took one startled glance behind him, rose frantically into the air and cleared the wall in a wild leap.

He landed on all fours on the terraced lawn as a convertible coupé skidded crablike off the wet road and smacked against the stone wall. A broad tire mark nearly obliterated the footprint on the spot that he had so wisely abandoned.

He pushed himself up from the muddy lawn. A girl was leaning out of the car.

"Are you hurt?"

"No. Are you?"

"No—" She began to laugh very hard.

"Hysterical," thought the young man. "From shock." And dimly he remembered that the proper first aid was a slap in the face. He leaned across the wall.

The girl saw his upraised palm. She stopped laughing and pulled her head back.

"You needn't act that way," she gasped. "I didn't try to run you down."

His hand fell abashedly. "I'm sorry. I thought you were hysterical."

"Oh!" She sputtered in an effort to control herself. "I am—practically!" Then she collapsed again.

The young man sat down on the wall. With a great show of patience, he waited till she subsided. "What's so damned funny?" he asked with quiet interest.

The girl dabbed at her eyes. "Aren't you the man who lives here?" She swept a weak hand toward the tan shingles. "Well, I nearly killed you." She struggled with another surge of mirth. "And I came here to sell you insurance."

The young man put one foot on the wall and grinned sympathetically at her. At her little felt hat knocked askew on her head. At her car and its accordioned fender. "It's a shame you went to so much trouble," he said, "because I don't want any."

THE girl climbed out onto the spongy ground. Interesting items of her trim figure became evident. "They never do want any insurance—at first," she murmured. She leaned over and examined the right front fender. "Mmmmmm—that will take some straightening. And a new paint job. Fortunately," she added, as though apropos of nothing in particular, "I carry collision insurance."

"How nice for your fender," said the young man.

"And of course," she went on, patting her hat back into shape and place, "I want you to send me a bill for fixing your wall. I carry property damage insurance, too."

The young man smiled blandly. "See. Why do I need insurance? You're carrying it for me."

The girl pulled the collar of her tweed jacket closer about her throat. "Of course," she said, "if you caught pneumonia out in this rain, you'd have to have your own insurance."

The young man looked conscience-stricken. "You must be chilled." He pulled open the gate. "Come in and let me give you some coffee."

"All right." She trotted next to him, her heels tapping the flagged walk three times to each of his angular strides. "My name's Janet Cameron." She paused and scanned the neat sign beside the colonial doorway. "Yours is Oliver Pond. And," her voice fell a little, "you're a landscape architect."

He pushed the front door open. She walked into a tiny hall. "Does that mean that you follow lawnmowers around and snip at hedges?"

"Sometimes it does," he said, "only it's supposed to mean that I design the lawns and hedges and Charles does the mowing and snipping. He works for me. He ought to be around soon. Incidentally, he isn't a Bourbon. Come on in."

She followed him into the living room. It was small and beamed and very dusty. He pushed a pile of magazines off a deep upholstered chair. She said, "Who said Charles was a Bourbon?"

Oliver Pond knelt in front of the fireplace and stuffed newspapers and fresh kindling under some half-burned logs. "He does sometimes. He's part American Indian and part French peasant. But when he gets enough *vin-ordinaire* in him, he begins to remember a great-great-aunt of his who was delivering some laundry to Versailles one night when Marie Antoinette was away on a business trip."

Janet stopped looking at his dark, tousled hair. She leaned forward and held her palms toward the little flames beginning to leap around the logs. "Look," she said, "are you married?"

Oliver straightened slowly. "Shall we get personal

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right off?" he asked. "Or would you rather have coffee first?"

"I'm not getting personal. I'm getting down to business. Have to know who your dependents are so I can advise you on the kind of insurance you need."

"In that case," said Oliver, "the answer is no. I have no wife, no children, no parents, grandparents, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles or doting nieces."

He shook his head sadly. "Do you like your coffee with cream?"

"Yes, please." She got up and followed him into the kitchen. It was larger than the living room. "Don't think I'm getting personal again," she said, "but there are some things I've got to know about all my prospects. Now, do you make a living out of landscape gardening?"

HE PUT a flame under the coffeepot. "Oh, absolutely. Good years I must knock about fifteen hundred or so out of it."

"Yes, well, of course—" Janet's effort to keep a deprecatory note out of her voice just failed—"it's probably developing. It may become a big business."

Oliver waggled his head doubtfully. "I wouldn't like to see that happen. Not to me." He reached into a cupboard and took out some cups and saucers. "I like my business just the way it is."

Janet was incredulous. "I'm afraid this will sound terribly intimate—but don't you want to make more money?"

It sounded very intimate. But, after all, she seemed a nice sort and he wanted her to understand his viewpoint. "What for? Fifteen hundred more than keeps up this house and buys me all the food and clothing I need. The movie down in North Dover costs a quarter and I can hop into my jallopy and run up to Hartford every once in a while if I'm looking for a big time. What more?" He handed her a brimming coffee cup. Her eyes, he noticed, were deep brown. They seemed to pick up glints of copper from the hair curling out from under her hat.

She returned to the living room with the coffee and sipped thoughtfully while her eyes roved over his erratically piled bookcases, the drawing board by the big window and the ancient upright piano against the wall. There was something nice about the cozy disorder—and yet, she couldn't help resenting it. He was so satisfied. And young men shouldn't be satisfied. How about ambition—how about success—how about all the wise words of all the wise men?

He followed her as she wandered over to the drawing board and the little sketch pinned to it. "That's a rock garden," he said. "I'm working it out for Mrs. Poole. She lives down the road."

"It's very nice, I guess," said Janet with a challenging lack of enthusiasm.

"Sure it's nice," said Oliver, his pride uttering a sharp yelp of pain. "As a matter of fact, if I wanted to, I could do landscapes with the best of them. I finished tops in it in college."

Janet shrugged and picked up a cigarette from a pack on the drawing board.

"Look," said Oliver, "I'll show you the kind of thing I do in my spare time." He reached behind the table where a stack of flat drawing boards leaned against the wall. He flipped through them quickly and pulled out an especially large one. It was a detailed sketch, done in water colors. A dramatic line of poplars marched along a broad walk. A lily-filled pond was angled into a rolling lawn. "That would be for a chateau," he said casually.

Janet rested both hands on the drawing table and looked long at the sketch. "It's terrific," she said.

"I like it too," said Oliver.

Janet leaned back and shook her head at him. "And you're fooling around with little rock gardens and—and Mrs. Poole. Oliver Pond, what are you trying to do, make a reformer out of me? I hate reformers, but—but for heaven's sake, don't you realize you could *sell* this?"

He waved the idea away. "I guess so. But it would mean a regular business. That sort of thing may be swell and right—but not for me. I don't think it's my line. And I'd probably have to leave North Dover."

"What's so wonderful about North Dover? It's almost as much like East Dover as South Dover is."

"Well, I like them all. I guess I'm just Dover-conscious."

"Have you other drawings like this?"

For the next half hour, Oliver laid sketch after sketch on the drawing board—a flowing demonstration of what can be done with space and flora and water and a genius for putting them together.

When she had seen them all, Janet stood up. Her eyes were blazing. The Crusaders must have looked something like that.

"Oliver"—somewhere around the tenth sketch, their last names had slipped into the discard—"you could be famous."

He started to answer, but she rushed on, answering for him: "I know. You don't want to be famous. You don't want to be a great landscape architect. I know all your answers. Well then, you just tell me this. Why did you make these drawings?"

"Because I like to."

"Right. Well, wouldn't you like to see them carried out? The real thing? Your own creations living right there in front of you?"

"Sure I would." He was staring through the window. "Only it wouldn't be worth it."

Janet, as though she were dealing with an unreasonable child, became soothing. "But you might try it without getting in too far. I've had an idea ever since I saw that first drawing. The poplar one. Let me show it to Mr. Hemingbolt."

"Mr. who?"

"Hemingbolt. He's the head of the insurance agency I work for. He just bought an old place out beyond Danbury. It's a sort of castle or chateau or something and it's got acres of grounds. Only the other day he was talking about fixing up the lawn and I'll bet he'd love that sketch." She came close to him, holding the drawing in both hands. "Please let me show it to him."

"But honestly I don't think I want you to."

Her eyes were very soft. "I'm sure you do. Really." They seemed to dance a little in front of him.

"I don't know," he floundered, "I could have sworn I didn't want you to." . . .

SHE called him up the next day. Her voice was thrilled, vibrant. He realized, with no great surprise, that he was glad to hear it again.

"Mr. Hemingbolt simply loves it. He wants to see you. He wants you to drive over next Sunday and talk about doing it."

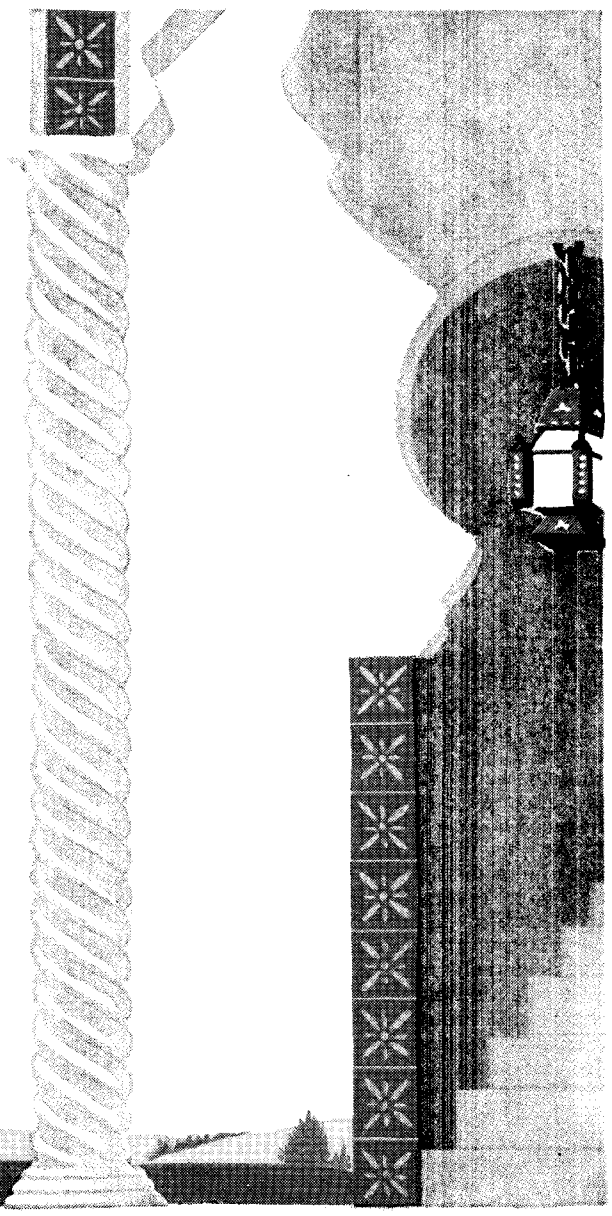
"Well, now, I don't know. Sunday's a pretty bad day and—"

"Oliver! You stop that. You know perfectly well you can come. You're just afraid of talking a little business. Look, you pick me up in Danbury about eleven-thirty Sunday. I'll be waiting at—"

And she was waiting there. In a little green fitted coat. Oliver, who had been trying to remember how pretty she was, realized now that his premise had been wrong. He should have been trying to remember how beautiful she was.

He swung a high, creaking door open for her.

Janet was studying his *(Continued on page 24)*



"There's only one way to landscape a Moorish castle," Oliver said. "You put a desert around it"

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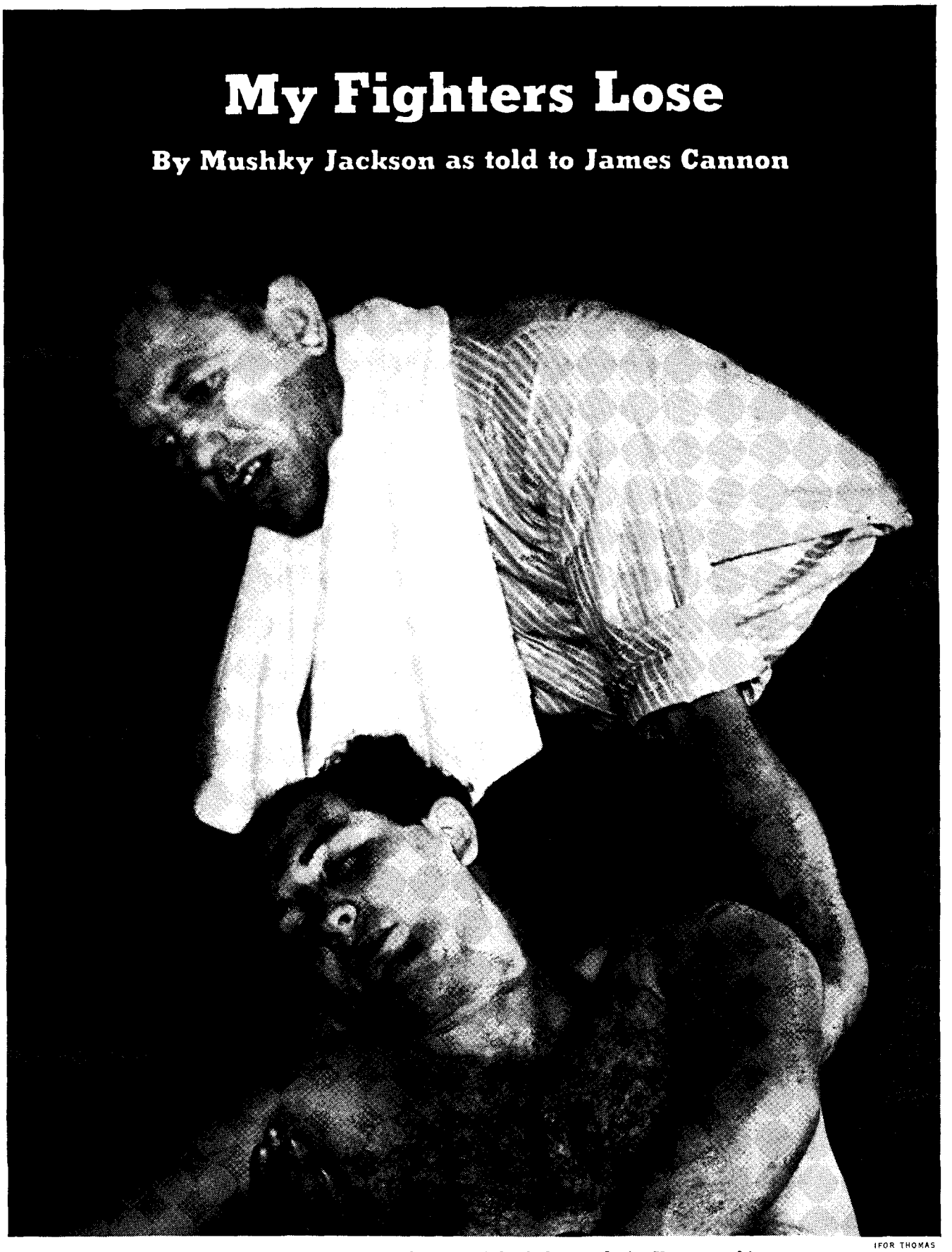
My Fighters Lose

By Mushky Jackson as told to James Cannon



IFOR THOMAS

Mushky Jackson, who manages heavyweight fighters—Artie Shaw, in this case

Morris Ladisky, who was once a professional boxer under the name of Eddie Jackson, has for years been a noted second and handler of fighters. He is widely known as "Mushky," which is probably a corruption of Morris, though "Mushky" himself claims that it derives from a Lotharian complex of his youth when he liked to "mush" or neck with the fair sex. He is a slim, smallish chap with a great sense of humor, and a propensity for malapropisms that Dan Parker, the New York sports writer, has drawn on to make "Mushky" something of a literary figure, but no one will deny that Mushky knows the fight game

—DAMON RUNYON

I GOT a Charley horse in both arms from lifting knocked-out fighters. My fighters got weak chins. I've been around the fight racket for twenty-two years. I've handled 1,500 fighters. I must have picked up a thousand of them.

Heavyweights with weak chins are all right. A guy can make a buck with a heavyweight with a weak chin. But it's a tough dollar. You got to pick those big guys up and carry them to the corner. I've ruined a lot of clothes with heavyweights. They got stained with blood.

Nearly all the fight managers who manage little guys got bum feet. They got bum feet from climbing up and down those ring stairs for fifteen rounds. But when you manage a heavyweight with a bum chin you don't have to climb much. I'll bet I averaged two trips a fight.

I'll tell you why you can make a dollar with a fighter who has a weak chin. Guys are always falling in love with heavyweights. They get a heavyweight and they think he's something. If you throw a young heavyweight in with a guy with a strong chin, the young heavyweight is liable to get discouraged when he hits him and he doesn't go. So what does he do? You get in touch with me because you know I got a heavyweight with a weak chin. You get paid whether you win or lose. And the butcher don't care if you're buying steak with the loser's bit.

A lot of jealous guys went around and said my fighters had weak chins by appointment. They said that they had strong chins if they wanted to, but against certain fighters they got weak. They insisted something was whacky.

That's a lie. There is something wrong with every heavyweight in the country. Some got bunions or backaches or falling arches or lumbago. The only thing wrong with my fighters is they have weak chins. Don't let any of those wise guys tell you different, either. My guys play no favorites. They have weak chins for everybody.

As I was saying, there is something wrong with every heavyweight but the worst thing a heavyweight can have is a big appetite. I will not have anything to do with a heavyweight who has a big appetite. Those bums will eat you broke, if you let them. I always tell them I am an honest manager and will lay out the money for the expenses. Except one thing. I never cut up expenses with a fighter when it came to eating. The first thing I look for in a fighter is a weak chin. Then, if he has a weak chin, I hope he is a little eater. You can make money with a fighter who has a weak chin and hates food.

Louis Couldn't Scare Us

Four years ago I had a heavyweight by the name of Stanley Poreda. Stanley was a swell fellow. He didn't eat much. But he had one weakness I didn't like. He had a strong chin at this time. Stanley didn't have a chin like a building, I mean, but it took a good belt to knock him dead.

I got a fight with a colored guy named Joe Louis for Stanley. I never heard of Louis. All I knew he was a heavyweight and Stanley barred no one. Neither did I. I figured out if my fighter wasn't afraid, why should I be? I didn't have to take those punches.

Louis worked out at a joint called Trafton's gym in Chicago. So did Stanley. I went up early to watch Louis. I nearly fainted. Joe knocked guys dead. Boom, he'd hit them and they'd lay cold. I didn't like it at all.

Stanley came up the first day and Joe was kicking sparring partners around like they were children. So I said to Stanley: "Don't look around at the bum. You'll give him a swell head."

The Boxing Commission was coming up that afternoon. I knew that Stanley couldn't punch like Joe. I was also afraid of sparring partners. You never know when a sparring partner will cross you up and knock your guy dead. So I unscrewed the punching bag and let it hang by one twist.

"Stanley," I said. "When the newspapermen come up here—hit that bag one belt—then get dressed."

Stanley was a great guy. Not only did he eat very little, but he did what he was told. The Boxing Commission came up to see the workout and Stanley did what he was told. He hit that punching bag and it flew off because it wasn't tied on.

"The man is a killer," I hollered. "He's a murderer. Look at that punching. Look at that murdering. That's enough, Stanley. Get your shower."

"Ain't he boxing?" one of the commissioners asked.

"Boxing!" I hollered. "Are you crazy? We did all our boxing in New York. It's too near the fight to take a chance. He might break his hands. I give the public a run for their money. I never call off shows."

The fight was in the Arcadia Gardens. The joint was sold out. Louis was only a kid then. But they were wise to him around Chicago. You could take a look at him and tell he was going places. Another thing about Louis. That guy never had a business fight in his life. A lot of heavyweights will only fight guys with weak chins. They're all alike to Louis. I know.

That Louis walked out and hit Stanley a punch on the chin in the first round

(Continued on page 38)

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Hack said, "There she comes," with a masterful air of finality about it

The Compliment

By Richard Hoffmann

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

IN THE period between Christmas and Easter vacations Platt House—one of five about the leafy campus of Dorset School, containing some thirty boys and ruled by Elihu (Darby) Ducas as master—came by one of those periodic horrors: the presence in it of a thief.

The atmosphere of awe and tension was a psychic thing, to be felt by any stranger. When you felt Ducas' eyes come in your direction at supper, you knew well how guilty the innocent can seem.

Darby Ducas was a heavy man and ruddy of face; he taught history with a thoroughness that led you to suppose nothing but the dates had ever really happened. But when you lived in his house, you came to discover human traits: he liked a few boys better than the rest; he treated the others with impartiality and there were two boys finally whom he disliked and who came intuitively to know it.

One of these was a new boy—shy, pudgy Ronnie Margetson, only son of a widowed mother. When you said hello to him, he flushed.

The other boy was Hack Wayne, with a quick smile and fearless good looks that got him friends and potential enemies promptly.

When it was obvious that vanished articles in Platt House couldn't be chalked up to accidental loss, there were hushed, informal committees of criminal investigation. It was incidentally agreed that if Darby Ducas had his way it would be either Hack Wayne or Ronnie Margetson upon whom this thing was nailed.

After lunch one evening, Mr. Ducas sent for Hack.

Ducas had his cold, blue, untroubled eyes just on the level of Hack's when he came in the study door. "Wayne," he said, "shut the door."

DUCAS looked at him steadily for a moment before he turned up one hand on the blotter. In it there was a "scout" knife: one of those fat, staghorn things with a loop on the end and all manner of contrivances folded into it. "Do you know what this is?" said Ducas.

Hack barely glanced down. "A knife, sir," he said.

"And do you know to whom it belongs?"

Their meeting eyes did not blink, and Hack said, "No, sir."

"This knife," Ducas said, "belongs to Robert Emery, and when the cleaning woman turned your mattress this morning it dropped out on the floor. Can you explain that?"

Hack blinked then in studied leisure, and he said, "No, sir."

"Do you want your room searched?" Ducas asked.

"No!" Hack said. "I forbid it."

"Why?"

The muscles of Hack's jaw swelled hard. "For the same reason you'd forbid me to search your room: because it's private," he said.

"Not," Ducas inquired deliberately, "because a search of your room would disclose other—returnable—property?"

Hack made a quick, hampered gesture as if to turn to the door, but he caught himself and said, "I give you my word, sir, that—"

"Your word—as a Wayne?" Ducas inquired. "That what?"

Hack looked as if there were enough energy loose in him to run the length of three football fields. "Not a damn' thing, sir," he said darkly. "I'm leaving school—right away."

"Not until your room has been searched by the proctor," Ducas said.

"Please get the proctor at once," Hack said. "I want to pack as soon as possible."

"You are an inordinately stubborn young man, Wayne—always have been," Ducas said, his blue eyes steady and without expression even of hardness. "You will go to Mr. Harrod's room and stay there until the proctor comes to tell you his search is complete and you are free to pack. Is that understood?"

It was a singularly mature and bitter laugh that escaped between Hack's young teeth. "*Indeed* it is, sir," he said. He turned with contemptuous abruptness and marched to the door.

The platform of Springfield station was deserted. Hack and Mel, the proctor, who had helped him pack, walked away from the suitcases, practically into the yards, and back again, and then Hack said, "There she comes," with a masterful air of finality about it. He hesitated then:

"Mel," Hack said, "you—you've—thanks a lot, Mel."

"You got nothin' to thank me for," Mel said. "I wish—I wish I was comin' along."

The locomotive clanked past them, and then a man appeared from nowhere and said, "Hah-ya, Mel. They want you and the boy back at school right away. Telephoned. It's important."

Hack said at once, "I *won't* go back."

The train shuddered to its stop and Mel touched Hack's arm. "Listen," he said, "come on back for tonight, anyway. Hear what he's got to say. Can't do any harm, can it?"

Hack glanced into the wise quiet of Mel's eyes, and his own look came alert over a leisured sort of triumph. "I guess it can't," he admitted slowly.

HACK strode into Darby Ducas' study without knocking. "What do you want?" he said.

Ducas stared at the boy a moment without speaking. "I have made a mistake. I owe you an apology."

"I don't accept it, sir," Hack said, not very steadily.

He took a menacing step forward before a sob of horror in the room stopped him, turned his head angrily aside. Ronnie Margetson's scared, tear-stained face stared at him from the corner. A sound of comprehension came into Hack's mouth. "So it was you," he said.

"Yes," Ronnie blurted out. "I hid the knife in your room because I thought if they found it there they wouldn't ever think you stole. I don't know who would think you did, because nobody—nobody could ever think it. I had to tell—"

Hack advanced upon Ronnie, all alert inside his skin.

"I'll have no violence, Wayne," Ducas said.

"*You'll* have no violence!" Hack said. "*You* won't. You've got this poor kid in here alone, and *you* won't have— I bet you've even been asking him *why* he took the stuff."

"Wayne!" Ducas said with all the authority of a whining bullet.

"I'll answer for him," Hack went on in eager stride. "He took the stuff because he wanted it and never had anything else he wanted in this house. You never liked him any more than you ever liked me, so now you want to grill him and make him eat dirt, the way you would've made me if I'd stood for it.

"Well, you're not going to do it. I'm not going to leave the kid alone with you if I have to kidnap him and fight my way out of here right now."

When Hack paused, panting, Ducas continued to watch him as if perhaps he hadn't listened to anything Hack said. He said, "Wayne, I have two proposals to make to you. Margetson hid the knife in your room because he considered you above reproach, no matter what the evidence. When he guessed you were being expelled because of his—uh—error of judgment, he came to me and confessed. That argues a certain respect—for you. I am prepared to move Horner out of the double room on the second floor tomorrow and put you and Margetson in it—Margetson on probation in your personal charge. We shall then return the recovered property anonymously and proceed as if nothing had happened." His eyes were very steady on Hack's as he added, "All of us."

"Right, sir," said Hack. "I'll do it. You bet I'll do it. Wh-what's the other—proposal?"

"I understand you fancy boxing," Ducas said, as one might say he understood you fancied the culture of water lilies. "If you care to spare the first day of Easter vacation, when school is out, we might put on the gloves together in the gym." He touched the edge of a paper on his desk and looked at it idly.

Hack's dark eyes were on him as intently. He cleared his throat and said quietly, "I accept that compliment, too, sir. The first day of vacation."

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Your Money or Your Love

Continued from page 20

brown tweed, his buttoned-down collar, and his neatly tied foulard. "My, you look nice."

"Thanks," he said. "I'd have worn a hat, only Charles borrowed it last week when he was working under a tree where a lot of sparrows were nesting."

She directed him through Danbury, and onto a road that ran up into the hills.

"Listen," she said, "there's something about Mr. Hemingbolt . . ."

Oliver gave rapt attention to his driving. He kept his eyes to the road as though he were edging along a precipice. "Are you going to marry him?"

She shook her head emphatically. "My, no. I don't like him that way at all. He's very nice, but—well, you see, I'm telling you this because he's sort of attentive to me and I didn't want you to think it was funny—that is, I thought maybe you would think it was funny—" Her voice trailed off.

"But," said Oliver, "if he thinks he wants to marry you and you don't, why don't you tell him you're not going to?"

"Oh, I will. Only I want him sort of to find it out gradually. I mean—well, you know, he's my boss. And I like my job and I don't want to—you know—offend him."

"There!" said Oliver. "That's exactly what I mean. That's business. That's the sort of compromises you have to make when you're in business." He shook his head vigorously. "Not for me!"

"But how else can you get ahead?"

"That's just it. I don't want to get ahead. Look, I think you're very nice."

"Yes?"

"In fact, I think I like you a great deal."

"Yes?"

"BUT that's in spite of the way you feel about getting ahead. Ambition and all that sort of thing. I'd like you to like me, too. Only you'd have to like me the way I am now. Not a potential me, sitting behind a big glass-topped desk and being an executive."

"But I do like you, Oliver. Only I can't like you really unless I feel that you are trying to get places—to be someone."

"Well," said Oliver, "I'm sorry. I really am sorry. Because I'm all the someone I ever expect to be."

They covered nearly half a mile in silence.

"Anyway," said Janet, "I'm glad you said you like me."

They turned into a smaller road, bordered by heavy trees; a steep upgrade. A man in a light topcoat was walking down toward them.

"That's Mr. Hemingbolt," said Janet.

Oliver braked his car and Janet introduced them. Mr. Hemingbolt climbed in beside Janet on the front seat.

From across Janet, Oliver thought Hemingbolt was a nice average person in a stiff collar. He talked of the surrounding estates, giving rapid figures of ownership, acreage and probable value. Then: "That was a nice drawing, Pond," he said.

"Thanks."

"Rather like to have the job just the way you drew it, if it doesn't run into too much. Might make my place look pretty impressive when I'm entertaining prospects. Good investment in appearance, you know."

"I hadn't thought of it that way when I was drawing it," said Oliver, "but I guess it's one way of looking at a row of poplars."

Janet nudged him and he remained silent as they dropped down into a little valley and out upon a small plateau. They turned a corner.

"That's it," said Mr. Hemingbolt.

"No," said Oliver. "Not that."

"Why, absolutely. Sort of bowls you over, doesn't it?"

"Completely," said Oliver. "Why, it's—it's not a chateau at all. It's—" For a moment he couldn't think what it was. Except that it was the most outlandish pile of domes and arches ever set down in a Connecticut countryside.

"It's Moorish," said Mr. Hemingbolt.

"THAT'S right," breathed Oliver, a kind of awe in his voice. "By George, it *is* Moorish! Sort of, anyhow. A little more Moorish than it is anything else, I guess." He stopped the car. They climbed out and surveyed the grounds

"Listen, am I asking you for diamonds? Am I asking you for yachts? All I'm asking you is don't keep calling me Sourpuss!"

GARDNER REA

rolling up to that amazing mansion.

"Say," said Oliver, "this isn't where you wanted to put my poplar vista, is it?"

"Why, sure." Mr. Hemingbolt was puzzled. "Where else?"

"But it doesn't fit."

"Sure it does. There's plenty of room."

Oliver tried to be patient. "Look, Mr. Hemingbolt, this is Moorish and my plan is for a French chateau. It couldn't be done. I won't let you do it."

"But I don't understand; your plan is for sale, isn't it? Well, I want to buy it."

"But I won't sell it—for this. Look here, I'm going to save you lots of money. There's only one way to landscape a Moorish castle. At least this kind of a Moorish castle. You put a desert around it. Just get some day laborers and a few carloads of sand. You don't need me."

Mr. Hemingbolt's temper began to bubble around the edges. "Now see here, Pond. Are you trying to be funny?"

Janet, a little panicky, interceded: "Please, Mr. Hemingbolt, let me talk to Mr. Pond alone for a minute."

"Rather you than I," said Mr. Hemingbolt huffily and walked away.

"Now listen, Oliver, this is no way to start in business."

"No, but it's a swell way to stop. I'm tired of business. I'm retiring this minute."

Janet gritted her teeth. "Oliver, wake up! This is the twentieth century. This is the era of big business. How do you expect to get along in it?"

"I was getting along all right."

Janet let her hands fall wearily. "All right, Oliver. You get along your way then. I give up. We don't talk the same language."

Oliver rumpled his hair. "I guess you're right, Janet. We just keep bothering each other all the time. Look, you tell Mr. Hemingbolt I'm not staying for dinner. Can you borrow a car to drive back in?"

"Mr. Hemingbolt will see me home."

"Oh. Oh, of course. Well, goodby, Janet. I'm sorry if I put you in a spot. It's just too bad."

"Goodby," she said. She watched him walking back to his car. "There," she muttered, "goes a couple of swell futures."

When a girl's out selling insurance, she can't forever keep avoiding a town that's right in the middle of her territory. It was a fine afternoon, nearly three weeks later. She was rolling along a little side road just off North Dover's Main Street. A crowd of people was standing in a rough circle in a small field. She had to know what they were all looking at so intently.

Two men on the rim of the crowd separated to let her through. There was a flat stretch of ground. At either end, a short iron stake had been driven into the turf. Next to one stake stood two men holding several horseshoes.

One of the horseshoe pitchers was that scion of the Cherokees and the Bourbons, Charles. The other one was Oliver.

Janet gasped.

"Shh!" whispered one of the men who had let her through. "This is the finals."

She wanted to leave before Oliver should see her. But the spectacle fascinated her.

Charles swung a pudgy arm and sighted along its outstretched length. The horseshoe sailed in a long arc and landed around the opposite stake with a little "pang-pang." It skidded from around the stake and ended up leaning tiredly against it. Charles' face fell in despair. The crowd sighed. Charles turned away. He couldn't bear to watch as Oliver threw his final shoe. "*Pang!*" The crowd shouted. Oliver, a mass of delighted grins, looked over Charles' shoulder and saw Janet.

He clambered out of Charles' embrace and walked rapidly over. "Hello. I was thinking about you the other day."

"Were you?" She tried to keep her voice disinterested. "I was just thinking," he went on slowly, "that maybe you could come over and eat with me this evening."

"We'd only begin to fight again. You know that."

"Not if we talked about something else."

She pursed her lips in thought. "It might be worth seeing if it would work."

It worked. And it was surprising how, when the last dish was dried, all those other things to talk about became really one thing—themselves.

It was a topic that seemed to require lower and lower voices as they warmed to it. And sometimes the voices died away altogether and there were comfortable, timeless silences. And sometimes there was sudden laughter.

IT WAS a topic, too, that required time. The way it turned out, it took the better part of a week, two long walks in the woods, one picnic and a dance up in Waterbury to cover it adequately.

They returned from the dance late on a moonless night. They weren't far from Danbury when Oliver very casually asked, "How's the Moorish castle doing?"

"Well enough, I guess. I haven't seen it since—you know—that Sunday."

"Oh."

"Oliver. Remember what I was telling you about him liking me and what you said about my telling him where he stands even if it wouldn't be good business?"

"Yes."

"Well, I told him."

"Good for you! When'd you do it?"

"That day. That Sunday at dinner. I was feeling miserable anyway. So I thought, what the hell."

The car slowed to a stop.

Oliver drew her very close to him. "Lady," he said, "you didn't know what misery was."

It was a long kiss. A nice kiss. One of those kisses that are fun to begin and

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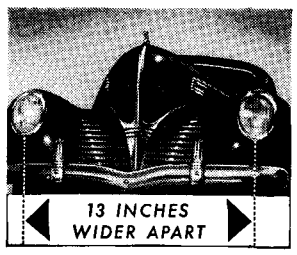
TAKE A LOOK
...THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!

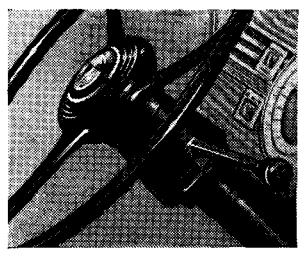
SEE!

NEW headlamps in front fenders for safer night driving! Better visibility in rain, fog, snow and dust!



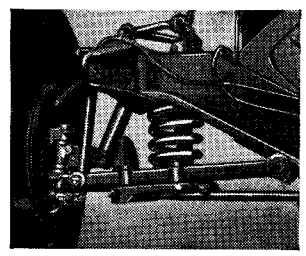
SEE!

NEW gearshift control near the steering wheel makes shifting as convenient as sounding the horn!



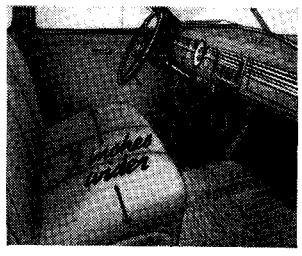
SEE!

NEW Individual-Action front wheel springing, with Amola steel springs, gives a thrilling, smooth ride!



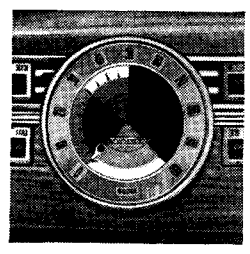
LOOK!

NEW Luxury Liner interior—wider, roomier! Clear front floor—new pillow-type upholstery—stunning new hardware—plus many more refinements!



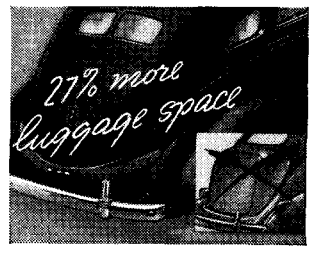
LOOK!

NEW "Safety Light" Speedometer, with a lighted bead which glows green up to 30 miles per hour; amber from 30 to 50; red beyond 50!



LOOK!

NEW *invisible* luggage compartment—*completely concealed,* yet is actually 27 per cent larger than old "trunk-style" compartment!



LOOK! NEW LOWER PRICES! With all its new beauty, new luxury and many new engineering ideas, the 1939 Dodge is priced *even lower than last year's Dodge!*

ONCE every so often somebody builds a product so outstanding that it tells its own exciting story far better than mere words can ever tell it.

We honestly think that the new 1939 Dodge Luxury Liner is so distinguished a style creation, has so many new features built into it, that it belongs in this surpassing company.

And so we say to the motorists of America: *"Take a Look—that's all Dodge asks!"* And we mean just that! Before you decide on any car, take a look at what Dodge has to offer. *Take a look* with a critical eye and an appraising mind. *Take a look* at its thrilling new windstreamed beauty...its luxurious new interiors, bigger and roomier than ever before...at all its exciting new engineering ideas, only a few of which are pictured here!

Take a look at all this...and THEN—*take a look* at the price tag! Here's where you'll get the surprise of your life—for this bigger, finer, more luxurious car is priced *even lower than last year's Dodge!*

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

DODGE *Luxury Liner*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even men with fifteen valets—give Ingram's thrifty cream their ballots!

Give your face the bracing KICK of Ingram's!

INGRAM'S big, billowy brushfuls of speedy, wilting lather give you the luxury that even a banker would envy. For Ingram's is a real high-hat shaving cream with a bracing quality that gives a "wake-up and grin" kick to your face. That's what makes Ingram's different—it's a shaving cream and a lotion all in one. And with all its luxury and ease *you save money* because Ingram's is concentrated—it goes further. Get the thrifty tube or economical jar at your druggist's today.

A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
COOLING—SOOTHING —COMFORTING
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

grand to continue and a shame to end. They kept putting it off and putting it off. But, finally, there they were, sitting a little apart and looking breathlessly at each other and realizing the strange, the unique thing that had occurred. It seemed that for the first time in history, a boy and a girl had fallen in love with each other. And it had happened right here in the hills of Connecticut—to them!

"Janet darling?"

"Yes, dear."

"Would you marry me now—the way I am?"

"Why not? You're never going to be any better. You've said so yourself, often enough."

"You'd marry me on the fifteen hundred a year? And with all my ideas about—you know ambition and that sort of thing?"

"Yes, darling, yes."

"You know, it's a funny thing about ambition. Maybe when you don't have any—it's because you have no reason to."

"Oh be careful, Oliver. You may not mean that by tomorrow."

"But I will. Don't you see, there's got to be a motive. Janet darling, I want to be the damnedest best landscape architect in the world. I want you to be proud of me."

She drew him very close while he looked unwaveringly at her. "Remember, darling. Remember I said I'd marry you the way you are now. Are you sure, Oliver?"

"I'm positive. I want to sell some of my plans fast and set up an office in New York."

"I'll help, Oliver. I'll sell for you. We can't marry right away anyhow. We won't be able to afford it in New York. And I've always wanted to work down there. I'll help you get started. And, Oliver—I've a name for your firm. A wonderful name. "Vistas Incorporated."

He nodded slowly, savoring it.

Winter came to New York and with it flurries of snow that clung in soft patches to the new sign on Madison Avenue. "VISTAS INCORPORATED" marched in squat capitals across the top of the plate-glass window behind which lay lawns and gardens and sunken pools in miniature.

There was an air of bustle, of contracts, of work to be done, and blessed little time to do it in, behind that window.

Up the street a way, Mr. Ping of Ping and Bosford said, "We didn't get that Newport job." And Mr. Bosford of Ping and Bosford said, "No, that Vista outfit did." And Mr. Ping pulled pensively at his lip and Mr. Bosford teetered thoughtfully on toes and heels. And spring came to New York. Showers ran down the plate-glass window and sudden bursts of warming sun colored the miniature displays. New addresses began to appear in Vistas Incorporated's ledger: Bar Harbor, Kennebunkport, Wood's Hole and Southampton.

NEARLY every night Oliver and Janet went to dinner together. But when the work is piling up and you're worried about getting it done, there doesn't seem much to talk about and nothing at all to laugh about.

"You must get away for a bit," said Janet. "You simply must." They were sitting in an air-cooled midtown bar.

"Can't do it," said Oliver and pushed his untouched drink away. "Do you realize this is the twenty-first and that Glen Cove job was to be finished on the tenth?"

She slid closer to him on the little red leather settee and lifted his chin.

"Oliver. Are you happy?"

"Well—well sure. We've got our business, haven't we? And we're making money. And that means we can get married."

"Well, let's get married. Tomorrow—tonight!"

He shook his head. "Not with all these jobs staring us in the face. A swell honeymoon that'd be."

"But, Oliver. It's after office hours. To everybody else in the world, that's the time to let go, to have fun—to make love."

"But I can't forget responsibilities that quickly. They're serious things to me. Maybe that's why it took me so long to decide to accept them."

"Yes," murmured Janet. "I see what you mean." She fumbled for the bag in her lap. She rose, putting a restraining hand on his shoulder. "Please stay here a little while, Oliver. I'm going home. At least, I've never cried in public yet."

Oliver watched her till the outer door swung closed. For minutes he drummed his fingers slowly on the table. Then he finished off his drink.

AND summer came to New York. The metal letters on the plate glass glared back hotly at the blistering sun. The miniature gardens looked too bright and unreal.

And Janet sat in a wicker chair in the shadowed showroom and wondered. This was the time when they might have gotten away for that wedding and honeymoon. But the subject hadn't come up again. She sat in the shadows and wondered some more. Wondered about lots of things, some of which were called "Rules of Conduct" and "Ways of Life." And—most frightening of all—she wondered if the Oliver that once had been had changed forever. And if he had—had she done it? Had she changed him—and lost him—and, in the losing, lost herself?

She had so many things to wonder about. She picked up the newspaper from her lap and continued again idly through its pages. . . . She folded the paper and re-read the tiny item that had caught her eye. Could it be possible? Well, maybe— She called Junior and told him to keep his eyes on things. Outside she took a cab.

She rapped on the front window and the driver pulled in to the curb of Central Park's East Drive. Two men on the rim of the little group standing on the grass, parted to let her through. "Shhh," said one, "it's the finals." A horseshoe arched through the air. Pang! There was a shout. The fat little man rushed forward. And on the lanky one's face was a grin that told her all she wanted to know.

She ran back to the cab.

Three days later, she came sailing into Oliver's office. "Come on," she said, "big job."

"What job? Where?"

She reached out and pulled him onto his feet. "Don't sit there asking questions." She rushed him into his roadster at the curb and took the wheel herself.

When they passed Danbury, Janet clasped his hand as it lay on his knee.

"Oliver." She put her hand back on the wheel and sped the car forward till the wind whistled in their ears. "Mrs. Poole needs a new rock garden."

They stood in the little beamed living room, in its very center, their arms tightly about each other and Janet was breathless with the details of how the place had remained unrented and how she'd snapped it up the day before.

"But are you sure, darling," Oliver asked again, "are you awfully sure this is what you want?"

"Oliver darling, there's only one thing I want and that's you the way you were in this house. I want you shiftless and ambitionless and contented as all hell. I want you running down to that movie where they let you in for a quarter, and hopping into your jallopy to go up to Hartford for a big time. Only I want to go along. And I want to do anything so long as it doesn't involve 'getting places' and 'becoming someone.' And so long as it does involve you grinning. Just like that. Just as you are now."

He pulled her back into a chair with him and stretched with the fervor of a man who hasn't sat down comfortably in months.

"All that?" he asked. "All that? Even on only fifteen hundred a year?"

SHE nodded eagerly, rapidly. And then paused. She jumped up and found her handbag. "There's something here you ought to sign." She pulled out a folded document.

"What! More business?"

"Only this one little business. It won't take a minute. Yesterday I got to thinking how we'd built up Vistas, how much we'd made the name mean and what a shame it was to see it go to waste. So—" She unfolded the paper and pretended to study it critically. "I went around to Ping and Bosford and arranged with them to buy Vistas Incorporated for fifty thousand dollars! Now go on out and pitch yourself a horseshoe."

"Oh, Jeeves, show Mister Mullarkey to the Rose Room in the East Wing"

JAY IRVING

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WHY GO SOUTH? Nash's [illegible] winter driving now has [illegible] amazing [illegible] ... automatically foils skidding, changing weather your Nash [illegible]

LOOK OUT—

It's Catching!

IF YOU'RE completely content with the world and yourself, you'd better stay in the house today.

For out on the road . . . streaking away from traffic . . . there's a new Nash. And heaven help you—if you once set eyes on it!

Because you won't be happy 'til you drive it. And if ever you pilot this bewitchingly beautiful car—you'd better have your checkbook handy.

We don't want to spoil your fun by telling you what's going to happen.

But—just a tip—leave your overcoat at home. Simply by twirling a tiny dial in a Nash, you're going to "tune in" spring . . . bask all winter long in air kept magically fresh and warm by the "Weather Eye".

You're going to touch a throttle, and feel a dazzling burst of power that snaps you back deep into the cushions. (Because under the hood there's "Hurricane Power" . . . you never felt anything like it!)

You're going to shift gears from the steering wheel, as easily as you push a pencil. You're going to discover an Automatic Fourth Speed Forward that feels like flying. You'll find a brake pedal that seems to read your mind.

You're going to discover—*silence*. Such restful, soul-soothing silence as you've never experienced in a moving car before.

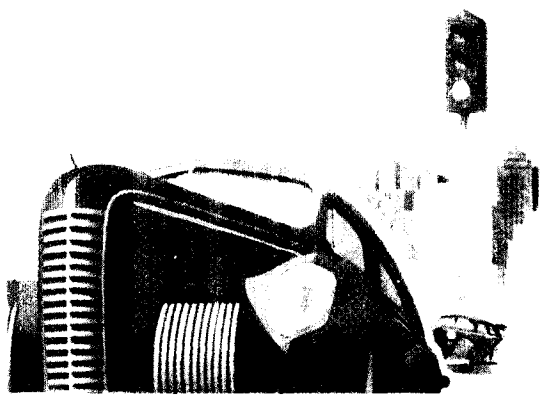
And, once you've discovered these wonders, you will forget them. *Forget* that there are wheels or springs or gears. *Forget* that roads are rough, hills are steep, distances are long.

All you know is—that, somehow, somewhere, they knew what you wanted when they built this Nash!

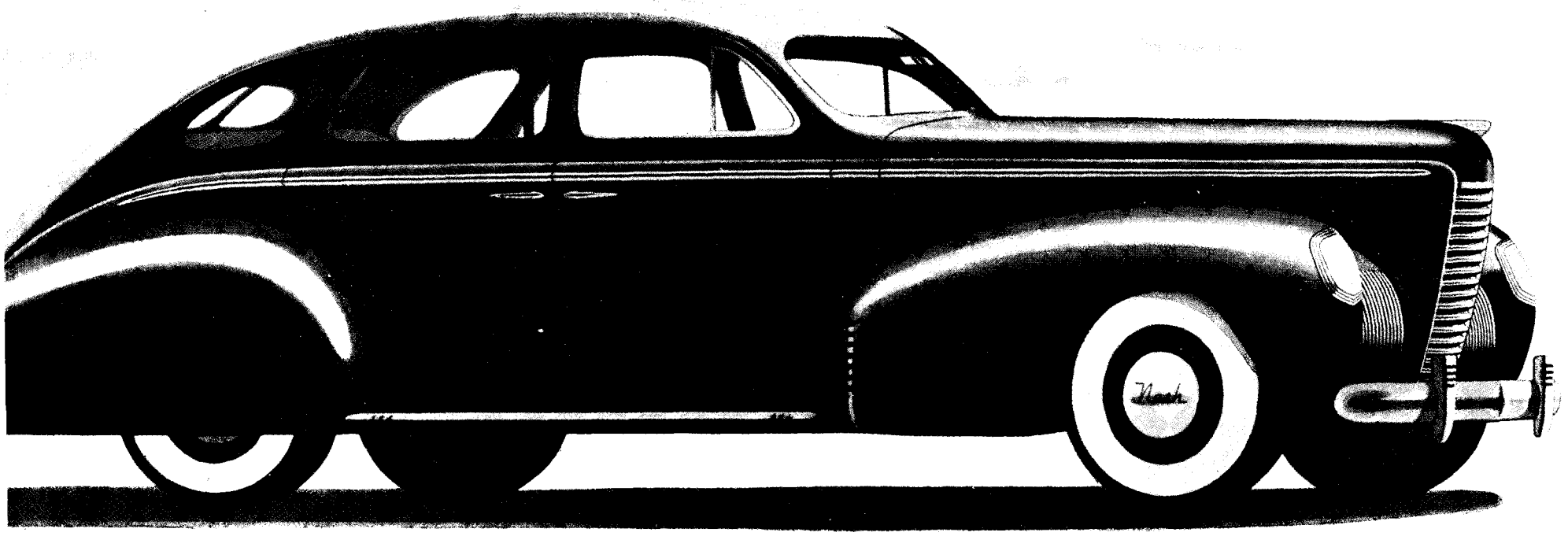
• • •

Sooner or later you're going to own this exciting car. Why not enjoy it *now?*

We've made it easier than you imagine—with ten models priced right next to the lowest, and with economy that's well-nigh unbelievable. Call your Nash dealer. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.



"HURRICANE POWER" shoots you ahead! Even the lowest priced models flash from 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds, in high. 10% better economy than 1938.



Four series of great cars . . . 22 models . . . 10 of them priced next to the lowest . . . convenient terms are available on the Nash C. I. T. budget plan

SILENT as a circling sea gull . . . only Nash has "Dancing Sand" soundproofing! No objectionable road rumble. So perfectly streamlined, wind-roar is not objectionable at high speeds.

It's that New NASH

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G-E TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATOR. The gift with a lot of "give". G-E, first choice of millions, has the famous sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit with Oil Cooling. It's thrifty in price, current, upkeep. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.

For a Sentimen with a Practi

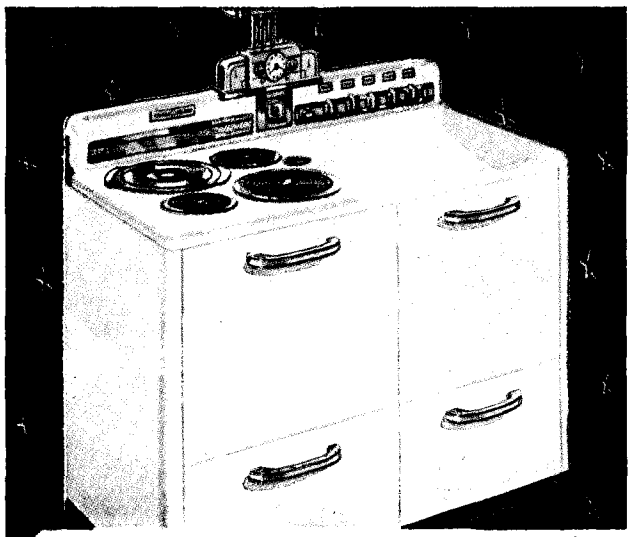
Give Her a General Electric Gift

THIS year make yours a gift of the heart and *head* . . . something she really wants . . . and *needs*.

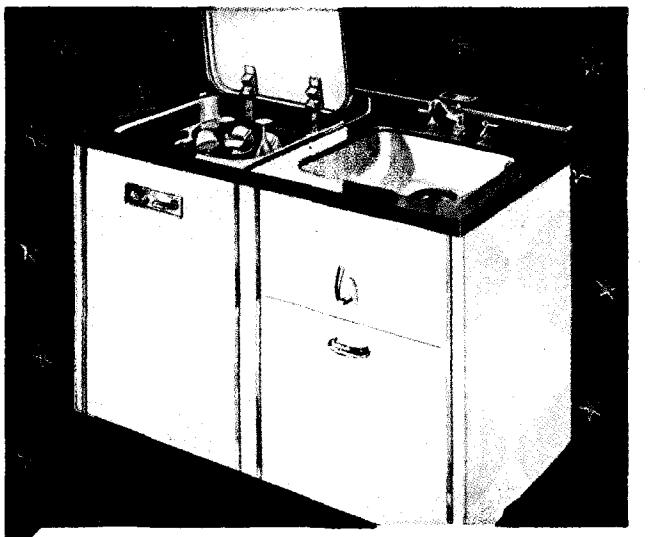
Give her a practical present . . . a General Electric gift she'll use . . . and *appreciate* . . . for years to come.

You couldn't choose gifts more thoughtful . . . or welcome. Because General Electric gifts are gifts of freedom. They lighten household tasks . . . bestow added leisure. The suggestions shown here . . . and many more . . . are now on display at your G-E dealer's. You'll find his store the best possible Christmas shopping headquarters . . . with a wide assortment of more than 150 desirable gifts to choose from . . . prices from $1.00 to $1,000.00. A G-E gift puts no strain upon Santa's budget. For the smaller gifts are most modestly priced and the major items are all available on the General Electric easy payment plan. The G-E monogram is the most honored mark an electrical gift can bear.

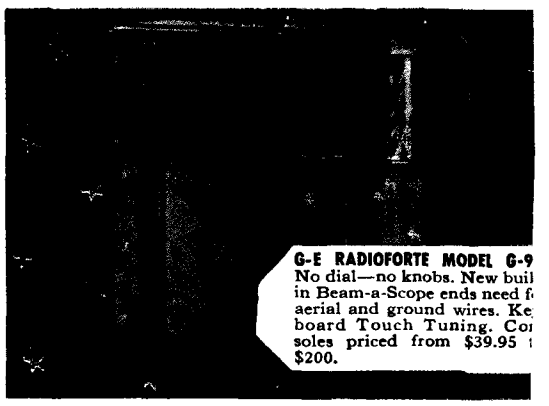
All prices subject to territorial variations



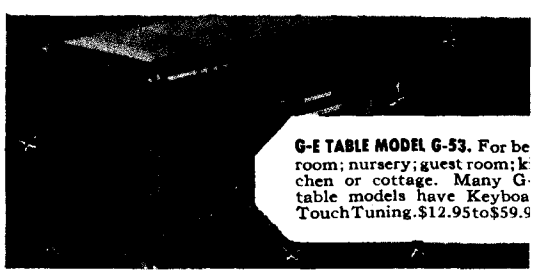
G-E ELECTRIC RANGE. Any Santa Claus will be proud to present one of these beautiful G-E Electric Ranges. Three new thrifty G-E features: Tel-A-Cook Lights—5 Speed Calrod Cooking Units—Tripl-Oven (3 ovens in one). Can be purchased for a minimum down payment—and as little as $5.00 per month.



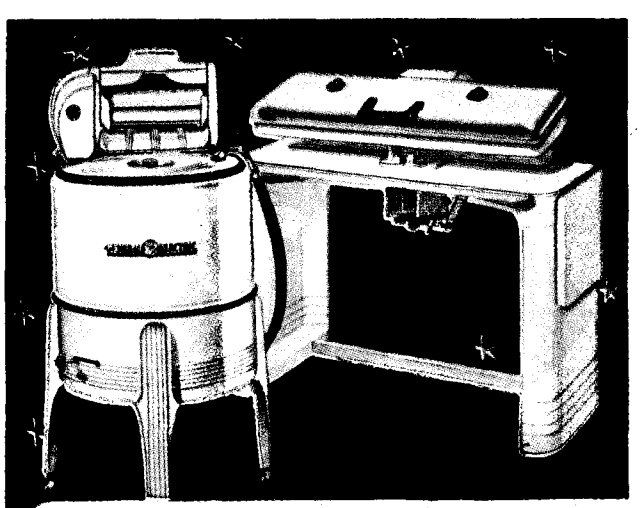
G-E ELECTRIC SINK. With dishwasher and garbage disposall Drives dishwashing drudgery right out of the kitchen—and ends the messy accumulation of garbage. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.



G-E RADIOFORTE MODEL G-9 No dial—no knobs. New buil in Beam-a-Scope ends need f aerial and ground wires. Ke board Touch Tuning. Co soles priced from $39.95 $200.

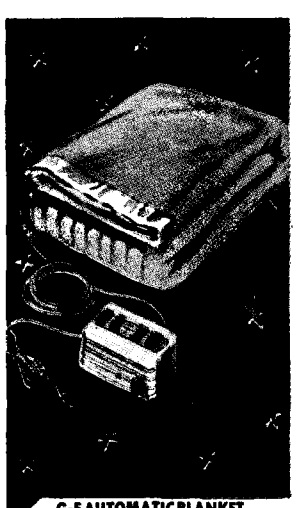


G-E TABLE MODEL G-53. For be room; nursery; guest room; k chen or cottage. Many G table models have Keyboa TouchTuning. $12.95 to $59.9

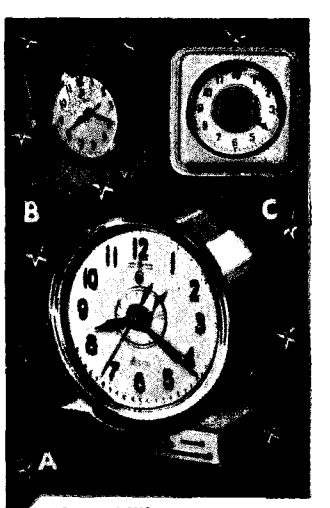


G-E FLATPLATE IRONER AND G-E WASHER. The simplicity of the One-Control Wringer and effortless operation of the Flatplate Ironer make the household's hardest task easier. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.

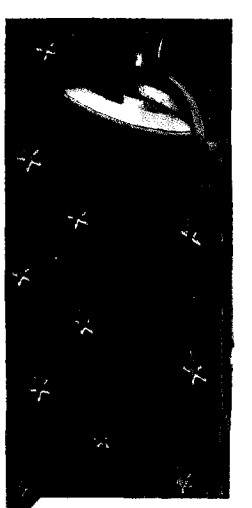
G-E CLEANER. All the features of more expensive models. $21.95 to $59.95.



G-E AUTOMATIC BLANKET. Automatically adjusts itself to outside temperatures. Sleep under safe lightweight warmth. $44.95 to $69.95.



G-E CLOCKS. Give accurate time. No winding —no failing alarms. (a) Sergeant Alarm $2.95. (b) Duncan $4.50. (c) Garcon $3.50.



G-E SUNLAMP. A sur tan for New Year' $44.95. Other model $24.95 to $74.50.

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Freedom's Real Side!

Freedom! Is the lady of your heart wearing away her good looks and health at household tasks which General Electric home servants could spare her? Why not win her lasting appreciation this Christmas by giving her a General Electric gift—that carries with it freedom—leisure—happy hours reclaimed from drudgery. Every General Electric gift pictured here will make her life easier, pleasanter, happier.

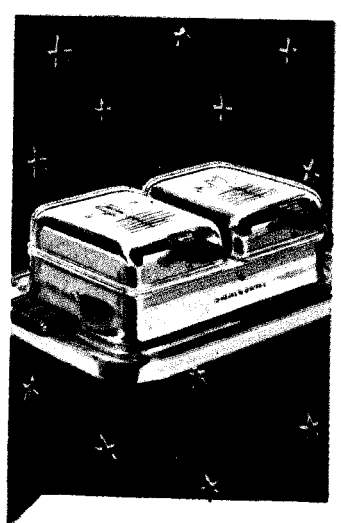
"—and roses, too!"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E AUTOMATIC TOASTER. Set it—forget it—and have perfect toast. Toaster only, $16.00. Complete luncheon service, $23.75.

G-E IRON. Saves the arm, has automatic heat control. $8.95. Other models $2.95 to $9.95.

G-E MIXER. Smooth cakes, velvety custards without effort! $16.95. With Automatic Juice Extractor, $19.95.



G-E TWIN WAFFLE IRON. More and better waffles. $8.95. Other models $5.50 to $9.95.

G-E COFFEE MAKER. Perfect coffee every time. In holiday gift package. $5.95. Other models $4.95 to $9.95.

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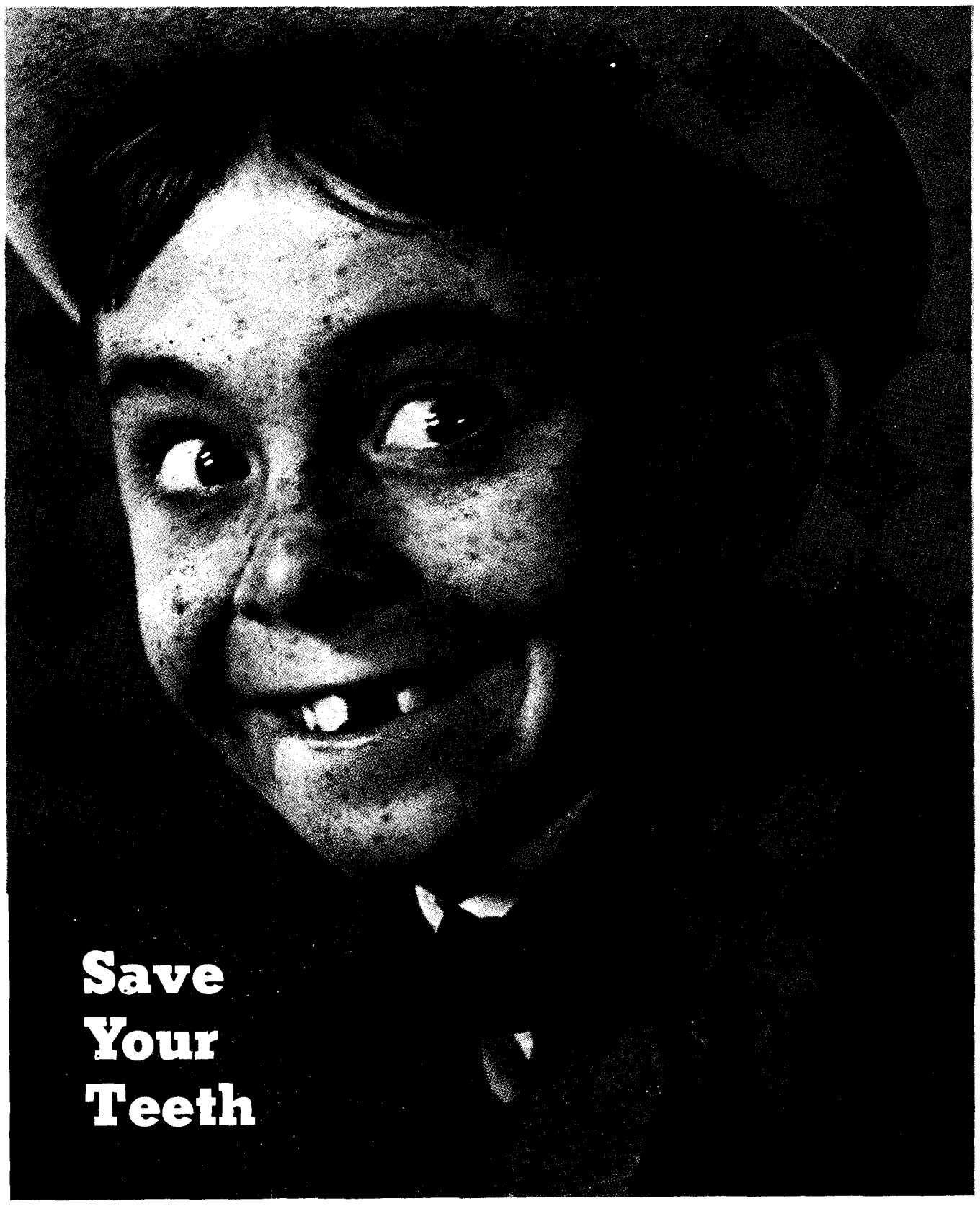

Save Your Teeth

Missing teeth add to Alfalfa's boyishness in the Our Gang comedies but they'd contribute nothing to your appearance

By Earl M. Sherman, D.D.S.

That's what we all want to do, but not many know how to set about it. Here are the rules

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

A PRETTY brunet woman sat in my office awaiting the report on a full mouth X-ray that had just been taken. While the history gave her age as forty, her slender figure, fresh skin and shining dark hair belied it. She had come to me through a doctor friend who was treating her for an obscure infection that had resulted in a lame shoulder and a stiff arm.

It became my duty to tell her that four teeth were badly abscessed and would have to be extracted.

Her cry of dismay was genuine. "Impossible!" she said flatly. "I will not have it done. I always said I wanted to die the day my first tooth was pulled."

I assured her that the operation would be almost painless and that restoration of the lost teeth with full regard for esthetics could be accomplished. I added that a removable bridge was indicated.

"Removable!" she screamed. "Take out my teeth at night and put them in a glass of water like a mumbling old crone? Never!"

This was my patient's first real glance into the mirror of time. Hair treatment, facial massage, good clothes and proper exercise had preserved the illusion of youth. Perfunctory care of her once sound white teeth had had to suffice. She had never given them a second thought. As she expressed it: "The only toothache I ever had was the ache in my arm."

Finally I succeeded in convincing her that the dental work I had prescribed would not only improve her health in general but would also help to preserve her good looks during the next fifteen years. But she left my office after the first extraction, mourning:

"But, Doctor, I *always* brush my teeth and go to a dentist when I have to. I don't see why this had to happen to me!"

This isn't a new story. Every dentist hears it when he breaks the news of a possible tooth extraction. The patient thinks that by brushing his teeth and seeing the dentist when he has an ache, he is giving his teeth proper care. When, one by one, his teeth begin to go, he is shocked. And when he sees that they are beginning to take permanent leave, he jumps into action, trying frantically to save the remaining teeth at great cost of time, energy and money.

Must teeth go with age?

Not at all. They go because in early life they are neglected. Few people realize that decay and gum disease set in quietly and without pain long before they send out warning signals. It's a process of years, but it is recognized only when the man or woman feels pain or discovers bleeding gums or suffers some organic disturbance that may come from infected teeth. Then he goes to the dentist, hoping for the best. Unfortunately, he comes too late. There is nothing to do but extract the teeth.

Any health complication is a menace to our happiness and well-being when it is shrouded in mystery. There is nothing hidden and incomprehensible about the dangers that confront our teeth. This misconception has been brought about by you, and you and *you*—and your all-too-human refusal to admit that your teeth are not as permanent and indissoluble as the Washington Monument.

Fix Those Cavities Early

Let's play fair with ourselves, face the facts about our teeth and see what we can do about it!

The first danger is dental caries. You call it tooth decay. This disease progresses by slow stages from a tiny cavity that affects the enamel to the point where the enamel and the dentine are injured; as the decay increases, it reaches the pulp or nerve of the tooth. In the last stage, the infection spreads and often forms an abscess around the roots.

If the decayed tooth is neglected, the infection may spread to the other teeth, and the unfortunate victim may join the sufferers from rheumatism, anemia, a bad heart or kidney trouble, all diseases that in about fifty per cent of the cases may be traced to dental defects.

Catch that first tiny cavity and you save yourself worry, illness and needless expenditure.

What is the cause of caries, you ask? Scientists aren't sure, although they are getting warm, as the children say. Research shows that our civilized diet is one of the important factors that is contributing to the rise in dental disease. Our food is so soft and pasty that it requires no chewing. The creamed soups, meringues and soufflés slide down easily and pleasantly but they give the teeth a day off from work. When they fail to get sufficient exercise, they diminish in strength. Then they decay.

Include something in your menu that you can get your teeth into—chops, steak, whole-wheat products, roughage. Eat slowly; chew thoroughly.

Local causes are sometimes responsible for caries, as, for instance, the accumulation of tartar, which is formed by chemical changes in the saliva. This substance irritates the gums and lowers their resistance. It may destroy the supporting bone structure so that teeth, even though perfectly sound, will be lost.

Several months ago, a young man with a set of perfect, white, glistening teeth called at my office. He earned his living by posing for commercial photography. His smile came hearteningly from many of the handsome advertisements in the magazines. His teeth were exposed, whether he argued for a new brand of toothpaste, a streamlined

(Continued on page 41)

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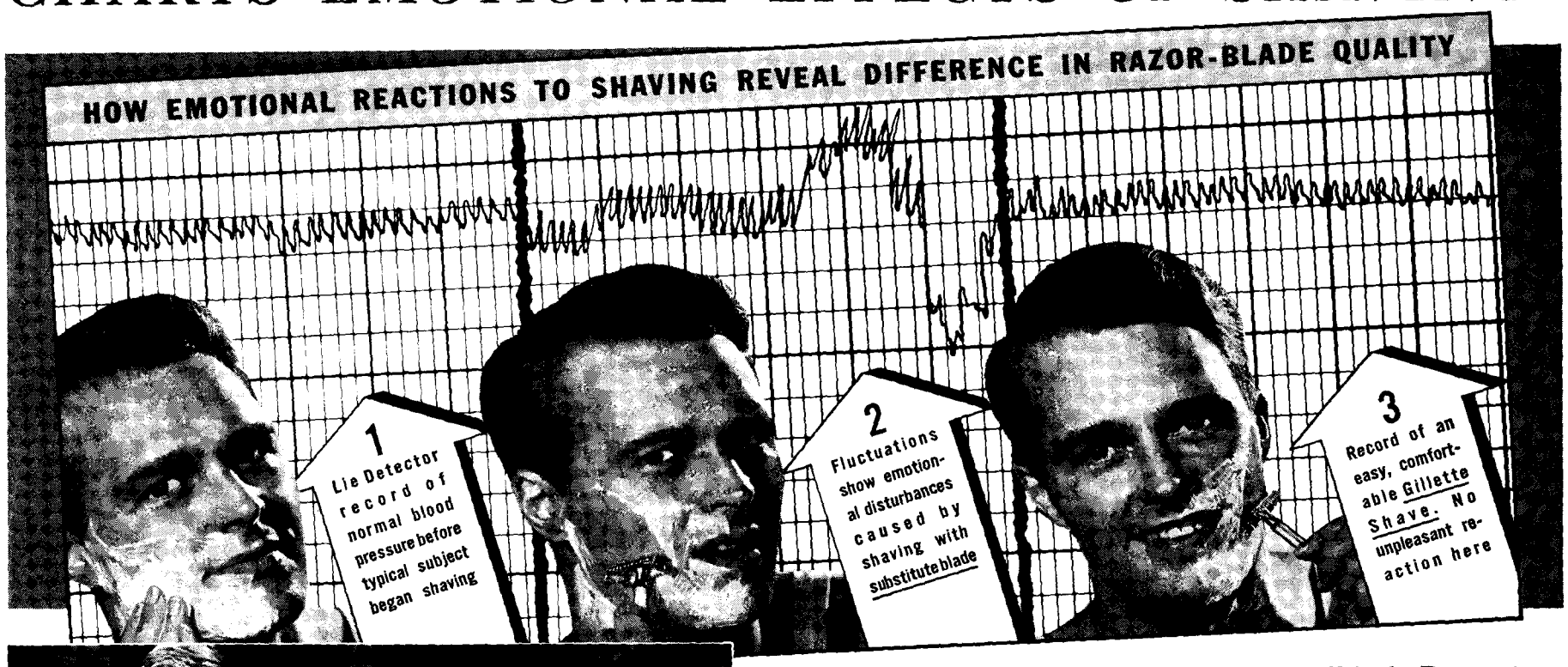
NOW! LIE DETECTOR

CHARTS EMOTIONAL EFFECTS OF SHAVING!


HOW EMOTIONAL REACTIONS TO SHAVING REVEAL DIFFERENCE IN RAZOR-BLADE QUALITY
1 Lie Detector record of normal blood pressure before typical subject began shaving
2 Fluctuations show emotional disturbances caused by shaving with substitute blade
3 Record of an easy, comfortable Gillette Shave. No unpleasant reaction here

HOW FAMOUS LIE DETECTOR CHECKS SHAVING RESULTS IN EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH. Strapped to Lie Detectors, men shave one side of the face with a Gillette Blade . . . the other side with a blade of different manufacture . . . not knowing which is which. Comparative blade quality, as revealed by their involuntary reactions, is accurately recorded on charts like the one above—leaving no doubt as to which blade is best. Finally, each shaver is asked which of the two blades he has used (No. 1 or No. 2) he considers best. In practically every instance the subject's expressed preference tallies exactly with the Lie Detector's findings.

Outstanding Superiority of Gillette Blade Proved Beyond Shadow of Doubt in Astonishing Series of Scientific Tests

ONLY those who dare to know the truth willingly submit to Dr. William M. Marston's Lie Detector test . . . for the Lie Detector reveals the facts. That's why Gillette engaged this eminent psychologist to make a scientific investigation of razor-blade quality. Here are his findings:

(1) Today's Gillette Blade gives more comfortable shaves than any other blade tested. (2) Far faster shaves . . . positive proof that it is easier on your face. (3) More refreshing shaves . . . free from emotional irritations that may start your day off wrong!

Hundreds of Men Take Test

By recording breathing and blood pressure, the Lie Detector charts the emotional reactions produced by shaving. Hundreds of men have taken part in Dr. Marston's research. Thus far, blades of 16 substitute brands have faced trial in competition to the Gillette Blade. In one case after another the shaver's involuntary reactions, as automatically recorded by the Lie Detector, prove Gillette's outstanding superiority. And what's equally important and significant, the vast majority of subjects, not knowing which blade is which, choose Gillette as being by far the best-shaving blade.

Make Your Own Test

Enjoy the benefits of this scientific research yourself! Try today's Gillette Blades.

You'll agree that they are much finer—far more uniform—and well worth the few cents extra you pay for them!

ATTENTION! CONSUMER ORGANIZATIONS AND MEN EVERYWHERE

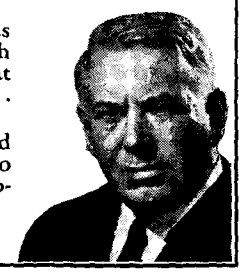
Dr. William Moulton Marston's scientific shaving tests are being conducted to reveal the truth about razor-blade quality. Gillette invites consumer organizations and individuals to observe—and participate in—this research. Address your inquiries to Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass.

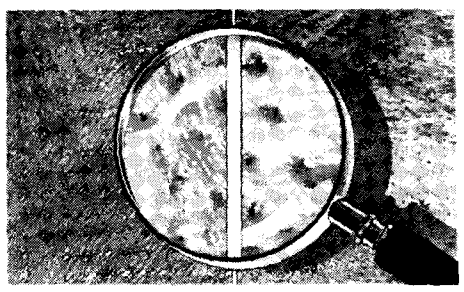
DO YOU FOOL YOURSELF ABOUT RAZOR-BLADE QUALITY?

Some Men Do, Says Dr. Marston

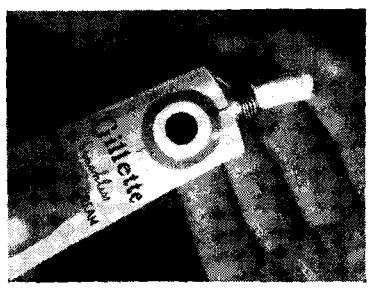
"Some men have used dull or misfit blades so long it has become an emotional habit. I have had such men shave with Gillette Blades every day for a week. At the end of that time they could no longer endure their former favorites . . . for their reactions had returned to normal.

"The quality of a man's shave has a marked effect on his mood and general attitude for hours. For this reason, I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of using the best blades obtainable. My study enables me to state flatly that Gillette Blades are far superior in every respect to competitive blades tested."



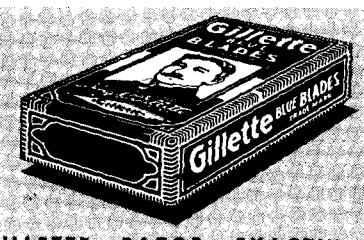


NOW SEE FOR YOURSELF what the critical eye of the camera reveals. Above (left) is shown a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) the same area shaved by another method, another day. Now decide which gives the clean, close, long-lasting shave you want.



GILLETTE'S NEW BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM is better in five ways! (1) Softens whiskers double quick, (2) soothes the skin, (3) stays moist on your face, (4) speeds shaving and (5) never clogs razor or drains! You'll like Gillette Brushless. A large tube, 25c!

Gillette Blades



PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY

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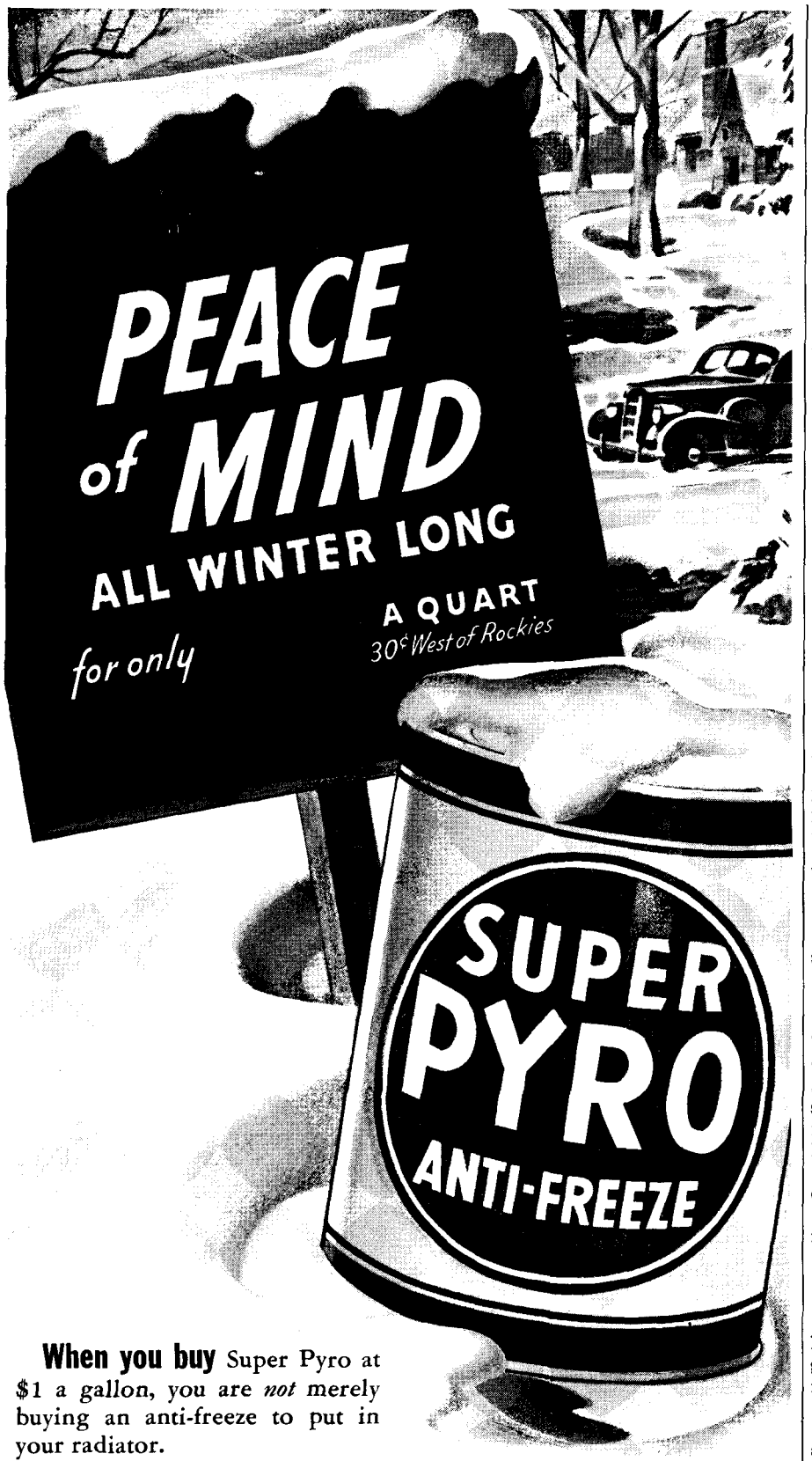

When you buy Super Pyro at $1 a gallon, you are *not* merely buying an anti-freeze to put in your radiator.

You *are* buying peace of mind which permits you to use and enjoy your car all winter long, no matter how low the temperature drops. You get freedom from worry about freeze-ups, *plus* the satisfaction of knowing that the entire cooling system is being kept clean and efficient by the patented ingredients in Super Pyro which stop rust and corrosion.

Super Pyro has saved money and worry in 15 million cars, in all kinds of winter weather, all over the country. It is an exclusive product, made by U.S.I., world's oldest manufacturer of anti-freeze.

Look for the Super Pyro sign the very next time you take your car out. The dealer has a scientific chart which tells exactly how much Super Pyro is needed to protect your car at the temperatures expected in your locality . . . how much to add when sudden cold snaps are predicted.

Have your radiator checked from time to time, and you will be delighted with the ease and low cost of getting freeze-up worries off your mind with Super Pyro Anti-Freeze.

PROVED IN 15 MILLION CARS

The Jitterbug

Continued from page 15

itched from the damp pants. He drank his beer and said, "Son, this ain't a man's country. I ain't seen snow fall or a red leaf drop in ten years. I ain't caught a fish that didn't look like it come from a circus aquarium. When we was back home and you was Red's age, you used to come home around eleven o'clock at night with your hands all smeared up with blue pool chalk, so I knowed you'd been conductin' yourself normal. Where does this here Red get to?"

"Maybe some dame has made him daffy," I said. "With our blood in him it ain't natural he'd get this way hisself."

"Don't seem like a woman's tinkerin'," the old man thought.

"I'll kinda look into it."

The old man put down his glass and scratched himself. "Red here has even been to high school four years," he said, "and still he don't show he learned nothin' but the pay checks and addresses of movie actors. Seems like he don't need all that schoolin' just to collect them people's names in that little book he totes around."

"He must have a dame on the string," I said, "one of them jitterbug dames. When a guy gets that nobody-home look in his eye and starts doin' tap steps by hisself, you can bet there's a dame in his hair, and I'm going to find out."

"You don't know nothin' about women," the old man said.

"I know enough so I ain't hooked yet."

"You got time," the old man said. "It ain't women. Women is always the same. They just wear different kinds of hats."

We picked up the fish and went home.

IT WAS Saturday night and Red was getting ready to step. He shined his shoes, then he sat by the radio with his saxophone getting in some hot licks before he was ready to start. I said to him:

"Red, how come you don't get me a date too?"

He looked surprised. "You mean tonight?" he said.

"Sure thing."

"I thought you didn't go for women."

"I haven't got any to go for."

He laughed. "Well," he said, "it's too late to get you a date tonight. I gotta go pick up Della right now. Maybe tomorrow night, huh?"

"Okay," I said.

He went out and I sat down and read a book. The old man was watering the lawn and smoking his pipe. The little breeze blew the smoke my way. He looked pretty contented. After the lawn he'd go in and make a highball. He looked like he was thinking about his farm back in Ohio. Red claimed the old man still had some change in a bank back there, but if he did he never said anything about it, and what difference did it make when we were getting along all right?

I got tired of reading and just sat watching the moon come up over the hills. It made me feel kind of lonely and restless. I was just trying to figure out whether I'd go somewhere and buy a drink or join the old man in the kitchen when the car pulled up in front and Red climbed out with a girl.

She was beautiful.

"This is Della," Red said. "Della, this is my brother, Ed, I told you about."

I couldn't figure out how a dumb guy like Red could have snagged such a peach like Della. She could take anybody to the dogs.

"Pleased to meet you, Ed," she said with a big smile. "Red talked about you a lot. He thinks you're swell."

"Come on in and meet the old man," Red said.

I followed them inside. She had just about the shapeliest pair of legs I'd ever seen. I never saw a better, neater pair before or since. But she was streamlined all the way.

The old man was mixing lemonade for the gin. In winter he always sipped it straight, but in summer he cooled it off with lemons and ice. Red introduced Della and the old man said, "Sit down and have a little drink to cool you off."

He poured four, making Red's the weakest like he always did. "Back in the States," he said, "I never took anything but corn right outa the mine shafts. But corn's a man's drink, and this here tropics ain't a man's country. It's for actors and bums and politicians."

DELLA laughed. It was a beautiful laugh that rippled like a trout stream. She had wonderful white teeth, as clean as a young dog's. I couldn't see how she could be to blame for Red. Maybe, after all, it was just the climate or he was born that way. Just then he slapped my shoulder and said:

"Ed, Della and me's taking you out tonight with us."

"Three is a crowd," I said.

"You can't talk your way out of it," Della said, smiling again. "All you have to do is put on a tie."

"Okay with me," I said.

I shaved and put on one of Red's striped ties. When I went back into the kitchen, Della said:

"Say, you look like Clark Gable!"

"Okay, you be Myrna Loy," I said.

"She's doing all right herself," the old man said.

When the three of us climbed into the car and Red jammed it into gear the way he does, like a brakeman, Della said, "I think your father's awful cute."

"He's swell," Red said.

It seemed to me Della was sitting closer to me than she was to Red, even though he was driving. "What do you do?" I asked.

"I work in an office, and do I hate it or do I hate it! That's why I like to dance, and Red is just about the hottest man on a dance floor I ever met."

Red laughed. "You're pretty swell yourself!" he said. He swung the car onto Wilshire and headed for Ocean Park.

I thought I had it figured out. Della was running around with Red because he was a good dancer and she liked to dance after pounding a typewriter all day. Girls like Della run around with pop-drinking dance hounds but they don't fall for them.

Red almost ran from the parking lot to the dance hall. It was a big building jutting out over the surf, and it was filled with people. Red grabbed some tickets and jerked Della out on the floor. She looked back at me and smiled.

They sure could dance. Red swung around the floor like a crazy spider and she followed him like a moth. She looked even more beautiful dancing. She made me wonder what I'd been doing all these past months just sitting around the house at night maybe reading or gabbing with the old man. The more I watched them the more it seemed like she was too old for a punk like Red.

The next dance was my turn.

"I'm strictly a waltzer," I said. "I never even learned the Charleston."

"You're all right," she said softly.

Holding her was like grabbing hold of the moon. She was a wonderful dancer.

Red and me took turns dancing with her for hours. When I danced with Della, Red danced with another girl. He

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never missed a hop. When it was his turn to dance with Della, I just hung on the rail and watched and sometimes she'd smile at me across his shoulder. At eleven o'clock I could almost do the Big Apple. For her I'd have danced on broken beer bottles.

When we got home the old man was polishing off the pint. He gave me one when Red left to take Della home.

"Pretty girl Red's got," the old man said.

"What do you mean, he's got?" I said without thinking.

"I can understand that too," the old man said.

"She's too smart for Red," I said.

"Reminds me of your Ma as a girl."

"She's beautiful, all right," I said.

"Maybe Red ain't so dumb," the old man said.

"He's dumb, but he's lucky."

THE old man went to bed. He was tanked up somewhat but he walked straight as a cop. He drank a full pint every night while he read the newspaper clean through from the date line to the classifieds.

I couldn't sleep. I went out on the lawn in my bare feet. The moon was gone but the roses over the porch were like Della. I wondered what she and Red were doing. The idea that maybe he was necking her burned me up. I went back in and lay down on the bed until Red came in.

"Boy," he said, "some dancin'!"

"You nuts about that Della?" I asked him.

"I think she's swell."

"How come you don't marry her?" I asked.

He laughed. "What for?" he said. "We're havin' good times."

"That's a helluva way to talk about her," I said. "She's a nice girl."

"You're telling me," he said.

He jumped into bed and fell asleep in a couple of seconds. I lay there rolling around until about four o'clock. All I could think about was Della.

I didn't mention it to Red but the next day I called her up and asked her to go dancing. She sounded surprised and glad. We went to a different dance hall and she began teaching me the Lambeth Walk. While I was giving it a whirl, I said, "Della, how do you feel about Red?"

"You worried about Red?" she laughed.

"It ain't Red," I said.

"Oh, Red's a real alligator!"

"How is he an alligator?"

"It means he's swing-crazy."

"Maybe I can be an alligator," I said. "I been called a lot of other animals."

"Don't be an alligator," she said. "Just be yourself."

I kissed her.

It was a long chance, a shot in the dark, but I took it. I waited to get slapped, but she was laughing.

"Are you trying to peck?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, and laughed with her.

So whenever she wasn't with Red I went out with her. I felt pretty good. I got the idea, after looking around some, that these swing monkeys were goofier than I'd even figured. They made a lot of noise like Africans. They shook around until their teeth sounded like dice, and then they passed out. Dancing just made these guys drunk and then they passed out. They had their brains in their feet and they didn't even have big feet. They just used women for dancing partners. They were no good for women. It was a cinch.

Then it got so I saw her at noon. I met her at the drugstore where she had lunch. The first time it was by accident and she seemed blue. She looked sad in the daytime, but she was just as beautiful. She said that working over that typewriter was like living all day in a room full of sparrows. It got on her nerves.

I said, "You oughta get married, Della, to some nice guy who can support you, and get the hell away from them typewriters and jitterbugs."

"I'm just a jitterbug myself," she said, sucking on the malted milk.

"No, you ain't," I said. "You're beautiful and you could land any man you wanted."

"I couldn't do better than the average," she said. She was pretty gloomy.

"What's wrong with the average?" I asked.

That's as far as it got, except that I kept on meeting her there at noons.

Then one night Red walked into the kitchen at home and said, "A fine guy you are, you lousy chiseler!"

"Sit down and eat your supper," the old man said.

HE SAT down but kept looking at me as sore as ever. "I give you a break and you try to muscle in on my girl!" he said.

"If you ain't got a job, you ain't got a girl," the old man said calmly. "And you hadn't ought to talk to your elder brother like that."

"A fine brother he is!" Red exploded.

"What do you think you are that you own women?" I said. "You don't even know anything about her!"

"Oh, so I don't know anything about her, huh!" Red was sure burning.

"The neither of you know nothing about women," the old man said. "Eat up your suppers."

Red shut up. Days went by but he wouldn't talk to me. Now he saw that I had fallen for Della he tried to take her out oftener than ever. He couldn't do this very often on the dollar a week I gave him for an allowance, but he stretched it out the best way he could.

Then he got a break. It wasn't that he landed a job. It was that I got transferred to another project out in the Valley, a good eighty miles out of L. A.

He just sat and grinned when I told it to the old man. "Gee, that's keen!" he said. "That's what you get!"

"I'm still workin'," I said. "I ain't a low-down parasite on my relations."

"Ain't it a shame! Ain't it a shame!" he said, and did a couple of time steps around the kitchen. The old man just sucked on his pipe and said nothing. He took life the way it was dished out. As long as his gin held out and he had that farm behind him, he didn't care whether school kept or not.

The first night in the Valley I sat down and wrote Della a letter, care of the old man. I worked on that letter for hours, and it turned out pretty good. I mailed it special delivery.

It was pretty lonely, but it was beautiful out there on the desert. Every time I looked at the moon I thought of Della and loved her more than ever. The second letter I wrote care of the old man I said I was going to get a raise. I wasn't, that I knew of, but I thought it might be a good idea to toss in, just to make Red look a little more like a bum. It was tough on the kid, but I was pretty desperate.

I wrote three more letters but didn't get any answer. It worried me some and made me suspect that maybe Red was intercepting my mail. I was thinking about going back to town and beating his brains out when I got a telegram from him. It said, "Come home. Something terrible has happened here."

I jumped into the car and beat it for Los Angeles.

I covered the eighty-two miles in an hour and a half flat, which was record time for that old jallopy. I hopped out at the front door and slammed into the house.

There sat Red in the kitchen. He looked pretty downcast, but I could see he was glad to see me.

"Red," I said, "what's the matter?"

He took a deep breath.

"Maybe I better start at the beginning," he said.

"Start any place!" I yelled. "What happened?"

"After you left," he said, "I run short of dough. Me and Della got to dancin' in the front room to the radio."

"You rat!" I said.

"It don't matter what you call me, Ed," he said sadly.

"Go on!"

"Okay. It wasn't bad. The old man would fix us some highballs, and Della was swell about it. She was a swell girl, Ed. I don't blame you none."

"What do you mean she *was* a swell girl?" I said with a kind of horror creeping on me.

"Nothin'. Only here it is. One night I come home all petered out from trying to scare up a job. Della come over and the old man mixed some drinks. I guess I was tired because I went out like a light—"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, and then I'm sleeping right on through the night. And in the morning I wake up and there's a note on the table downstairs. It says that Della has gone away to get married!"

I stared at him, and then suddenly it hit me. "Why, you rat!" I cried. "That's me! I asked her to in my last letter! You gotta nerve telegraphin' to me!"

HE WAS walking back from the cupboard with a little bundle in his hand. He tossed it on the table. It was my letter all tied together by a string and unopened.

Red smiled wanly.

"You Judas!" I yelled at him.

He shook his head and sat down. "It wasn't you," he said.

An awful feeling came into my stomach. "Who was it?" I asked.

"The old man."

I couldn't believe it. It must be a gag, I thought. Maybe Della and the old man were hiding in the other room, laughing. Only Red wasn't that good an actor and he was saying, "They went back to the old man's farm together.'

There wasn't any doubt about it. I could tell by the way he said it. So it was the old man . . . the old slicker Della and the old man. Slowly it sank into my brain.

"I'll be damned," I said.

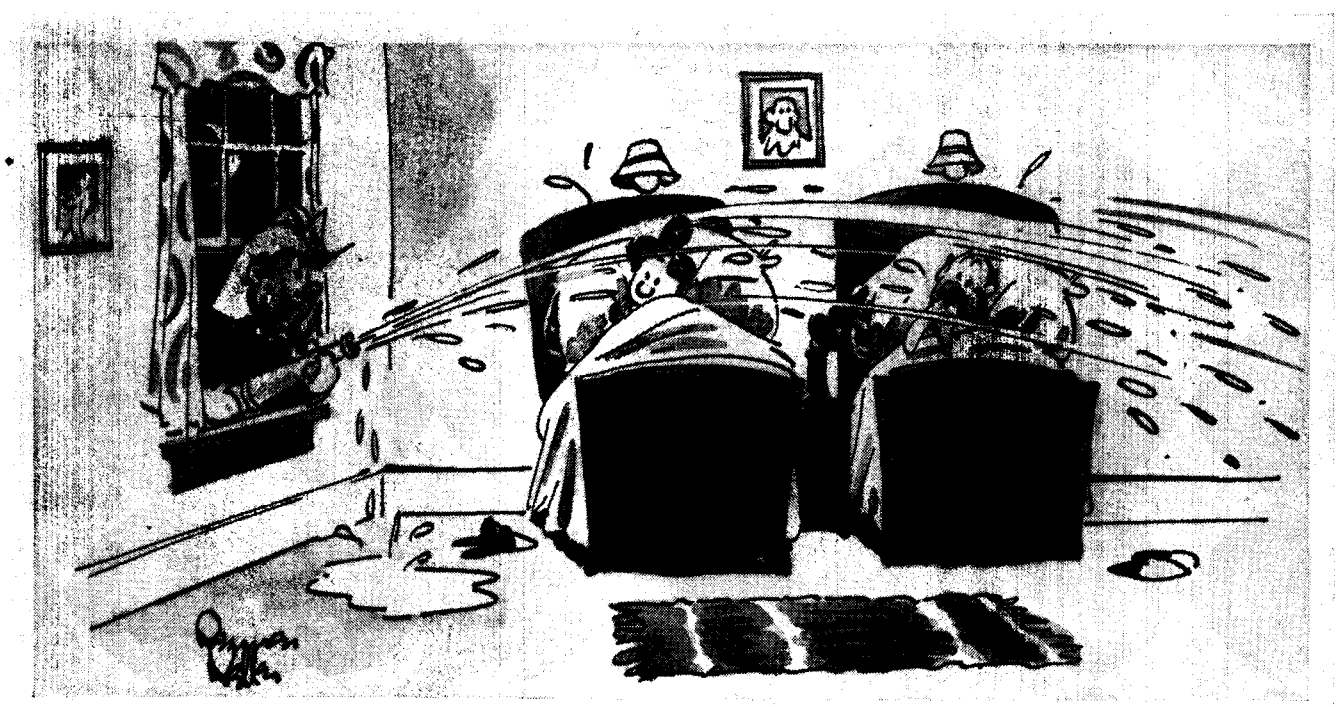
We sat there and said nothing and thought about it. I looked at Red and I couldn't help starting to laugh. I stuck out my hand and he grabbed it. Then he grinned at me.

"You better fix us some gin," I said.

He began laughing out loud. He heaved and he rolled on the chair. He pounded the table.

"It ain't that funny," I finally said.

Red got a little control over himself. "I can't fix a drink," he said. "The old man—the old man, he took the gin too!"



"Don't worry, folks—it's just a precaution to keep the fire next door from spreading"

REAMER KELLER

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EVEN MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

. . . BUT

ON THE FLOOR they're dreams to behold—on the road they're joys to drive. Detroit's outdone itself this year. You'll feel that the minute you take the wheel.

But there's one thing that you can't sense, so we are going to tell you about it:

The same close cylinder clearances and improved piston assemblies that make for greater efficiency and economy also make for far higher engine heats. These heats can break down old-fashioned oils, regardless of price. A varnish-like substance forms on the cylinder walls. It makes for stickiness and possible "freezing."

That's why the Texaco Engineers insulated Havoline against heat—to give the absolute lubricating protection your engine deserves even in face of the higher heats of modern cars.

Remember . . . there's no better oil at any price—for any car—in any season. For besides being *insulated* Havoline is distilled to keep your engine clean—wax-free, so it flows into action at the first stroke of the engine even in zero weather.

Change to Havoline and get the most out of your car—new or old.

Stop where you see this Texaco sign, for Insulated Havoline Oil, for Fire-Chief Gasoline, for Marfak Lubricating Service—or just to freshen up at one of the immaculate Registered Rest Rooms.

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to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE: A full hour of all-star entertainment every Wednesday night, Columbia Network.

9:30 E.S.T. 8:30 C.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T.

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From Information Received

Continued from page 10

however, a chance came that both his mother and her husband thought too good to miss—that of sending him out of Russia to an old Austrian aunt, to be brought up by her in better surroundings.

"It cost the doctor all the influence he could muster to arrange this; eventually also, it cost him his life, for the boy's emigration was not liked by the authorities, who promptly showed their displeasure by transferring the doctor to a fever settlement in the Crimea where he was literally worked to death in the course of a few years.

"Meanwhile Kurt, at school at Zell-am-See, was sampling and enjoying an altogether different life. Austria in 1927, you know, wasn't such a bad place. All over Europe the clouds were moving and one could actually hope that they were moving away. It was the Europe of Stresemann and Briand and Ramsay Macdonald, a brief interregnum of optimism during which a few flowers took root amidst the weeds . . . before the weeds sprang up and choked them. . . .

"Kurt, who had found the separation from his parents hard to bear at first, soon filled in the emotional gaps in his life—he had inherited his mother's good looks and capacity for friendship. Every week he wrote to Russia, describing his progress at school; and his mother, not wishing to spoil such obvious happiness, did not tell him of her husband's death, nor of the fact that she was picking up a miserable living as a nurse. Her private dream was that Kurt should study hard for one of the professions and send for her to join him as soon as he was well established and prosperous. Part of this dream seemed fulfilled when, at the earliest possible age, the boy entered the University of Vienna.

"IT WAS during his first year there that Hitler achieved power in Germany, convulsing Europe and inciting every German-speaking population to sip the wine that had already burst one bottle. Not that there was much conscious desire in Austria to exchange democracy for absolutism; it was rather the growing pressure of everyday things—of bad trade, rising food prices, spreading unemployment, the whole national malaise brought about—once again—by the mistakes of the treaty makers.

"While Kurt was studying at the university, fitting himself for some post that would demand the abilities he had to offer, such posts throughout Austria practically ceased to exist. The country teemed with youths of talent and education scrambling for a few schillings as interpreters and tourist guides—reluctant parasites on foreign visitors who thought how charming they were and how much like Francis Lederer in Autumn Crocus.

"Kurt was not the type that would become one of them, even under duress. After his aunt died and he was thrown on his own resources, it was perhaps not altogether his fault that he failed to find work as an architect in a country where nothing new was being built. Nor, perhaps, was it altogether his fault that then, facing unemployment, his ardors turned to something else for which he had discovered an aptitude—the influencing and leadership of young men like himself. Was it even his fault that there was only one direction in which those powers of leadership were welcomed—the underground trail between Austria and Germany?"

The journalist smiled grimly. "I should say, madame, you would have made an even better politician than a lawyer. So far you have given us far more politics than evidence."

"Don't you see that politics *is* evidence in a case like this?"

"The brutal murder of a woman. I have to keep on reminding myself of that, while you give me the biography of your hero."

She turned to me with a pleading gesture. "Please, please don't misunderstand me, gentlemen. I detest the Nazi philosophy just as much as you do, but I cannot detest millions of young men just because they put on shirts of a particular color. I can't believe that that makes them all criminals and degenerates. Right and wrong are not so easy as all that. Create certain stresses, in history as in mechanics, and it becomes inevitable that relief will be found in certain directions. The political union of Austria and Germany, the Anschluss, was one of those directions. In itself it

"Yes, I know, Officer, but my foot fell asleep on the accelerator"

JAY IRVING

was something that many quite liberal-minded English and Americans had long favored. The tragedy of Europe is that the powers that were strong enough to refuse the Anschluss when it was temperately asked for were weak enough to accept it when it was brutally enforced. . . ."

"I agree with you there."

"But let's keep off politics as long as we can . . . *if* we can. I'm telling you about Kurt—at the university. He did well—brilliantly—in all his examinations. He was a good speaker, a good organizer. There were people in Germany who were on the lookout for young Austrians of that type. When they discovered Bruckner they invited him to finish his studies in Berlin. He went there, and was welcomed. You can guess, too, that his studies included a liberal dosage of propaganda. Very wrong, no doubt . . . but why didn't somebody invite him to London or Paris to convince him of the manifold virtues of democracy?

"You see what I mean? . . . Of course they would have thought him far too young to bother about. Nice kind elderly gentlemen would have patted him on the back and complimented him on his excellent French and English and expected him to be grateful if they tipped him well for teaching their daughters to ski at Kitzbuhl. . . ."

"I object to the description if you mean me," interrupted the journalist, laughing. "I may be nice and kind, but I'm not elderly, even if I have a daughter whom I bought skiing lessons for at Kitzbuhl. He was quite an agreeable Austrian youth and I paid him well, but it didn't occur to me I ought to throw in a campaign speech about democracy."

"Maybe you should have," she retorted. "Maybe we all should have done more of that kind of thing. Maybe if Kurt . . . well, anyway, let me get back to the facts.

"For the first time in his life he found work to do and an atmosphere of enthusiasm in which he could do it. By the time he returned to Austria he was thoroughly indoctrinated, though still no more than a boy—for, believe me, the Nazi philosophy hardly requires a mature intelligence for its absorption. Like so many other passionate religions, it stresses the desire to believe more than the reasons for belief—and youth, as you know, is the age of desire rather than of reason.

"KURT also brought with him to Austria a more practical blessing—a German wife with whom he was, I should imagine, ideally happy, though they were together only for short and infrequent intervals. As soon as the Austrian authorities began to nose him out as an agitator, he sent her back to Germany for safety's sake, and it was there she gave birth to his child.

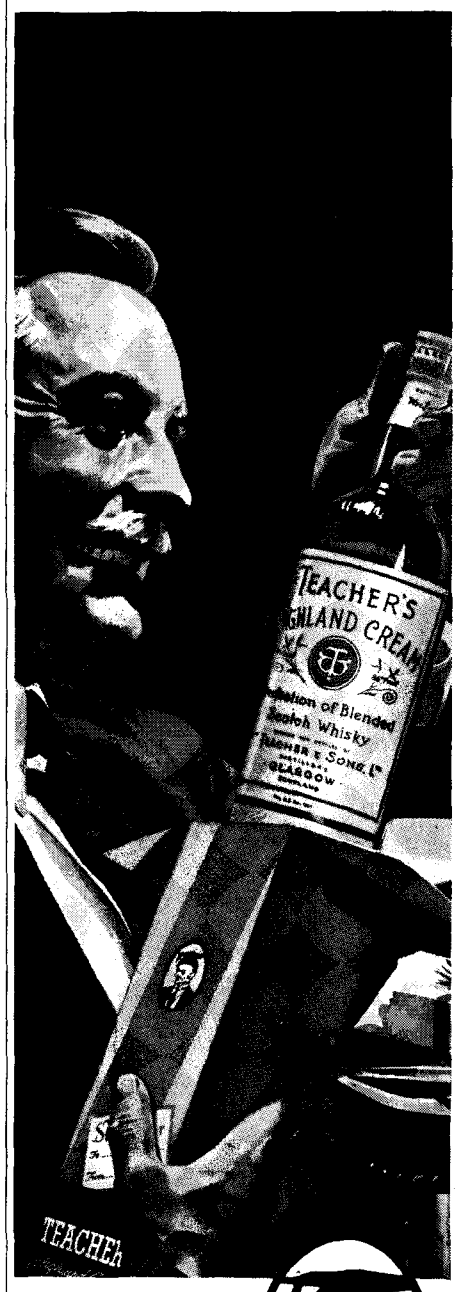
"For some time also he had been out of communication with his mother in Russia. His letters to her had been unanswered, and it grieved him to speculate on what might be the reason for it. She, too, received no letters, and presently the strain of doubting and anxiety forced her to a wild decision—that somehow or other she must seek and find him, wherever he was in the world.

"That was in 1937. He hadn't seen her for a decade, and during that long interval neither she nor he had been living the kind of life that mothers and sons in New York or London can easily imagine. He, at the ripe age of nineteen, was already high up on a police blacklist, already as quick with a gun as with an argument, already a husband and father who dared not allow his wife and child to share the everyday dangers of his existence. Boys are apt to begin things early in Central Europe—and end things early, too. . . . His mother, on her side of the iron frontier, was poor, lonely, and also suspect—because of the correspondence which, for some while, the powers above had been intercepting.

"It wasn't easy to escape from such a country, and how she managed it would doubtless make another story, if I knew it. All I know is that she got out and eventually reached Vienna.

"Just remember that over large areas in Europe nowadays the most suspicious question from a stranger is: 'I'm looking for So-and-so. Can you give me any idea where I can find him?' At last, by pertinacity and sheer good luck, she tracked him down to the cheap seats in an obscure suburban cinema where he sometimes went to hide, to sleep, to change a disguise—anything but to look at the screen. So that's how and where they first saw and recognized each other

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY



"It's the flavour"

86 PROOF

Men appreciate Teacher's for Christmas. Year after year, its hearty good cheer makes your Christmas giving easy. Give a man this Scotch he will *like*.

Made since 1830
by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

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TRUE-or False?

You hear many things said about coffee. True statements are often made in the same breath with silly superstitions and outworn fables. Since coffee, like air, bread, milk and sunshine, plays such an important part in your daily life you ought to know the truths about it.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS — References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

You hear this one often. It's an old favorite with the food-faddists, and timid souls. Coffee creates no physiological craving, as a mass of scientific findings unanimously demonstrates.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

COFFEE PUTS YOU TO SLEEP.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

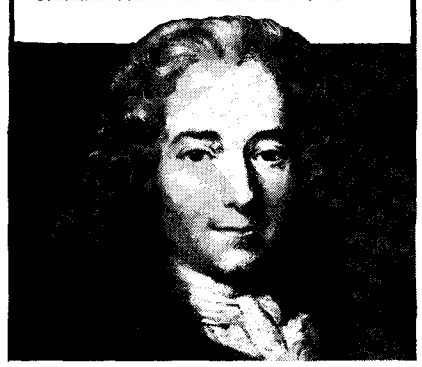
Good coffee does just the opposite—it wakes you up, gives you new lift, a fresh release of energy. But . . . the beneficial pick-up lasts only two hours according to medical authorities. Drink your coffee after dinner—all you want. If you're like most people, by bedtime you'll be ready to sleep like the proverbial baby.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

VOLTAIRE DRANK 72 CUPS OF COFFEE A DAY.* **True?** ☐ **False?** ☐

The great French philosopher, wit, scholar, writer, master observer and manipulator of human affairs *did* drink *72 cups of hot coffee daily*. His was one of the greatest minds of all time.

Statement in the headline above* is True.



ATHLETES IN TRAINING DRINK COFFEE.*

True? ☐ **False?** ☐

Coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, without any subsequent depression. *In a word, to do more work with the same* expenditure of energy. The same holds true of the brain. Many famous athletic coaches have coffee served at their training tables, and during strenuous contests.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough — a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

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Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

—their faces lit by the flickering image of two Hollywood comedians banging away with guns that apparently did no harm—so different from the guns in use throughout central and eastern Europe—so different also (though she did not guess it then) from the gun in Kurt's pocket.

"When they went outside into the neon-lighted streets it hardly surprised her that he looked sharply to left and to right while at the same time keeping his face averted from the glare. She had grown used to the technique in Russia—*one almost took it for granted*. Besides, she had reason to be careful herself, having entered the country by forbidden roads and without proper passport. Her Austrian nationality had lapsed—she was a Russian—or a German—God knew what she was, but He probably didn't care. She didn't care, either, now that she had found her son.

"SO THERE they were, the two of them, reunited, rejoicing, yet not quite released from anxiety. She, of course, looked her years, which were forty; her hair was already quite gray and there were aging lines on her face. But she was still a beautiful woman. They went to a quiet café and talked—I don't know what about—probably not politics. In any case I do not know what political views she held, though I suspect that, like many women, she did not look at humanity through political spectacles at all. Her second husband had bequeathed her a good deal of his own secretly liberal spirit, added to which her work as a nurse had given her such experience of unavoidable ills that she could only marvel at the persistence of man in contriving additional ones of his own. . . .

"So they talked—let us say of family affection and their joy at being together again; and she told him of her husband's death, and he in turn would give her *news of his young wife and child*. But of course, he gave her no hint of his own situation, that he was wanted by the police, that he was one of the leaders of a banned organization, and that her arrival just there and then in his life brought complications as well as consolations.

"That evening, under an assumed name, he rented an apartment for her in an unfashionable quarter—a couple of small rooms, but less sordid than the single one she had been able to afford for herself; and they began together what she doubtless expected to be the normal domestic life of mother and son when the son's family is absent abroad and he must work on his own.

"But soon, however carefully he might conceal things from her, she began to have suspicions—tiny ones at first.

"Then a moment came when all at once she sensed the dark, underworking forces in that gay, sad capital, forces that jerked sharply to the surface from time to time . . . leaving some woman weeping over a dead man in the gutter, or a street door daubed with freshly painted insults, or a shower of leaflets hurled from a fast-moving car . . . when she guessed that Kurt's life was somehow touched by those forces, that the real reason for false names was to hide his identity even more than hers, that it was his suspicion of opened letters *that prevented him from telling* his wife of her arrival, that the bulge in his pockets was not a case of compasses, that the look in his eyes as he left her apartment was that of an animal warily on the watch.

"When the meaning of it dawned on her she was horrified. Was it for this her husband and she had made such sacrifices? Her first instinct was to implore the boy to give up all connection with a cause so dangerous to his safety as well as stained with violence, and forthwith there came into her head another wild plan . . . that they would, somehow or other, leave Europe and begin a new life in Brazil or Canada or Rhodesia or some such place.

"All this she might have argued about before him had she been given the chance. But instead of his tread on the stairs to her room that night there came the scamper of a child with a scribbled *note, a note informing her that he had* had to leave the city immediately.

"The truth was, the police were again too hot on his tracks, and his only resource had been to find some new hiding place in the country. He dared not let her know where he was, though he arranged that a little money should be sent her regularly. He had no idea that she yet suspected his real activities.

"Meanwhile, from this new hideout, his work of undermining and overshadowing went on. Things were shaping at last as he had long hoped and dreamed; the cause was advancing everywhere throughout the country; already it was a question of when, no longer of whether, the Nazis would overthrow the government. He hoped—like thousands of others—that such a triumph would mean a job for him—a job in which he could use his gifts constructively and openly instead of destructively and secretly. But the strain of dodging the police for years had left him with racked nerves, and suddenly—in the emotional reaction of feeling within his grasp the prize for which he had so long been working—he began to wonder if he could ever settle down again . . . just an architect in an office . . . was it possible? And *yet he wanted rest—yet something more* than rest—the return of something that life had taken away from him and might, he feared, withhold altogether. . . .

"In this strange, tense and curiously uncertain mood he arrived one evening at Vienna's East Station and walked to his mother's apartment. He knew there was a big risk in entering the city, but he wanted to see her, to be with her on the spot, when the cause triumphed . . . as he knew it must—soon—very soon. . . . Even as he entered the street he ran into evidence—just one of the countless local affrays that flared up and out during those last days . . . a group of Nazi youths were being dispersed by overtried and desperate police.

"KURT, in the melee, took a baton blow on the head that left him unconscious for several moments; when he recovered he saw that the police had retreated, leaving the youths to take revenge on street dwellers whom they thought to have been against them. Shops were already burning, their contents looted and occupants dragged out. Kurt patched up his injured head—he did not want his mother to be alarmed. When, however, he climbed the stairs to her room and opened the door to greet her, he found her staring out of the window with eyes already glazed and panic-stricken. She swung round on him without welcome, without even surprise—so much had every natural emotion been swamped by sheer horror.

" 'They're killing a man down there!' she cried, *in a hoarse whisper*. 'That old Jew who has the shop at the corner. Do you know that? . . . A man who never harmed anyone in his life . . . they're *killing* him. . . .'

"His brain, numbed by the blow on his head, sought for something to say, but he could only stammer a few words, vague, meaningless words, while his hands began tremblingly to light a cigarette. The room was swirling in front of his eyes—all he wanted was to rest, and where else in the world should he find rest . . . comfort . . . at such a time? . . .'

"All she said, as she watched the smoke curling from his lips, was just a whisper: 'You *coward!*'

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"That made him laugh wildly, and laughing hurt his head more than ever. 'Coward . . . eh? That's a good joke. . . . What d'you think I'm afraid of? D'you know that all the time you've been here there's been a price on my head—dead or alive? D'you know that for months I've never turned a corner without wondering if I'd meet a bullet? . . . And you call me . . . a coward!'

"He was laughing and crying hysterically. She answered: 'Yes, I know most of what you've told me. I've known for some time. . . . But . . . Kurt . . . there's only one thing I can think of now—that we should get away—you and I—away from all this murderous insanity—there's still time—we could cross to Switzerland—'

" '*Switzerland?*' He shouted with laughter. 'You think I want to be in Switzerland now—just when all I've fought for is going to happen? D'you know that within a week . . . within a few days . . . perhaps . . .'

"HE FELT himself beginning to stagger—that police baton had struck hard—it didn't show much, but maybe the damage was inside—it somehow felt like it. He went on: 'But please don't argue with me, Mother. . . . I'm tired. . . . I want to rest.'

" 'Kurt . . . *I* want to rest, too . . . in my mind. Will you come away with me . . . out of the country . . . *now*. . . ?'

" 'Impossible. . . .'

" 'You refuse?'

" 'Yes—yes—yes. Now leave me alone . . . my head . . . I want to sleep. . . .'

"Outside from the street came shrill screams of agony and answering shouts from the mob. She stared at him with whitening lips as she said quietly: 'Since you refuse . . . then . . .'

"He shouted madly: 'Then *what?* What will you do? What *can* you do? Tell the police I'm here? All right, tell them—send for them. They'll give you a life pension for that. But don't forget to ask them—before they take me away—ask them if I'm a coward. They've been my enemies—*they* know!'

"She answered, still with deadly quietness: 'I have nothing either to tell or to ask your enemies. To them you've been brave enough, maybe. . . . But what about your friends? Suppose I were to tell *them* all I know? . . . It's *them* you'd be afraid of . . . Kurt . . . if I did. . . .'

"He could only clasp his hands to his head and wonder what on earth she was talking about. 'What do you mean? *What* can you tell them? . . . I don't understand. . . .' "

The woman paused before continuing: "That's as far as I got in preparing my defense of Kurt Bruckner. When the German troops crossed the frontier I considered it more prudent to get out of the country myself than to try to save the lad. And my prudence was justified both ways. I did well to get out in time, and Bruckner is also safe . . . except from eternal punishment, if there *is* such a thing . . . and if you think he really deserves it."

"So he's dead," said the journalist. "How did that happen?"

"I don't know."

But she added, as if it might be a help: "It was at Wiener Neustadt, as you said . . . in a private asylum patronized only by the most exclusive Nazi circles."

After a pause he said, contemplatively: "You omitted to fill in some of the details. We journalists, you know, are apt to be particular about things like that. . . . For instance, what *was* it his mother was threatening to tell?"

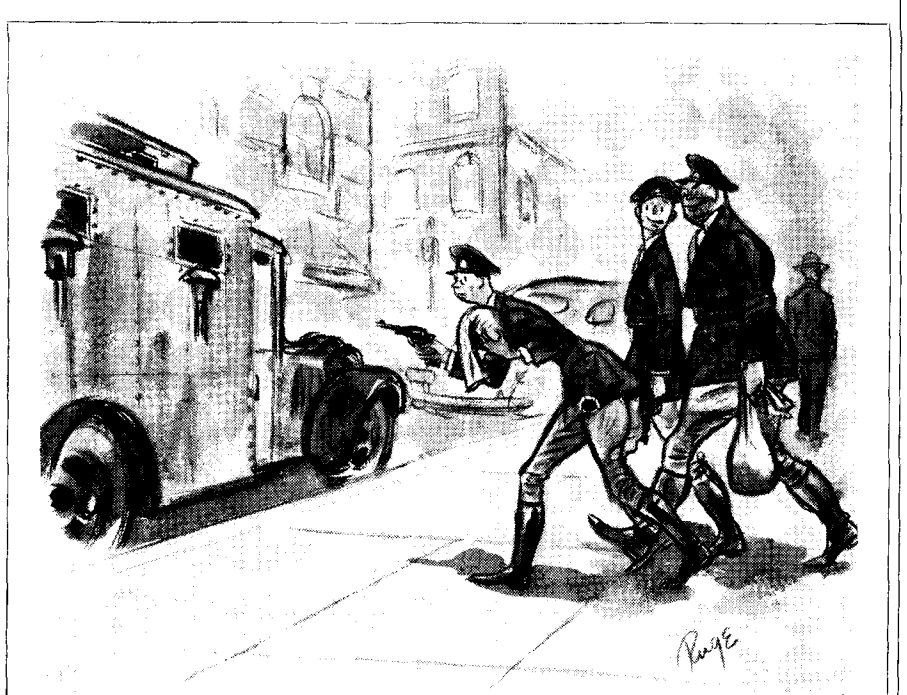
She answered, pouring more coffee: "I thought you might have guessed. The boy was half Jew. His father hadn't been the German at all, but the Russian doctor whom his mother had afterward married. Such things can happen, you know, where wars and women are concerned . . . but of course the disclosure would have been the end of a perfectly good Nazi career. She had proofs, so she told him—dates and documents.

"They went on arguing about it—which was a mistake—she didn't know the state his nerves were in, and he didn't know the state she was in, either. Every scream of the tortured man in the street below fortified her . . . made her as ruthless in *her* way as he had been in his. He faced the total shattering of his dreams at the very moment of its fulfillment . . . or rather, he couldn't face it . . . he could only reach for his gun. . . ."

She added: "Funny thing you should have said she was old enough to be his mother. . . . Just a phrase, I know, but funny you should have used it."

We sat for a little while in silence; then I said: "Surely his wife, at any rate, ought to be told the truth. . . ?"

She turned on me then with more vehemence than she had yet shown throughout her entire recital. "*What?* And find out her child is twenty-five per cent Jewish? . . . Not in Hitler's Grosser Reich, my dear sir. . . . Better acknowledge a Marquis de Sade in the family, or a Crippen, or a Casanova, or all combined. . . . *So* much more respectable."



"Poor Maloney! He'll never learn to relax!" JOHN RUGE

Give him a **SCHICK SHAVER,** *a Merry Christmas . . . and*

happy years of new shaving!

He wants a *Schick* shaver. He knows Schick *was* the first—he knows it still *is* the first. So no other shaver can give him the same satisfaction. He will thank you for any shaver but he *wants* a Schick.

Even if another kind of shaver could shave as well—which we do not believe—there is an insistent conviction in his mind that he must have a Schick.

He is reasonable, too! More than two million Schicks are in use. Hundreds of thousands of men in every civilized country in the world (and countless unsolicited testimonials) tell of the wonderful shaving qualities of the Schick Shaver. Schick is years ahead in inventive genius, in painstaking study, in actual manufacturing—and in shaving results.

Anything else for shaving is a half-gift

Let him shave with a Schick on Christmas morning and from then on he will be grateful every day of his life. Each day will be a happy new year's shaving day for he will be rid of blades, lather and all the messiness of other methods of shaving. He will shave quickly and closely *with no injury to the skin.*

The business of the Schick Shaver is built on this vital principle: Quick, close, comfortable and economical shaves *without the slightest pain or injury to the skin.*

Play safe! Give a Schick!

Believe in the name "Schick" as you would in your best friend. Give a "Schick" because in the shaving industry "Schick" means something that no other name can or does. Do not betray your good judgment by experimentation—especially in a gift.

With a "Schick" you are *sure!* And if he *has* a Schick, he will welcome the new "*Colonel*" Schick Shaver as he would welcome a gift of a new automobile to replace his older model.

Ask an authorized Schick Dealer. He has two Schick Shavers—the improved Standard Schick at $12.50 and the luxury model, the new "*Colonel*" Schick Shaver at $15. The supply of this new precision Schick Shaver is limited this Christmas, so order early. If he is out of stock on the new "*Colonel*" Schick Shaver he can supply you with a Gift Certificate that can be exchanged for a "*Colonel*" Shaver immediately after Christmas. So give him a shaver, but let it be a Schick.

Improved Standard Schick Shaver
$12.50

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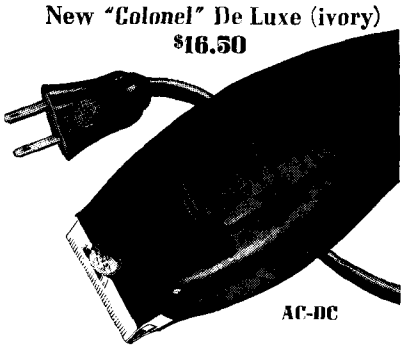

AC-DC

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"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT,

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"

BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. OUR BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Mathew Grieco
Head Barber
Hotel Ambassador, New York City

1. QUICKER
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

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because you use less than brushless creams of the same size and price class. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c.

Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

My Fighters Lose

Continued from page 21

and Stanley went down. I knew he'd get up, so I just took it easy in the corner. Stanley got up at nine, and I'll bet today he wonders why. Louis hit him with another right hand and Stanley went right out of the ring. I heard his head bounce on the cement and started to go around to pick him up. This was going to be an easy night. He was right on the floor. I wouldn't have to carry him down those steps. The steps in the Arcadia Gardens were very steep. Those guys who built that ring never thought about managers.

"Wait a minute," said a guy from Chicago who was in the corner with me. "Where you going?"

"I'm going to pick up Stanley," I said. "He's all right," the guy from Chicago said. "Out here they count twenty when a guy is out of the ring. That's a Boxing Commission rule in Illinois."

That made me feel good. I sat down on the stool. Stanley crawled back at the count of nineteen. Louis was waiting for him. He hit him another right-hand shot and this time Stanley went down for keeps. But how is that for a record? Stanley was knocked down for 38 seconds with three punches—38 seconds with three punches.

When Stanley Got Funny

One night Tony Palozollo, the promoter, called me from San Francisco.

"What's Poreda doing?" Tony asked me.

"He ain't doing nothing," I said.

"Well, I'll give you two airplane tickets and a thousand bucks to fight a four-round exhibition with Max Baer."

When we arrived in San Francisco, the promoter told me we'd have to box for the newspapermen. I didn't like that. There was a guy in San Francisco named Benny Ford. He was a very smart guy. I looked him up and said: "Where's the docks?"

"What do you want to do—take a bath?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I want to hire someone."

I walked around those docks for five hours. Finally I found the guy I wanted. He was a big, skinny, homely guy who needed a shave.

I've always figured that a guy who needed a shave always needed a few bucks. So I walked right up to him and made him the proposition.

"Did you ever fight?" I asked him.

"Only when I get drunk," he said. I think he thought I was a cop, but was telling the truth.

"Would you like to make a few bucks?" I asked.

"How many is a few?" he asked and I wondered how such a good businessman ever wound up on the bum.

"Five bucks is a few," I said.

"What do I do?" the bum said.

"You go into the ring with my fighter," I said. "You hold your hands up. You don't throw a punch. My fighter will hit you. In the gym. You will fall down."

The bum thought a while. I guess he was figuring out how many drinks five bucks would buy.

"Don't let him hurt me," the bum said.

The bum went into the ring with Stanley after training for the gym fight by getting a shave in a barbershop and two shots of rye in a grog shop. He paid for them out of the five. I would have paid for them, but he didn't say anything about expenses when we made the deal.

The bum should have been in Hollywood. He did everything right. He held up his hands. Stanley hit him. He fell down. I stopped the sparring right then and there. My guy was ready.

The fight was in Dreamland Auditorium. You couldn't get another guy in the joint with a gun. It looked all right.

"Stanley," I told the fighter. "Stanley, you're not a comedian. You don't like to hear people laugh. You like to count money. So do I. Baer likes to clown. So take things easy. It's an exhibition match. Baer is going to let you stay. But don't clown. Do you hear me? Don't clown."

"Yes, sir," Stanley said. Stanley was very polite.

Baer had a lot of fun in that fight. But Stanley wanted to be a comedian too. So after about two minutes of the last round, he backed away and stuck his tongue out at Max. I knew what would happen. Max hit Stanley on the chin and Stanley went down. I ran around the ring and hollered to Max.

"Max," I hollered, "Max, this is Mushky. Max, I got to eat. Don't do that to me. Pick him up, Max. Pick him up."

Max picked Stanley up and the crowds laughed. He danced around with him and I ran around to the timekeeper.

"Pull the bell," I said. "Pull the bell."

The guy got excited and pulled the bell. Stanley was out but still on his feet.

I made a few bucks with Stanley after that. I took him up to Los Angeles and got him a fight for $750. I billed him as: "The Man Who Went the Full Distance with the Heavyweight Champion of the World."

Then There Was the Rock Crusher

One of my fighters was Charlie Rammell. Charlie is doing all right now. He has a detective agency in Harlem. It's funny where I got Charlie. I went into a goulash joint on Third Avenue in New York. A big guy came over and waited on me. I liked the way he looked.

"Did you ever hear of Paul Berlenbach?" I asked him.

"No, sir," the waiter said.

I knew he was the guy for me if he had never seen Paul Berlenbach. Berlenbach was ex-light heavyweight champion of the world. He was making a comeback.

"Would you like to be a prize fighter?" I asked the waiter, whose name was Charlie Rammell. He was an Austrian and he didn't have an opinion about fighting.

"A waiter with sore feet ain't nothing," I said, "but a rich man with a sore chin is a rich man."

This convinced Charlie and I took him down to the gym. I named him the Austrian Rock Crusher.

I showed the Austrian Rock Crusher how to hold up his hands and told him to move forward and never to move backward. He obeyed instructions. That Berlenbach had one of the greatest left hooks in the business. He could knock your brains out with one punch.

They walked out to get their instructions and Charlie gave Berlenbach a smile. Berlenbach didn't smile. All he knew was fight. The bell rang. That Berlenbach didn't waste any time. Charlie figured they were going to do a little dancing or something. But he was hit with a left hook in the belly. That left hook!

It wasn't funny, but for Charlie—Charlie looked surprised and drew up his knee and began to hop around on one foot, holding his stomach. He looked

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over at me, and as he did, another left hook banged him and he went down.

"Mushky," he said, rolling his eyes. "Mushky, what do you do to me?"

"Get up, Rock Crusher," I yelled.

He got up. But he went right down again. But the guy was game. He liked the dough he got. And he begged me to get him a fight with Paul Cavelier over in the Queensboro Stadium in Long Island. It's a funny thing. That Cavelier didn't want to fight him. He said he heard Charlie didn't get started against Berlenbach and was a cutie.

Charlie was all right. He went three rounds with Cavelier. In the third round, Charlie got a punch in the nose and sat down. He just sat there, like a guy who has no place to go on a Saturday night.

"I go home," the Austrian Rock Crusher said.

I didn't want Charlie to get hurt. So I sold him to a guy in Allentown for $750. But I protected Charlie. I told him that he didn't have to fight for the guy in Allentown if he didn't want to. And Charlie didn't want to. But the guy in Allentown wanted to sue me. Can you imagine that?

The Quick-Knockout Record

I hold the record. I had a fighter who was knocked out quicker than any other fighter in the world. I forgot his name because that was the only fight he ever had. He was a friend of my brother-in-law. My brother-in-law didn't know his name either. He was a guy used to hang around a restaurant on 125th Street in New York.

A guy got sick who was supposed to fight Wyoming Warner in the semifinal of the Jimmy Maloney-George Godfrey fight in Philadelphia. I was down there. I called up the restaurant and this guy showed up. He said he was a street fighter. I think I gave him the name of Joe Murphy. He had a long Italian name which I couldn't pronounce. He said he could fight. The fight was in Shibe Park.

The bell rang and this guy ran out. So did Wyoming Warner. Wyoming threw one punch. Down went the guy whose name I can't remember. The referee counted ten over him. It took him one second to run out. So he was knocked out in eleven seconds. That's the world's record.

But the quickest one I ever pulled was the time I got the doorman from the Brass Rail. John Leon was promoting at the Mecca Club in New York. He needed a heavyweight at the last minute for a four-round preliminary. He got me in Joe Jacobs' office. I ran downstairs. I was going over to a goulash joint on Fifty-second Street where the fighters scoff up. Joe's office is in the same building as the Brass Rail.

I bumped into the doorman and he said hello. I never noticed the doorman before. But I saw he was big. I told him my proposition. He said he couldn't take the night off. I asked him if he had a dinner hour. He said from 8:30 to 9:30. I said okay. That was all he needed. At 8:29 he was opening cabs. At 8:50 he was in the ring at the Mecca. At 9 o'clock he was belted out. At 9:30 he was opening cabs. But he was fifty bucks richer.

That night Joe Jacobs took me to eat. We went to the Brass Rail. We got out of the cab, which was opened by the doorman. Joe looked at him.

"Didn't I see you somewhere tonight?" Joe asked.

"I've opened your cab many times, Mr. Jacobs," the doorman said and gave me the wink.

The greatest actor I ever saw was a heavyweight I had named Soldier Ray Thompson. Soldier Ray had the weakest jaw I have ever seen. That's why we got a fight in a town called Valley Field in Canada. They were building up a guy named Oliver Doumerscher. A rich guy owned him.

It was a great town, that Valley Field. It was during Prohibition and Ray and I got all the free liquor we wanted. We went to see guys hung and it didn't cost us a cent.

This Doumerscher hit Soldier Ray on the chin and he went right down in the first heat. I picked him up and dragged him to his corner, and gave him the smelling salts. They gave him some cheer when he left the ring because he was still doing the Suzy-Q.

I got back to the dressing room with Soldier Ray and he fell down.

"Come on," I said. "We got a train to catch."

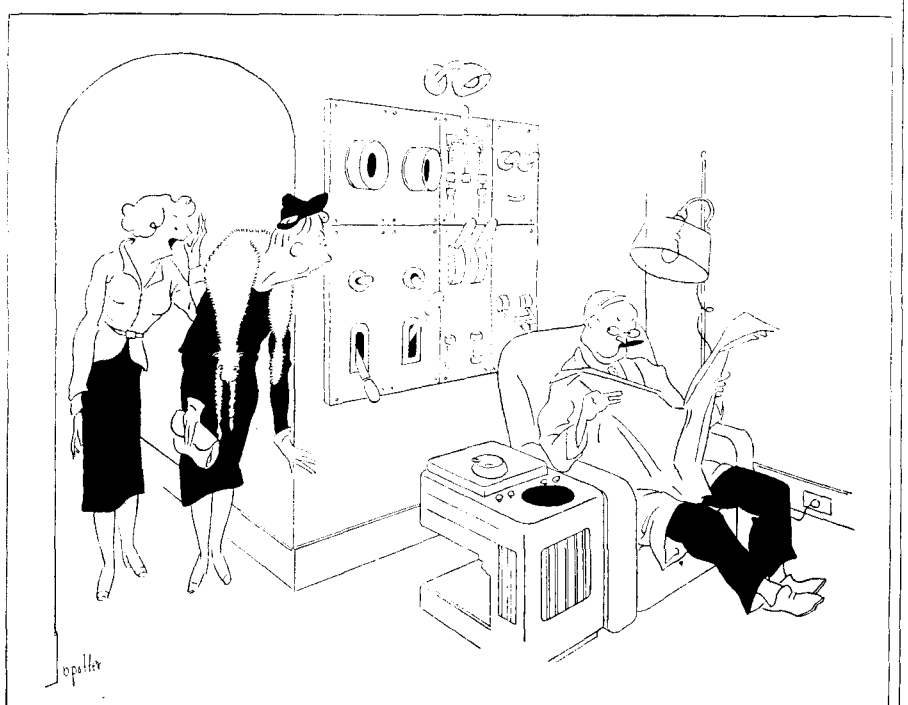
But he didn't answer me. He was stiff and cold.

I shook him. But he didn't move. After about twenty minutes of working on him I finally got him to.

"What's the matter with you?" I said when he finally sat up.

"That guy really knocked me out, Mushky," he said.

After that, I believed every fight was on the level.



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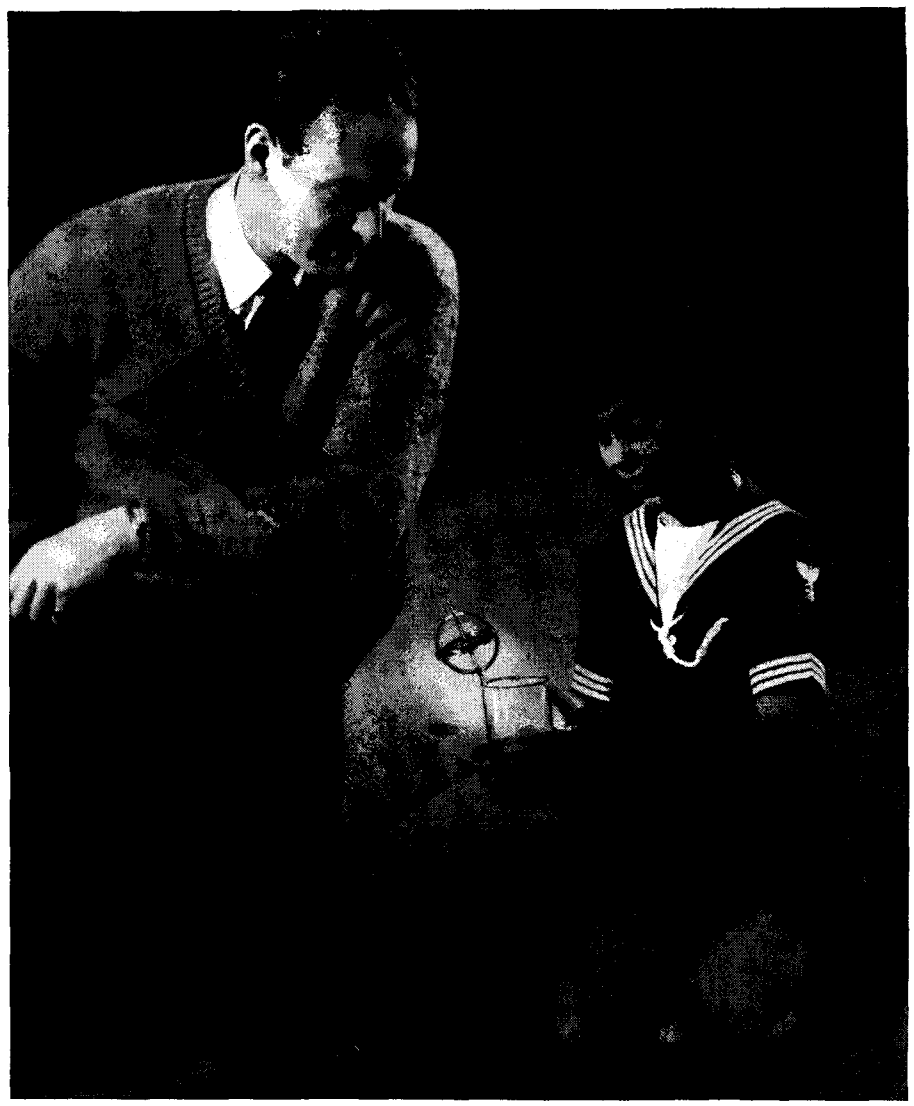
B. POTTER



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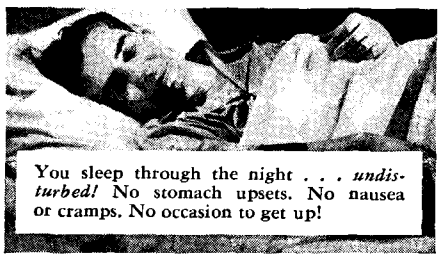

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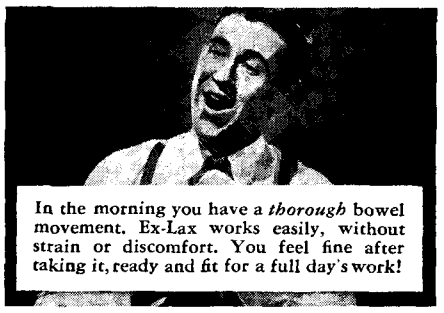

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Music Will Out

Continued from page 17

or other money-raising communal activity was taken for granted. But she knew, and her mother knew, that she was destined for a far wider field; and for that she must have teaching and many other advantages that would perforce carry her over into that other world from which this country, to which they never asked to come, has done so much to shut her people out. Hungry for guidance and education in the great music to which, by every instinct, she belonged, she went in her early 'teens alone to a certain music "conservatory" to apply for instruction. She waited a long time in a bleak anteroom and finally an ill-bred young woman emerged from an office and stared at her. "Oh, you waiting here?" she said carelessly. "Well, we don't take colored."

One wise and helpful friend was a remarkable woman who headed the South Philadelphia High School for Girls, where Marian was educated—Doctor Lucie L. W. Wilson. It was she who realized the immediate need for good teaching, and who undoubtedly foresaw the career that has followed. She paid the fee for Marian to have an audition with David Bispham. He advised Guiseppe Boghetti as a teacher, an Italian well known in teaching circles in New York and Philadelphia.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars was needed for the lessons. This was, for the Andersons, an enormous sum, but it was raised through the efforts of Marian's church, which organized a concert at which she sang.

Then the Long, Hard Years

She was in her early twenties when her teacher began to prepare her—without telling her about it, lest he make her nervous—for a singing competition the winner of which was to have an engagement to sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York.

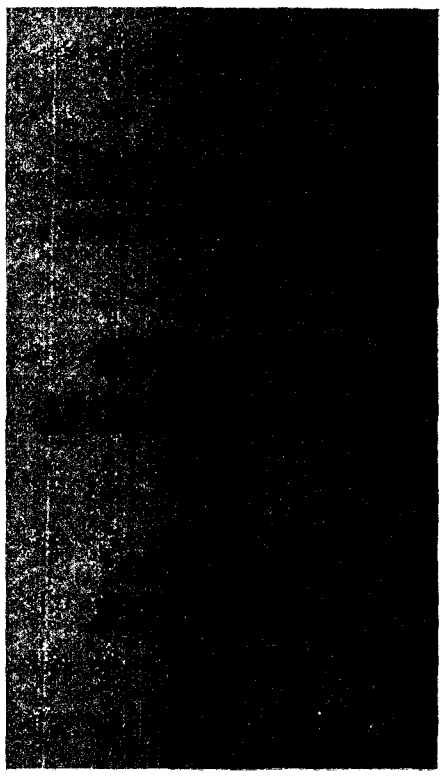
It was at this time that a new problem entered her life. One of the deplorable truths about music, Voltaire's Temple of Harmony, is that this temple is inhabited by various creditable and discreditable elements. Among the latter are certain managers whose tactics have an ominous resemblance to chicanery or even to exploitation.

The manager who sought out Marian Anderson, the unknown winner of the stadium contest, and put her under contract ought to have sensed something more in her than a gambling possibility.

For nearly three years, still desperately poor, still studying, yet presumably launched on a career, Marian Anderson struggled with the bafflement of getting nowhere. Of all the enormous discouragements of her life, that period was probably the most disheartening. And yet it turned out to be the lever by which she propelled herself from the obscurity of the young Philadelphia singer to the eminence of a world-famous and seasoned international artist.

The day she realized that she must go to Germany, to immerse herself in its language and its supreme classic tradition of song, was the day Marian Anderson came into her own. The pattern had been followed before her by such potent artists as Fremstad and Farrar; it was for opera that they went, but she went for *Lieder,* the backbone of the concert singer's repertoire and the cornerstone of her peculiar art. So Marian Anderson sailed for Europe. When she returned to sing again in New York, in 1936, she came as a world celebrity, and with one song swept her audience off its feet. In the interim, she had invested the full power of her fine intelligence and the wealth of her amazing voice in profound study of the German medium.

Until she began her study of German songs, her voice and the use she made of it had been the salient features of Marian Anderson as a singer. But the mere possession of a fine—even a magnificent or phenomenal—voice has never been enough to carry its owner to the heights. She must have at least two other rock-solid inherent powers: the will to work, and the resources of exceptionally fine perceptive and projective emotion. A great career in music comes only through the severest, unremitting, relentless toil, which polishes the natural equipment of the artist to exacting technical standards. Such an equipment, though, is useless without a heart. Marian Anderson was born with such a heart, and with the brains to make the most of it, just as her will to work has made the most of her natural voice. And through the medium of the world's greatest music she has become one of those rare ministers to the hunger



for poetry and lyric beauty shared by all.

Paris, as would be expected, went *literally wild.* London eagerly capitulated. Central Europe, in whose music she has reached towering expression, went mad about her. In the summer of 1935 I first heard her, in a small salon at Salzburg, before an audience hand-picked from the greatest musicians in the world. Some of them were too dumfounded to say anything at all, others wonderingly shook their heads and declared hers a voice in a century, and her interpretations of classic music phenomenal. Calmly she went on her way. In Berlin a Scandinavian manager who was arranging concerts in Sweden and Denmark came to her with Kosti Vehanen, who was to become her permanent accompanist. Between pianist and singer there has grown up an intellectual and personal artistic sympathy of unusual quality. Mr. Vehanen is a Finn, and the day came when he went with her to Finland and introduced her to its greatest man, Sibelius. He too was captivated, and he has written songs especially for her. With Mr. Vehanen the northern world opened up magically. She adores Sweden, has learned the language, and sings in it, as well as in Finnish. French and Italian music she had explored. Her singing in English is a delight to the ear, beyond the music, for her diction is crystalline.

She is, then, a true concert singer. The world being differently constituted, she might have been an opera singer, but it is a marvelous thing that she is not. Her repertoire is full of great operatic arias, especially the noblest classic ones to which she brings an inspiring breadth of style. But the singer who travels the whole world over, bringing music in its most natural form to people of every class and sort and doing this without the externally glamorous accouterments of the theater, is the singer whose grip on a public, once attained, is steel.

Ambassador of Song

A contralto with a range of three full octaves, she has what might best be described as a pair of voices. The upper half is brilliant and flexible and heady, a soprano for all technical and interpretive purposes. The lower half is that hair-raising deep voice the like of which I have never heard, and which I suspect never has been heard before. In such songs as *Der Erlkoenig* or *Der Tod und das Maedchen,* which consist of conversations between two voices, a high one and a low, she is amazing. She moves from one to the other not only with effortless ease but in doing so holds her entire range firm in remarkable technical control. Her pianissimo is a marvel of muscular power, absolutely round and velvety and solid as her biggest tones. She is constantly "feeding" her voice, expanding her medium every year to include new types of music and language, which enrich not only her repertoire but her vocal resources. She has not sung as much Italian as she has wanted to, and soon she is going to withdraw from fame for some weeks, and go to live obscurely in Italy in the bosom of a family where she will speak and think only Italian.

The whole world knows her now. She has sung in every capital of Europe, has had all the proverbial and many novel forms of adulation, has sent audiences wild with enthusiasm throughout Russia and South America, and has won her own native land to universal vociferous acclaim. What is more, she is that certain powerful sort of musical attraction that people mean when they speak of "the good old days." Like the "old-time religion," the old-time concert is waning; today there is nothing in it, as a rule, vital enough to compel the loyalty of millions. Of all concert artists before the American public, exactly six are certain, automatic, box-office sellouts. Marian Anderson is one of these. In the next two years, she has not room for one additional concert engagement. She is booked solidly through. She is young, on the upcurve of her vocal prime, and noble to look upon. When she stands on a platform, exquisitely dressed by Paris in white or a gleaming brocade, her strong, slender figure and poised bearing proclaiming in every detail the ripened mistress of a great art, she is one of the proudest ornaments of this country. And when, at the close of each concert, she sings a group of Negro spirituals, and sings them with devoted sincerity and tender reverence and a loving warmth of beautiful tone, the faith of Anna Anderson animates each thrilling note. Her simple shining belief, directed through the character and will and genius of her daughter, has stood by her. A way did come.

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Save Your Teeth

Continued from page 30

automobile or a line of hand-woven tweeds. They were, in effect, his greatest photographic asset.

On examination I found that three excellent and conspicuous teeth required extraction because the supporting bone structure was destroyed. Tartar was the killing agent. The boy confessed to an accumulation that had been hastily and inadequately removed when his modeling job called for careful grooming. His distress, on hearing the news, was as real as that of my horrified lady patient. Not only was his vanity assailed, but his job was threatened.

Fortunately, we were able to accomplish a restoration feat that enabled him to continue his smiles.

The moral is obvious: don't put your trust in a good-looking, sound tooth if it has carried a film of tartar. It may be built on shifting sand.

Too-strenuous brushing often causes tooth decay. Enamel wears away and gum tissues start to recede under a too-vigorous onslaught.

Some Danger Signals

Other tooth worries are acidity of the mouth, food that collects between the teeth, irregular teeth that do not "mesh" properly, and poor dental work.

Next in importance to tooth decay come the diseases of the gums. In the first stage there's "pink toothbrush," as it's popularly called. The professional term is gingivitis. The gum tissues around the teeth become swollen and tender; they bleed easily. Tartar, rough toothbrushing, or an acid-forming diet composed of too many heavy meats—beef, pork, mutton—too much wheat flour in bread and cakes, oily fish such as salmon, canned and fresh, sardines, cod, and all the *pastas,* from macaroni down to the tiniest alphabet noodles in soups, will produce this condition.

Pyorrhea takes more teeth than any other single cause and is responsible for a great deal of ill-health. When the inflammation spreads deeply in the bone supporting the tooth, pockets are formed in which pus collects. Eventually the teeth loosen in their sockets.

Pyorrhea sends no warning. It isn't painful; it causes neither bleeding nor tenderness until it reaches the last stages, but any dentist can recognize it. In its early stages it is curable.

What causes it? Again scientists aren't sure, although they do know that several local factors contribute to its cause. Chief among these is failure to replace permanent teeth that are lost early in life. The strain on the other teeth affects both the gums and the dental arch and not only promotes pyorrhea but other mouth diseases as well.

I know a man who underwent the extraction of eight infected teeth that had been draining pus into his system and causing painful rheumatic attacks. I advised replacement. He resisted, on the grounds that he could not afford the investment. A year later he returned with so serious a case of pyorrhea that further extractions were necessary, resulting in the use of both an upper and a lower plate. Had he not waited, he'd have saved money and needless pain and anxiety.

Are you a nail biter, a pencil nibbler or a toothpick user? If so, you are apt to contract pyorrhea because of the habit. Pyorrhea comes where there is diet deficiency, poor mouth hygiene and irritation to the gums from tartar or from the edges of badly fitting dentures.

With the health of the mouth below normal, there is a perfect setting for Vincent's infection—"Trench mouth" to you. The mouth and throat tissues become swollen and inflamed, the gums bleed, the temperature rises and there are other systemic disturbances. The infection is contagious. You may get it by kissing, or through the use of common articles such as a cup or glass. If you are in good health and your mouth is in excellent condition, exposure will be less likely to result in infection.

Vincent's infection can be cured if treated promptly, but unless the local causes are corrected and the mouth is brought into a permanent state of good health, the infection will reappear.

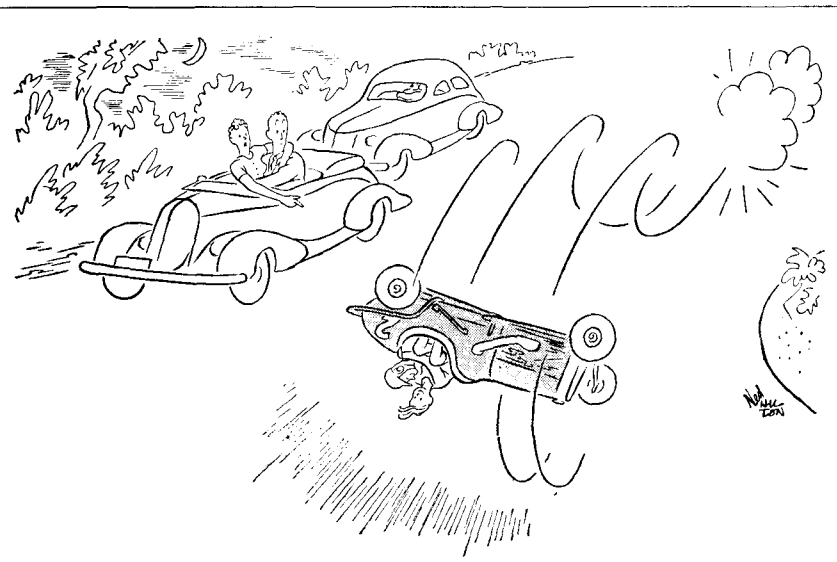
Deviations from the normal pale pink color of the gum, or a change in its form, such as a swelling or recession, are signs of the arrival of pyorrhea. If there's a slight tooth loosening, a wedging of food between the teeth, bleeding, a bad taste or an unclean feeling, regard it as a danger sign.

Be Kind to Your Teeth

How can you curb these diseases and preserve your teeth?

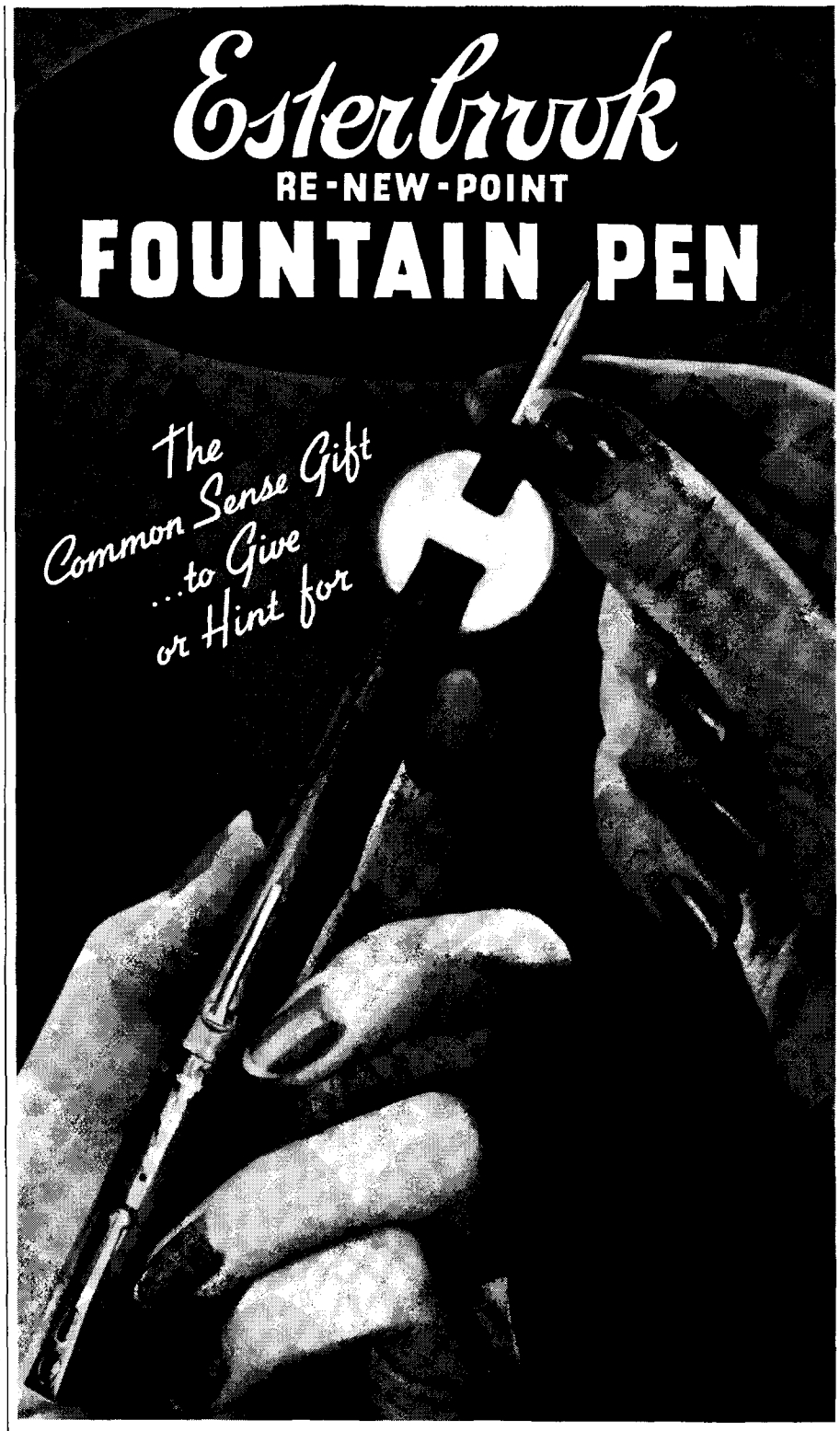
First, check on your general health. If you are in poor condition, the teeth and tissues are susceptible to disease. Plenty of rest, fresh air, sunshine, exercise and good living habits are necessary.

Second, watch your diet. Be sure that it contains the following elements:



"I can't understand what Mabel sees in that midget racing champion"

NED HILTON



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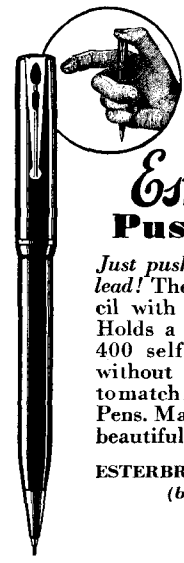

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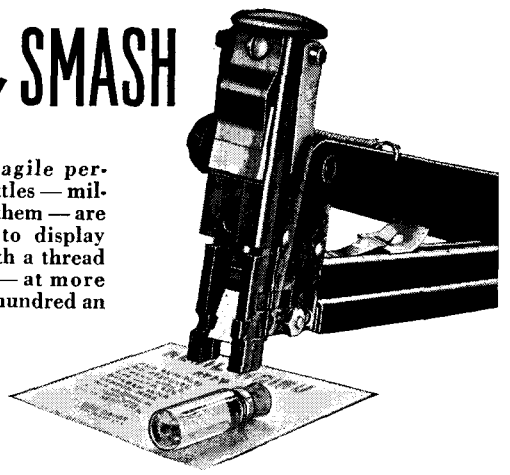

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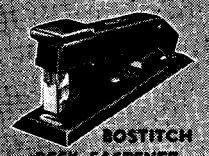

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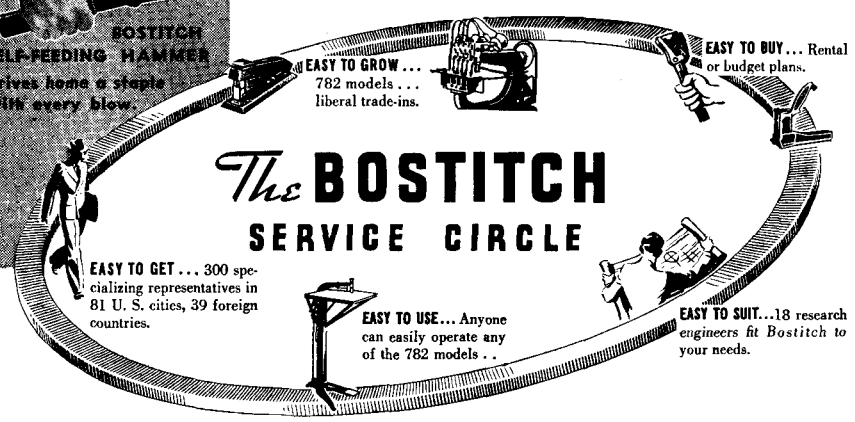
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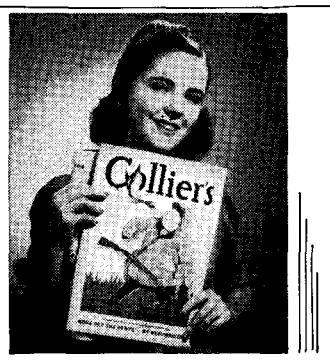

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FALSE TEETH

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Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for *children and grownups. Many physicians* have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Vitamin A—to be found in milk, cream, butter, egg yolks, fresh green leaves, cod-liver oil.
Vitamin C—to be found in fresh raw fruits, especially oranges and lemons, and in fresh vegetables such as tomatoes and spinach.
Vitamin D—cod-liver oil, milk, egg yolk and butter.

Cut your sugar and starch to a minimum. Too much sugar increases the acidophilus bacilli that promote the growth of dental caries. If you have a sweet tooth, satisfy it with such delicacies as dates, raisins, figs and honey, and you will not be afraid to smile.

After eight years of investigation, two Columbia University scientists, Dr. Theodore Rosebury and Dr. Maxwell Karshan, have reported the evidence that compact food, starchy or sweet, is the principal cause of tooth decay. Clues from rats reared in New York laboratories led to observations on Eskimos in Alaska. By taking a deficient diet that produces the maximum amount of decay, and adding only Vitamin D in amounts sufficient for normal bone development, tooth decay was cut down. When sugar was added, the amount of decay was increased.

Third, brush your teeth properly. If you have been scrubbing them too energetically, whether cross brushing or vertical brushing, stop at once. You are wearing away the teeth, injuring the gums and courting pyorrhea.

Another danger lurking in wrong toothbrushing is that food particles will be pushed into crevices between the teeth. The gum may also be lacerated, which may lead to infection. And there's the possibility of gum sores too.

A brush that isn't properly constructed won't reach every surface of the tooth and the inaccessible points. It is very likely to injure the gums. Your type of mouth may require a certain kind of brush. Better consult your dentist about this. Place the brush flat on the teeth with bristles extending slightly on the gums. Bend the bristles and move the brush down over the teeth, using a slight vibratory motion. Repeat this a few times on each place.

Now, using the same method of brushing, go over all parts of the teeth. The biting surface may be cleaned with a scrubbing motion.

Take your time! Spend five minutes, morning and evening, on this ritual. If possible, brush the teeth after each meal and rinse the mouth with a dentifrice.

Have two brushes, one for morning and one for night use. Rinse them well and hang on a rack to dry. Don't use a brush longer than six weeks.

After each brushing, use floss silk thread between the teeth to remove food particles. Careful here. Don't injure the delicate tissues around the teeth.

What is the best kind of toothpaste? Consult your dentist.

Salt is a good, inexpensive cleanser. Take a half teaspoonful of salt, dissolve it in a glass of warm water and brush the teeth. If your gums are bleeding or tender, this is an ideal mouthwash.

Why do you postpone regular visits to your dentist? Do you still regard his office as a chamber of horrors? You needn't. Modern methods and equipment have made it possible for the dentist to do his work with almost no pain. In a large number of cases, desensitizing medicaments are used effectively; in others, local anesthesia.

It's Money in Your Pocket

We all want to keep our teeth throughout life. A list of simple rules, which will steal a march on disease before it steals your teeth, should be pasted in your medicine closet:

1. Visit your dentist every six months. Have an X-ray picture taken yearly.
2. Have every cavity, no matter how small, filled immediately.
3. Replace any tooth that is extracted.
4. Check your diet for proper vitamins.
5. Get plenty of fresh air and sunshine.
6. Don't be misled by extravagant advertising.
7. Ask the dentist to use the best materials on your teeth.
8. Watch for bleeding and mouth sores. They are danger signals!
9. Exercise your teeth.
10. Keep your teeth clean.

If you are sixteen, and have good teeth, make the most of them by respecting their needs.

If you are forty, help your teeth along by giving them scrupulous care. In middle-age, fine, strong teeth are even more important than in youth.

And if you are a parent, line the youngsters up daily for teeth inspection.

No matter what the cost or the effect, in the long run it will be money in your pocket, and teeth in your mouth!

"Here they come, but don't be nervous. Probably all you'll get will be fifty-two weeks in vaudeville!" FRED BALK

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None But the Brave

Continued from page 18

"Yes, sir. Just a scratch. As a matter of fact, I was on my way up the line again."

"*Again?*" said the captain. "This is your jumping-off position right here. Let me see your wound."

I held my palm out. The captain examined my hand carefully and none too gently.

"Just a scratch, eh?" he said. He made a half-left turn and bellowed, "Sergeant!"

A figure detached itself from the group not far away, ran up to the captain and saluted.

"This man's under close arrest, Sergeant. Desertion in the face of the enemy and self-inflicted wound. Take him to the doctor and then wait for further orders."

THE Black Watch captain stepped down from the stand and went over and took a seat among the spectators.

"That concludes the evidence for the prosecution, sir," said the judge advocate.

It was the 15th of October, almost three weeks since the events at Olincourt, and the second day of my court-martial.

The court itself was composed of a brigadier with a double rainbow of orders on his chest, acting as the senior judge, and four other officers: a colonel, a major and two captains.

The officer who was allegedly defending me was a lieutenant by the name of Ross from some base unit or other. I say allegedly, because from my first talk with him—which had of necessity been very reticent on my part—he had made up his mind I was guilty as hell and, like most bombproofers, had no mercy in his ardent military soul for those whom he considered to be cowards. As soon as I caught on to his feelings about me—and I did so in the first two minutes after meeting him—I just shut up tight and took counsel from myself instead of from my counsel.

It had soon become apparent that my only defense would have to sound something like this:

I, Corporal Andrew Paige, had spent the morning of the attack chasing a holder of the Victoria Cross all over the lot in an effort to drive him back up to the line at the point of my pistol, and to prevent him from forever disgracing himself, his regiment and his gallantly won decoration.

It would, I knew, take a braver man than I, or rather a more foolhardy one, to try to exculpate himself at the expense of the reputation of a man who was not only his superior officer but was wrapped in the immunity of death, and, over and above that, a national hero who had won his crimson ribbon for valor on an equally crimson field of honor.

Oddly enough—or not as oddly, as I shall explain immediately—there was a certain part of me, very articulate, that insisted that those sententious phrases, and what they stood for, should not be besmirched. The argument went on in my head something like this: "While Dick was living, you, Paige, spent a lot of your time protecting him and his reputation. Are you, now that he is dead, going to repudiate your work, destroy all that which you were willing to do for him—before he died?"

The answer, of course, was "No."

In all honesty, however, I must admit that my primary consideration was my own skin, and since I really had no plausible defense, I worked out a course of behavior that I figured would be my only hope.

My scheme was simple enough. I was just going to try to mystify my judges and baffle them. I thought that if I could pierce the armor of their complacency a little, I might disconcert them into giving me something less than the death penalty.

"CALL your first witness, Lieutenant," said the brigadier.

"I have no witnesses, sir," said Ross.

"No witnesses? Not even any character witnesses?" said the brigadier.

"No, sir. I regret to state that the prisoner has been totally uncommunicative throughout my preparation of his case."

"What is your case, then?"

"As a result of the prisoner's own attitude, my case is simply to throw him upon the mercy of the court, sir."

That was the cue I was waiting for.

"Mind if I use this a second? I want to see if I can get our waiter"

REAMER KELLER

"I am sorry," I said, "but I do not care to be thrown upon the mercy of the court."

"Your counsel is conducting your defense," said the brigadier. "He has done the best he could for you by throwing you upon the mercy of the court. The court will therefore retire now to deliberate."

"But I don't want to be—"

"Just a moment," said the major with the wound stripe and the M. M. "I'd like to question the prisoner. I think it would be more regular if we tried to develop a few points."

"Very well," said the brigadier in a bored voice.

"Corporal," said the major, "you have pleaded not guilty to the crime of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you account then for your presence in the sunken road when the rest of your battalion was storming the ridge?"

"I was sent back to look for Lieutenant Patterson."

"Who sent you?"

"Captain Ashe."

"Why don't you call him as a witness?"

"He was killed in action, sir."

"Did anybody hear Captain Ashe give you that order?"

"I couldn't say, sir. There was quite a bombardment going on."

"Did you hear the major of your own battalion tell you to follow him, thereby countermanding Captain Ashe's order—that is, assuming Captain Ashe gave such an order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you obey him?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I prefer not to answer."

"That, of course, is up to you. Now, about your self-inflicted wound—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was not self-inflicted."

"Can you tell us anything that might lead us to believe that it was *not* self-inflicted?"

"Only this, sir. If I were going to wound myself, wouldn't I have done it down in the village where bullets were flying thick as hail, and then gone back from there like a regular walking wounded case?"

"I'm not an expert on self-inflicted wounds," said the major, "but I again call your attention to the fact that your reticence is doing your case no good."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Frankly, Corporal, I'm puzzled by your attitude. Are you withholding any information that, if given to this court, might affect its verdict?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you doing so?"

"Because I can't prove it, for one reason."

"Then that's all so far as I'm concerned," said the major.

"Do you wish to sum up, Captain?" the brigadier asked the prosecutor.

"Hardly necessary, I think, sir. I merely make the customary motions to find the prisoner guilty as charged and to impose upon him the penalty required by the King's Rules and Regulations."

"Very well," said the brigadier. "The court will now retire."

The judges stayed out about an hour and a half, and the longer they remained absent the more hopeful I became.

In the end, however, they filed in again, and they must have done Ross' heroic heart good when they found me guilty of failure to obey an order, cowardice, desertion, and self-infliction of wound, and sentenced me to death in front of a firing squad.

Now that they had upheld the discipline and honor of the army by giving me the works, their attitude toward me relented a little.

"For your information, Paige," said the brigadier, "and to relieve your mental distress, temporarily at least, I shall tell you that the sentence will not be carried out until the morning of October 29th, fourteen days from today. A transcript of these proceedings has to be forwarded to the judge advocate general at G. H. Q. for confirmation. His failure to notify you to the contrary will mean the sentence has been confirmed. The provost-sergeant will now take charge of the condemned man and return him to prison."

I won't pretend that my resolution to keep silent didn't weaken a bit when the prospect of facing a firing squad had, in the brigadier's words, been transformed into an impending reality, and impending by two weeks only.

In fact, this very account I am writing—it is now the sixth day since my court-martial ended—is obvious evidence of that weakening.

Why am I writing it? What do I hope to gain by it now? And am I not doing the precise thing I had made up my mind not to do? All those are legitimate questions, and I shall try to answer them, try to explain the apparent paradox.

TIME hangs heavy when you are awaiting execution. You may think that's an absurd statement; and undoubtedly from one point of view it is. But here, alone in my cell in Military Prison No. 3, stripped of everything I might use to kill myself with, I clutch at anything—anything that will take my mind off my fate.

More than that, however, I am writing this story for the benefit of certain selected people. I haven't yet made up my mind just how I'm going to convey it to them, or how much of it. But I have a scheme in the back of my head in which the padre will probably play the most important part.

There is, for instance, old Jack Williams, if he's still alive, and Shorty. They trusted me, those two soldiers did, Shorty even going my surety, so to speak, by recommending me twice for a decoration. And I want them to know that, in spite of appearances, I didn't betray their trust.

It's the same way with my dad, back in Canada. From the moment of my first childish memory of him, we've been pals. I just can't let him live out the rest of his life in the belief that the son he engendered was a coward.

Lastly—the most important reason is usually left to the last—there's Louise.

That's it, in one word: Louise. I do not need to say anything more than that the one person on earth before whom a man would least want to appear as a coward is the girl he loves.

I spoke of the padre. My mind is really so confused about what is the right thing to do that it is now my intention, when I have finished this testament, to give it to the padre and leave it up to him to decide what use to make of it, after I am gone. I shall request only one thing, a minimum stipulation:

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It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he, "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

that he will communicate with the people I have mentioned above and tell them, if he believes my story, as I think he will, that he has private knowledge whereby he can assure them that I did not desert in the face of the enemy and that they need never be ashamed of me. Anything more that he cares to divulge to them is up to him.

Here comes the guard with a letter.

WELL, I have read the letter. It is from Louise. I shall copy certain excerpts from it into this manuscript for the guidance of the padre. My idea to leave the disposal of this document up to him has been proved doubly wise, for, as he will see, what I called my "minimum stipulation" above has now become the maximum.

Louise's letter is dated four days ago.

"Dearest Andrew:

"The news of Dick's death has just reached me through the casualty lists in the Times.

"I am so utterly crushed by it that I do not know if I can keep this letter coherent. But I shall try, for there are certain things I must tell you besides writing to ask if you can give me any information about the manner in which he was killed.

"I mean, did he suffer? Please don't try to spare me. I feel that I *must* know, for—yes, Andrew dear—I am his widow.

"Andrew, I am more than that. Next year I shall be the mother of his child. We were married in London, the day after we both received our decorations from the King.

"Andrew, I wanted to telegraph you and tell you about it because, my dear, I have all along known how you felt about me. But Dick made me promise not to. He said he was going back to the front and would tell you himself. . . .

"And now he is dead, and I have his child in my body. In another month or so, they tell me, I shall begin to feel it stir. Whatever it is, boy or girl, just think of its heritage, Andrew! Something to be proud of and to live up to throughout its life. A father who was a V. C.!"

I FORCED myself to sit down and write her a brief note in answer to her question. I did not trust myself for the moment to go beyond that.

"In France,
"Oct. 21, 1918.

"Dearest Louise:

"This is just a note to tell you that Dick was wounded in the arm at the taking of the village of Olincourt. He was seen starting on his way to the rear. From the position in which his body was found later on, it was assumed that he had been struck by a shell while looking for a field dressing station.

"You asked me not to spare you. I know you will understand that I only wish to set your mind at rest when I tell you that Dick was practically decapitated. He could not possibly have suffered even an instant of pain.

"We are on the move, so I must stop. My love and thoughts are all with you."

Yes, I would write her later. I would tell her how much my love and thoughts had always been with her. I would tell her how constantly they would continue to be with her, and with her alone, until the end.

October 27. Forty-eight hours to go. No news.

GENERAL SHANKLAND let the last page of Andrew Paige's manuscript flutter to the floor, where it joined its fellows. He got up from the couch, went over to the cabinet and mixed himself a whisky-and-water. He walked back across the room to the fire, gave it a kick, put his drink on the mantelpiece, and lighted a cigarette. He turned his back on the grate and stood there, glass in one hand, cigarette in the other, alternately taking a sip and a puff, fastidiously, thoughtfully.

He was still standing there a half-hour later when Shorty Turner came in from his hockey.

"We lost," said Turner, "eight to five. But we had them four to nothing till—"

"So the men called me 'Shanks,' did they?" said the general reflectively. He didn't seem to have heard Shorty's news about the game.

Shorty glanced involuntarily at the general's long, slender legs. "Why—er—yes," he said. He went across to the cabinet and took a small drink of straight Scotch, then lighted a cigarette. "But what do you think of that story, sir?"

"Well, I think it's fairly obvious that the V. C. went to the wrong man. But, certainly, the case against Paige couldn't have been stronger! . . . Too bad he had to die!"

"Aren't you forgetting the telegram, General?"

"Oh, yes, the telegram! Still, that merely asked for a two-weeks stay of execution. Even with what's in this manuscript I don't see how you could prove— Perhaps you'd better tell me the whole story, Turner. And I think I'll have another drink. Very little whisky, please."

SHORTY went over and mixed the whisky-and-water, weak as requested, and gave the general his drink. Then he sat down on the rug and began to feed Paige's manuscript into the fire, page by page.

"It was on the afternoon of October 27th," Turner began. "The same day that Paige was writing in his cell: 'Forty-eight hours to go. No news.' I was walking out of the mess with the Assistant Provost Marshal, Major Bondy.

" 'By the way, Turner,' he said, as if announcing a sporting event, 'there's a man from your old battalion going to be shot day after tomorrow. Ninety-ninth, weren't you?'

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Who is it?'

" 'Payne. No. . . . Paige. That's it, Paige.'

" 'Not Corporal Andrew Paige?' I said.

" 'Yes, that's it exactly. Know him?'

" 'Very well indeed,' I said. 'Obviously some mistake. What's he being shot for?'

" 'Oh, no mistake about it,' said the A. P. M. 'Desertion. Self-inflicted wound. There were half a dozen different things.'

" 'Impossible!' I said. 'That's not like Paige at all. He was one of the bravest men in my section. I just don't believe it.'

" 'Come over to my office,' the A. P. M. said, 'and I'll show you a transcript of the trial. As clear a case of desertion as I've ever seen.'

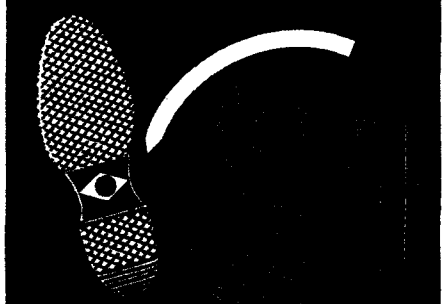
"Well, to make a long story short, I went to Bondy's office and read the stenographic report of the court-martial. It was immediately evident to me from Paige's own testimony that he was concealing something vital. So I got leave from Major Bondy to go and see him in prison.

"When I entered his cell, he was writing, not the manuscript—he was through with that—but a letter that seemed to be almost as long. He jumped up at once and stood to attention. I held out my hand to him, but Paige refused to take it.

" 'D'you know what I'm here for?' he said.

" 'Of course I do,' I said, 'and I don't

Look for the RED BALL



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believe a word of it. That's why I'm here, too.'

"Then he smiled and took my hand.

" 'I'm glad you came,' he said. 'And I'm even gladder you didn't believe that court-martial. There's the real story of it, there.' He pointed to these pages I'm burning, which were in a neat pile on his bunk.

"I reached for them.

" 'Just a minute, Shorty,' he said. '*First* you've got to promise me two things.'

" 'I'll promise anything,' I said.

" 'No,' he said, 'I mean a real promise. I mean, Shorty, that if you take that manuscript with you, you must first promise never to divulge the contents of it to a soul, beyond the stipulation you will find contained in it toward the end, and second that you will destroy it.'

" 'Why?' I asked.

" 'You'll see why when you've read it,' he said.

" 'Very well,' I said, 'but do you give me your word, Paige, that those are promises you would willingly make if you were in my place?'

" 'Oh, yes, I can give you my word on that, all right,' he said.

" 'Then I promise,' I said. 'When is it for, Andrew?'

" 'Day after tomorrow,' he said, 'unless the judge advocate general reverses the verdict of the court-martial. I'm told he never does, though.'

" 'See you tomorrow,' I said. 'Keep your chin up. You've been in more dangerous spots than this.'

"Paige smiled rather wearily, and I left.

"When I got back to divisional headquarters, I found the place buzzing with excitement over the news that the fourth German note had been sent to President Wilson, asking for an armistice. Then I settled down in my office and read Paige's manuscript from cover to cover, just as I have no doubt you did, sir."

General Shankland nodded his head and took another swallow of whisky.

"I'LL admit quite frankly, General," Shorty continued, "that no other course of action entered my head except the telegram. You were on leave in England, and time was slipping by fast. I had only about thirty-six hours in which to do something, so I did it. I typed the telegram out myself. I think I remember it word for word:

" 'Judge Advocate General, G. H. Q., B. E. F., France. Case of Corporal Andrew Paige, 99th Canadian Scottish, sentenced to die October 29th. Newly discovered evidence makes it imperative, in order to forestall grave miscarriage of justice, that you order two weeks' stay of execution. My intelligence officer, Captain Turner, will report shortly to lay this evidence before you. Kindly confirm receipt of this telegram and issuance of order staying execution. Signed: A. V. Smith-Shankland, Maj. Gen., O. C. 7th Canadian Division.' Then I added your code number, establishing authenticity."

"And completing the forgery," said the general.

"Well, you'll have to admit it was in a good cause, sir."

"I'm not going to condone forgery, Turner, no matter what the cause. Go on with your story. Did you get a reply?"

"Yes, sir. It arrived about noon the next day, and read as follows:

" 'Two weeks' stay of execution granted Paige solely because of your personal intervention, which, incidentally, is highly irregular. Sincerely hope, as much for your own sake as for that of condemned man, that alleged newly discovered evidence is valid.' "

"Whew! Rather ominous, don't you think?" said the general. Then he had an afterthought: "And rather impertinent too."

"Yes, sir, I thought it was extremely impertinent," said Shorty.

"I'm delighted you agree," said the general. "But go on, let's have the rest of it now."

"To tell the truth, sir, in spite of the J. A. G.'s reply, I was rather optimistic. I had a couple of arguments up my sleeve in case he didn't find the evidence sufficient. The idea for one of them came out of the J. A. G.'s telegram itself, while the other one, which was my own, was getting stronger every day."

"YOU'RE back in those cryptograms of yours, Turner. I don't follow you."

"I'll explain them in a minute, sir. Anyway, again to make a long story short, I tracked down the battalion machine-gun corporal and found him in a hospital down at Wimereux, recovering from influenza. I got a written statement out of him that he had seen Patterson running away and that he had heard Captain Ashe give Paige an order to go and find him. I also called at my old battalion and had quite a talk with Sergeant Williams and certain members of the headquarters company who had been with Patterson in Olincourt. Then I went to G. H. Q.

"The judge advocate general turned out to be a much younger man than I had expected, which was all to the good, I thought.

" 'Have you heard the news?' was the first thing he said.

" 'No, sir. What?' I said.

" 'Marshal Foch received a wireless early this morning from German G. H. Q., asking where the Heinie armistice plenipotentiaries could meet him.'

" 'That's great!' I said.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'but if I were Foch, I'd tell them to meet me in Berlin.'

"I thought to myself that I was glad he wasn't Marshal Foch, but what I said was: 'Since the war seems to be practically over, sir, don't you think it would be a very fine thing to do to annul the verdict of the Paige court-martial?' That's what I meant by the argument that was getting stronger every day.

" 'Is that General Shankland's newly discovered evidence?' the J. A. G. asked in a rather sarcastic tone.

" 'No, it isn't,' I said, 'but the general thinks it would be much better if you didn't force him to submit his evidence.'

" 'Better for whom?' he asked.

" 'For the service,' I said.

" 'I see. So it was just a trick to gain time, eh? Shankland thought the war would be ending soon, and this was his subterfuge to save one of his men. He was trifling with justice—'

" 'Far from trifling with justice,' I said, 'General Shankland's only concern is that it shall not miscarry.' "

"That was good of you, Turner," the general put in.

"The J. A. G. then said: 'Well, Captain, where's that evidence Shankland offered so glibly?'

" 'I have it with me, sir,' I said.

"And then I told him as much of Paige's story as I thought he ought to know. He listened attentively to all that I had to say, but my hopes sank a little when, at the end of my story, he remarked with some severity:

" 'This is a very serious accusation, Captain, to make against the honor of a dead officer and a V. C.'

" 'That's why I hoped you wouldn't force me to make it, sir,' I said. But my hopes rose again with his next question, for it showed that he was really trying to be impartial.

" 'That machine-gun corporal—have you got him here?' he asked. 'He would be an important witness in substantiating Paige's story.'

" 'No, sir, I haven't. He's sick in hos-

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB

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HE'S SPRY AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD.
AH BEEN SEEIN' GRAN'PAPPY EATIN' FROM THIS PACKAGE O' KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. HE GOT IT IN TOWN A COUPLE O' WEEKS AGO.
AH HEAR IT'S FER CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK.
YOU TRY SOME—LUKE—IT CAN'T DO YOU NO HARM.
UMM-M-M IT AINT BAD. LET'S ALL TRY SOME.
SOME TIME LATER.
NOW WE'RE A-FEELIN' SPRIER THAN GRAN'PAPPY SINCE WE JOINED THE ALL-BRAN REGULARS!
AINT HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE MAW SHOT THE TAX COLLECTOR.
P. WEBB

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pital with the flu. But I have his affidavit.'

" 'Let me see it.'

"I gave the corporal's statement to the J. A. G. He looked it over, front and back, and then said: 'This isn't an affidavit.' But he read it through carefully, just the same.

" 'Of course you realize, Captain, that it is merely the corporal's opinion that Lieutenant Patterson was running away. And how do you account for Paige's point-blank wound in the hand?'

" 'I'd prefer not to account for it, sir,' I said, 'unless you insist.'

" 'Of course I insist!'

" 'Very well. Paige was shot in the hand by Patterson while struggling with him in an attempt to drive him up out of the dugout.'

" 'Can you prove that?'

" 'I can't prove it technically, sir, except by Paige's own statement and his previous record. I realize those aren't legal proofs. However, I think a man's record can be, and should be, accepted as a sort of moral proof. There isn't a soldier who has known Paige under fire, including myself, who wouldn't be willing to stake his life that he is incapable of committing the crimes with which he is charged.'

" 'Let me ask you another question, Captain. How do you account for Patterson's being found practically decapitated at the bottom of that dugout?'

" 'Ah, that I can't account for, sir. I can only assume that after Paige had tried to get him to go up, and had been wounded in the attempt, perhaps Patterson pulled himself together and came up of his own accord. Then he was struck by a shell and blown down again.'

" 'But Patterson had won the V. C., man! If you are going to use Paige's record on his behalf, you must allow Patterson the same privilege.'

"So then I told the judge advocate general how Patterson's V. C. was won.

" 'H-mm. Really an extraordinary case,' he said. 'All right, Captain, I'll take the matter under consideration and make some inquiries of my own. I'll let General Shankland know in due course.'

" 'Thank you,' I said. 'Of course you understand, sir, that General Shankland is keenly, I may even say, personally, interested in your decision. He feels that if by any conceivable chance it should happen to be unfavorable, he would be obliged to air the whole case in a court of inquiry for the protection of his own name.'

" 'I fail to see the connection,' said the J. A. G. 'What has Paige got to do with General Shankland's name?'

" 'He just happens to be the general's nephew, that's all,' I said."

"GAD, Turner! Your impudence knows no bounds, does it?" the general exploded. "First you forge a telegram in my name, and then you give me a nephew I couldn't possibly have had because I was an only child!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Shorty, "I didn't know that."

"And you were gambling on the judge advocate general's not knowing it either, were you, you bloody young liar?"

"Yes, sir, it seemed a safe enough bet," said Shorty, keeping his face averted from the general's and feeding three or four more pages into the fire. "You see, I didn't have any legal proof with which to back up my certainty of Paige's innocence, so I was casting about me for anything that might help. And then I remembered that the judge advocate general had said in his telegram that he was granting the stay of execution 'solely because of your personal intervention.' Well, I thought to myself, since the J. A. G. has himself introduced the personal element, I might as well play it for all it's worth. And that's when I invented your relationship to Paige. I felt sure the J. A. G. would think twice before executing a general's nephew, particularly when everybody knew that that general was slated to be the next commander of the Canadian Corps."

There was the sound of loose chains monotonously smacking the fenders of an approaching automobile on the driveway outside the house.

"And let me call your attention to another thing," said the general accusingly. "You broke both your promises to Paige, Turner."

"Yes, sir, that's true," said Shorty.

He held up the last page of the manuscript for the general to see, then thrust it into the flames.

"Now I have kept two out of my three promises, sir: to explain the telegram to you, and to destroy the manuscript. I don't regret breaking the third promise. After all, two promises kept out of three is a good average, don't you think, sir?"

"Under the circumstances, yes," said the general. "But—"

"Excuse me a minute, General," said Turner. "I think my luncheon guests are arriving. I'll be back in a minute."

LEFT alone, the general walked over to the library desk and helped himself to a cigarette from the box. He was examining an old bottle of cognac converted into a lamp and trying to decipher the faded inscription on its label, when the door opened and the room suddenly became filled with people.

"General Shankland," said Turner, "may I introduce the vice-president of our little paper company—Mr. Andrew Paige. . . . And this is Mrs. Paige. Louise, General Shankland. . . . The light infantry, in order of their appearance, are Louise Frawley Paige—the youngest; Turner Paige—named after me; and Richard Patterson Paige."

General Shankland never betrayed his emotion by the movement of a muscle. He greeted each member of the Paige family with a charming courtesy that made no distinction between their ages, though he was obliged to stoop a little to shake hands with the children.

"So you're Shanks," said young Richard, giving the general the frankly appraising look of a nine-year-old. "Mother told me that my dad had lunch with you once in France. He won the V. C., you know."

"Yes, I'm Shanks," said the general, again stooping to look more carefully at the boy, though no less politely. "And I remember your father very well, now. You look quite a lot like him."

"Drinks are up!" said Shorty, passing glasses around. "Louise, will you give the children their ginger ale?"

"No more for me," said the general, raising a protesting hand.

"Oh, but you must, General!" said Louise. "This is something we do every Armistice Day."

"Oh, well, if it's a ceremony," said the general. "But very weak, Turner, very weak, please."

"Andrew, dear," said Louise, "you've forgotten to stir your daughter's ginger ale and get the bubbles out of it for her."

"Of course, how stupid of me," said Andrew.

"Please let me do it," said the general. "I know just how she feels about bubbles."

When everybody was served, there was a momentary pause in which all eyes turned upon the host.

"To the 99th Scouts!" said Shorty, raising his glass with one hand, the other resting lightly on the curly brown head of his namesake.

"Thank God we've got a Navy!" the three children shrieked in unison, convulsed with joy.

THE END

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Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 16

that the death would be thought to be suicide, since the door was locked and no one was in the room?"

"That was the idea, Mr. Poirot, not a doubt of it, I should say."

Poirot shook his head doubtfully.

"But the disorder in the room! As you say, that by itself wiped out the idea of suicide. Surely the murderer would first of all have set the room to rights."

"But he hadn't *time*, Mr. Poirot," Superintendent Sugden said. "That's the whole point. He hadn't time. Let's say he counted on catching the old gentleman unawares. Well, that didn't come off. There was a struggle—a struggle heard plainly in the room underneath and, what's more, the old gentleman called out for help. Everyone came rushing up. The murderer's only got time to nip out of the room and turn the key from the outside."

"That is true," Poirot admitted. "Your murderer, he may have made the bungle. But why, oh, why, did he not at least leave the weapon? For naturally, if there is no weapon, it cannot be suicide! That was an error most grave."

"Criminals usually make mistakes," Superintendent Sugden said stolidly. "That's our experience."

POIROT gave a slight sigh. He murmured, "But, in spite of his mistakes, he has escaped, this criminal."

"I don't think he has exactly *escaped*."

"You mean he is in the house still?"

"I don't see where else he can be. It was an inside job."

"But, *tout de même*," Poirot pointed out gently, "he has escaped to this extent. *You do not know who he is.*"

Superintendent Sugden said gently but firmly, "I rather fancy that we soon shall. We haven't done any questioning of the household yet."

Colonel Johnson cut in, "Well, we'd better go upstairs and take a look at the doings."

The superintendent led the way up the broad stairs and along the passage.

As he entered the room where the crime had taken place Johnson drew a deep breath.

"Pretty horrible," he commented.

He stood for a minute studying the overturned chairs, the smashed china and the blood-bespattered debris.

A thin elderly man stood up from where he had been kneeling by the body and gave a nod.

"Evening, Johnson," he said. "Bit of a shambles, eh?"

"I should say it was. Got anything for us, Doctor?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. He grinned.

"I'll let you have the scientific language at the inquest! Nothing complicated about it. Throat cut like a pig. He bled to death in less than a minute. No sign of the weapon."

A sergeant entered the room.

"May I go to work, sir?" he said to Sugden.

"Certainly," the superintendent replied.

Poirot went across the room to the windows. As the superintendent had said, one was shut and bolted. The other was open about four inches at the bottom. A thick patent screw of the kind known many years ago as an antiburglar screw secured it in that position.

Sugden said, "According to the butler that window was never shut, wet or fine. There's a linoleum mat underneath it in case rain beat in, but it didn't much, as the overhanging roof protects it."

Poirot nodded.

He came back to the body and stared down at the old man.

The lips were drawn back from the bloodless gums in something that looked like a snarl. The fingers were curved like claws.

Poirot said: "He does not seem a strong man; no?"

"He was pretty tough, I believe," the doctor said. "He'd survived several pretty bad illnesses that would have killed most men."

"I do not mean that," Poirot said. "I mean, he was not big, not strong physically."

"No, he's frail enough."

Poirot turned from the dead man. He bent to examine an overturned chair, a big chair of mahogany. Beside it was a round mahogany table and the fragments of a big china lamp. Two other smaller chairs lay near by, also the

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smashed fragments of a decanter and two glasses, a heavy glass paperweight was unbroken, some miscellaneous books, a big Japanese vase smashed in pieces, and a bronze statuette of a naked girl completed the debris.

Poirot bent over all these exhibits, studying them gravely but without touching them. He frowned to himself as though perplexed.

The chief constable said, "Anything strike you, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot sighed. "Such a frail, shrunken old man—and yet—all this," he murmured.

Johnson looked puzzled. He turned away and said to the sergeant who was busy at work:

"What about prints?"

"Plenty of them, sir, all over the room."

"What about the safe?"

"No good. Only prints on that are those of the old gentleman himself."

Johnson turned to the doctor.

"What about bloodstains?" he asked. "Surely whoever killed him must have got blood on him."

The doctor said doubtfully, "Not necessarily. Bleeding was almost entirely from the jugular vein. That wouldn't spout like an artery."

"No, no. Still, there seems a lot of blood about."

Poirot said, "Yes, there is a lot of blood—it strikes one, that. A lot of blood."

Superintendent Sugden said respectfully, "Do you—er—does that suggest anything to you, Mr. Poirot?"

Poirot looked about him. He shook his head perplexedly.

He said, "There is something here—some violence . . ." He stopped a minute, then went on. "Yes, that is it—*violence*. . . . And blood—an insistence on *blood*. . . . There is—how shall I put it?—there is *too much blood*. Blood on the chairs, on the tables, on the carpet. . . . The blood ritual? Sacrificial blood? Is that it? Perhaps. Such a frail old man, so thin, so shriveled, so dried up—and yet—in his death—*so much blood*. . . ."

His voice died away. Superintendent Sugden, staring at him with round, startled eyes, said in an awed voice, "Funny—that's what she said—the lady. . . ."

Poirot said sharply, "What lady? What was it she said?"

Sugden answered, "Mrs. Lee—Mrs. Alfred. Stood over there by the door and half whispered it. It didn't make sense to me."

"What did she say?"

"Something about who would have thought the old gentleman had so much blood in him. . . ."

Poirot said softly, "*Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?* The words of Lady Macbeth. She said that? . . . Ah, that is interesting. . . ."

ALFRED LEE and his wife came into the small study where Poirot, Sugden and the chief constable were standing waiting. Colonel Johnson came forward.

"How do you do, Mr. Lee? We've never actually met, but, as you probably know, I'm chief constable of the county. Johnson's my name. I can't tell you how distressed I am by this."

Alfred, his brown eyes like those of a suffering dog, said hoarsely, "Thank you. It's terrible—quite terrible. I—this is my wife."

Lydia said in her quiet voice, "It has been a frightful shock to my husband—to all of us—but particularly to him."

Her hand was on her husband's shoulder.

Colonel Johnson said, "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Lee? Let me introduce M. Hercule Poirot."

Hercule Poirot bowed. His eyes went interestedly from husband to wife.

Lydia's hand pressed gently on Alfred's shoulder.

"Sit down, Alfred."

Alfred sat. He murmured, "Hercule Poirot. Now who—who—"

He passed his hand in a dazed fashion over his forehead.

Lydia Lee said, "Colonel Johnson will want to ask you a lot of questions, Alfred."

The chief constable looked at her with approval. He was thankful that Mrs. Alfred Lee was turning out to be such a sensible and competent woman.

Alfred said, "Of course. Of course. . . ."

Johnson said to himself, "Shock seems to have knocked him out completely. Hope he can pull himself together a bit."

Aloud he said, "I've got a list here of everybody who was in the house tonight. Perhaps you'll tell me, Mr. Lee, if it is correct."

He made a slight gesture to Sugden and the latter pulled out his notebook and once more recited the list of names.

THE businesslike procedure seemed to restore Alfred Lee to something more like his usual self. He had regained command of himself; his eyes no longer looked dazed and staring. When Sugden finished, he nodded in agreement.

"That's quite right," he said.

"Do you mind telling me a little more about your guests? Mr. and Mrs. George Lee and Mr. and Mrs. David Lee are, I gather, relatives."

"They are my two younger brothers and their wives."

"They are staying here only?"

"Yes, they came to us for Christmas."

"Mr. Harry Lee is also a brother?"

"Yes."

"And your two other guests? Miss Estravados and Mr. Farr?"

"Miss Estravados is my niece. Mr. Farr is the son of my father's one-time partner in South Africa."

"Ah, an old friend."

Lydia intervened:

"No, actually we have never seen him before."

"I see. But you invited him to stay with you for Christmas?"

Alfred hesitated, then looked toward his wife. She said clearly, "Mr. Farr turned up quite unexpectedly yesterday. He happened to be in the neighborhood and came to call upon my father-in-law. When my father-in-law found he was the son of his old friend and partner he insisted on his remaining with us for Christmas."

Colonel Johnson said, "I see. That explains the household. As regards the servants, Mrs. Lee, do you consider them all trustworthy?"

Lydia considered for a moment before replying. Then she said, "Yes, I am quite sure they are all thoroughly reliable. They have mostly been with us for many years. Tressilian, the butler, has been here since my husband was a young child. The only newcomers are the betweenmaid, Joan, and the nurse-valet who attended on my father-in-law."

"What about them?"

"Joan is rather a silly little thing. That is the worst that can be said of her. I know very little about Horbury. He has been here just over a year. He was quite competent at his job and my father-in-law seemed satisfied with him."

"But you, madame, were not satisfied?" Poirot said acutely.

Lydia shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"It had nothing to do with me."

"But you are the mistress of the house, madame. The servants are your concern?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But Horbury was my father-in-law's personal attendant. He did not come under my jurisdiction."

"I see."

Colonel Johnson said, "We come now to the events of tonight. I'm afraid this will be painful for you, Mr. Lee, but I

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would like your account of what happened."

Alfred said in a low voice, "Of course."

Colonel Johnson said, prompting him, "When, for instance, did you last see your father?"

A slight spasm of pain crossed Alfred's face as he replied in a low voice, "It was after tea. I was with him for a short time. Finally I said good night to him and left him at—let me see—about a quarter to six."

"You said good night to him?" Poirot observed. "You did not then expect to see him again that evening?"

"No. My father's supper, a light meal, was always brought to him at seven. After that he sometimes went to bed early or sometimes sat up in his chair, but he did not expect to see any members of the family again unless he specially sent for them."

"Did he often send for them?"

"Sometimes. If he felt like it."

"But it was not the ordinary procedure?"

"No."

"Go on, please, Mr. Lee."

Alfred continued, "We had our dinner at eight o'clock. Dinner was over and my wife and the other ladies had gone into the drawing room." His voice faltered. His eyes began to stare again. "We were sitting there—at the table. . . . Suddenly there was the most astounding noise overhead: chairs overturning, furniture crashing, breaking glass and china and then—Oh, God," (he shuddered) "I can hear it still—my father screamed—a horrible long-drawn scream—the scream of a man in mortal agony. . . ."

He raised shaking hands to cover his face. Lydia stretched out her hand and touched his sleeve. Colonel Johnson said gently:

"And then?"

Alfred said in a broken voice, "I think—just for a minute we were *stunned*. Then we sprang up and went out of the door and up the stairs to my father's room. The door was locked. We couldn't get in. It had to be broken open. Then, when we did get in, we saw—"

His voice died away.

Johnson said quickly, "There's no need to go into that part of it, Mr. Lee. To go back a little, to the time you were in the dining room. Who was there when you heard the cry?"

"Who was there? Why, we were all—No, let me see. My brother was there—my brother Harry."

"Nobody else?"

"No one else."

"Where were the other gentlemen?"

ALFRED sighed and frowned in an effort of remembrance.

"Let me see—it seems so long ago—yes, like years—what did happen? Oh, of course, George had gone to telephone. Then we began to talk of family matters and Stephen Farr said something about seeing we wanted to discuss things and he took himself off. He did it very nicely and tactfully."

"And your brother David?"

Alfred frowned.

"David? Wasn't he there? No, of course, he wasn't. I don't quite know when he slipped away."

Poirot said gently, "So you had the family matters to discuss?"

"Er—yes."

"That is to say, you had matters to discuss with *one* member of your family?"

Lydia said, "What do you mean, M. Poirot?"

He turned quickly to her:

"Madame, your husband says that Mr. Farr left them because he saw they had affairs of the family to discuss. But it was not a *conseil de famille*, since M. David was not there and M. George was not there. It was, then, a discussion between two members of the family only."

Lydia said, "My brother-in-law, Harry, had been abroad for a great number of years. It was natural that he and my husband should have things to talk over."

"Ah! I see. It was like that."

She shot him a quick glance, then turned her eyes away.

Johnson said, "Well, that seems clear enough. Did you notice anyone else as you ran upstairs to your father's room?"

"I—really, I don't know. We all came from different directions. But I'm afraid I didn't notice—I was so alarmed. That terrible cry . . ."

Colonel Johnson passed quickly to another subject.

"Thank you, Mr. Lee. Now there is another point. I understand that your father had some valuable diamonds in his possession."

Alfred looked rather surprised.

"Yes," he said. "That is so."

"Where did he keep them?"

"In the safe in his room."

"Can you describe them at all?"

"They were rough diamonds—that is, uncut stones."

"WHY did your father have them there?"

"It was a whim of his. They were stones he had brought with him from South Africa. He never had them cut. He just liked keeping them in his possession. It was a whim of his."

"I see," said the chief constable.

From his tone it was plain that he did not see. He went on:

"Were they of much value?"

"My father estimated their value at about ten thousand pounds."

Johnson leaned forward. He asked quietly, "Did you know, Mr. Lee, that those stones had been stolen?"

"What?" Alfred Lee stared at him.

"Your father said nothing to you of their disappearance?"

"Not a word."

"You did not know that he had sent for Superintendent Sugden here and had reported the loss to him?"

"I hadn't the faintest idea of such a thing!"

The chief constable transferred his gaze. "What about you, Mrs. Lee?"

Lydia shook her head.

"I heard nothing about it."

"As far as you knew the stones were still in the safe?"

"Yes."

She hesitated and then asked, "Is that why he was killed? For the sake of those stones?"

Colonel Johnson said, "That is what we are going to find out!"

He went on, "Your husband has given us his account of the evening. Will you do the same, Mrs. Lee? When did you last see your father-in-law?"

"We were all up in his room this afternoon—before tea. That was the last time I saw him."

"You did not see him later to bid him good night?"

"No."

Poirot said, "Do you usually go and say good night to him?"

Lydia said sharply, "No."

The chief constable went on, "Where were you when the crime took place?"

"In the drawing room."

"You heard the noise of the struggle?"

"I think I heard something heavy fall. Of course the room is over the dining room, not the drawing room, so I shouldn't hear so much."

"But you heard the cry?"

Lydia shuddered.

"Yes, I heard that. . . . It was horrible. . . . Like—like a soul in hell. I hurried out and followed my husband and Harry up the stairs."

"Who else was in the drawing room at the time?"

Lydia frowned.

"Really—I can't remember. David

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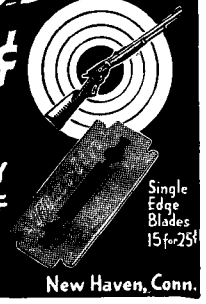

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was next door in the music room, playing Mendelssohn. I think Hilda had gone to join him."

"And the other two ladies?"

Lydia said slowly, "Magdalene went to telephone. I can't remember whether she had come back or not. I don't know where Pilar was."

Poirot said gently, "In fact you may have been quite alone in the drawing room?"

"Yes—yes—as a matter of fact, I believe I was."

Colonel Johnson said, "We must interview the other members of the house party first. The ladies may want to get to bed."

Lydia stood up.

"Come, Alfred." She turned to them. "Shall I send them in to you?"

"One by one, if you wouldn't mind, Mrs. Lee."

"Certainly."

She moved toward the door. Alfred followed her. Suddenly, at the last moment, he swung around.

"Of course," he said. He came quickly back to Poirot. "You are Hercule Poirot! I don't know where my wits have been. I should have realized at once . . ."

He spoke quickly, in a low, excited voice:

"It's an absolute godsend your being here! You must find out the truth, M. Poirot. Spare no expense! I will be responsible for any expense. *But find out!*"

GEORGE LEE was solemn and correct.

"A terrible business," he said, shaking his head. "A terrible, terrible business. I can only believe that it must—er—have been the work of a *lunatic!*"

Colonel Johnson said politely, "That is your theory?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed. A homicidal maniac. Escaped, perhaps, from some mental home in the vicinity."

Superintendent Sugden put in, "And how do you suggest this—er—lunatic gained admittance to the house, Mr. Lee? And how did he leave it?"

George shook his head.

"That," he said firmly, "is for the police to discover."

Sugden said, "We made the rounds of the house at once. All windows were closed and barred. The side door was locked, so was the front door. Nobody could have left by the kitchen premises without being seen by the kitchen staff."

George Lee cried, "But that's absurd! You'll be saying next that my father was never murdered at all!"

"He was murdered, all right," said Superintendent Sugden. "There's no doubt about that."

The chief constable cleared his throat and took up the questioning:

"Just where were you, Mr. Lee, at the time of the crime?"

"I was in the dining room. It was just after dinner. No, I was, I think, in this room. I had just finished telephoning."

"You had been telephoning?"

"Yes. I had put a call through to the Conservative agent in Westeringham—my constituency. Some urgent matters."

"And it was after that that you heard the scream."

George Lee gave a slight shiver.

"Yes, very unpleasant. It—er—froze my marrow. It died away in a kind of choke or gurgle."

He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead where the perspiration had broken out.

"Terrible business," he muttered.

"And then you hurried upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Did you see your brothers, Mr. Alfred and Mr. Harry Lee?"

"No, they must have gone up just ahead of me, I think."

"When did you last see your father, Mr. Lee?"

"This afternoon."

"You did not see him after that?"

"No."

The chief constable paused, then he said, "Were you aware that your father kept a quantity of valuable uncut diamonds in the safe in his bedroom?"

George Lee nodded.

"A most unwise procedure," he said pompously. "I often told him so. He might have been murdered for them—I mean—that is to say—"

Colonel Johnson cut in, "Are you aware that these stones have disappeared?"

George's jaw dropped. His protuberant eyes stared.

"Then he *was* murdered for them?"

The chief constable said slowly, "He was aware of their loss and reported it to the police some hours before his death."

George said, "But then—I don't understand—I—"

Hercule Poirot said gently, "We, too, do not understand. . . ."

HARRY LEE came into the room with a swagger. For a moment Poirot stared at him, frowning. He had a feeling that somewhere he had seen this man before. He noted the features, the high-bridged nose, the arrogant poise of the head, the line of the jaw, and he realized that though Harry Lee was a big man and his father had been a man of merely middle height, yet there had been a good deal of resemblance between them.

He noted something else, too. For all his swagger, Harry Lee was nervous. He was carrying it off with a swing, but the anxiety underneath was real enough.

"Well, gentlemen," he said. "What can I tell you?"

Colonel Johnson said, "We shall be glad of any light you can throw on the events of this evening."

Harry Lee shook his head. "I don't know anything at all. It's all pretty horrible and utterly unexpected."

Poirot said, "You have recently returned from abroad, I think, M. Lee?"

Harry turned to him quickly.

"Yes. Landed in England a week ago."

Poirot said, "You had been away a long time?"

Harry Lee lifted up his chin and laughed.

"You might as well hear straightaway—someone will soon tell you! I'm the prodigal son! It's nearly twenty years since I last set foot in this house."

"But you returned—now. Will you tell us why?" asked Poirot.

With the same appearance of frankness Harry answered readily enough:

"It's the good old parable still. I got tired of the husks that the swine do eat—or don't eat, I forget which. I thought to myself that the fatted calf would be a welcome exchange. I had had a letter from my father suggesting that I come home. I obeyed the summons and came. That's all."

Poirot said, "You came for a short visit—or a long one?"

Harry said, "I came home—for good!"

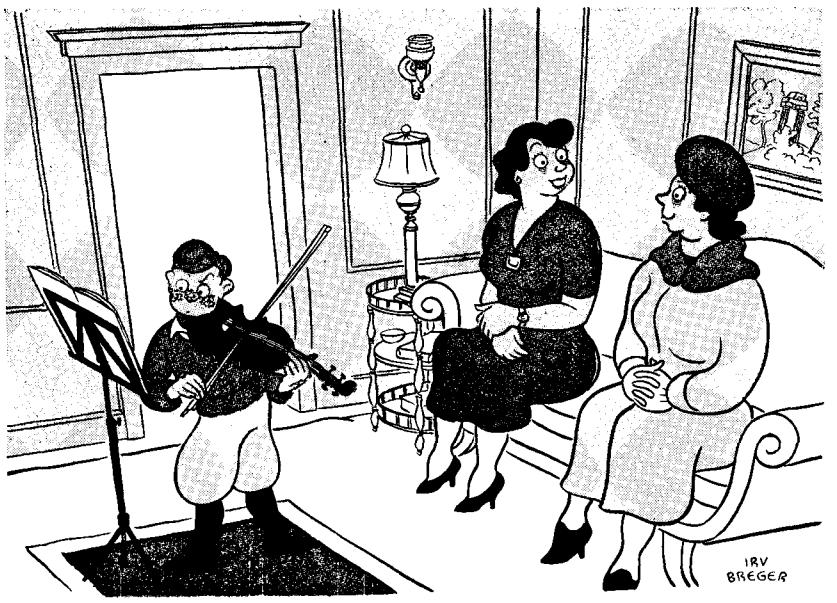
"Your father was willing?"

"The old man was delighted." He laughed again. The corners of his eyes crinkled engagingly. "Pretty boring for the old man living here with Alfred! Alfred's a dull stick—very worthy and all that, but poor company. My father had been a bit of a rip in his time. He was looking forward to my company."

"And your brother and his wife, were they pleased that you were to live here?"

Poirot asked the question with a slight lifting of his eyebrows.

"Alfred? Alfred was livid with rage. Don't know about Lydia. She was probably annoyed on Alfred's behalf. But I've no doubt she'd be quite pleased in the end. I like Lydia. She's a delightful woman. I should have got on with Lydia. But Alfred was quite another pair of shoes." He laughed again. "Alfred's always been as jealous as hell of me. He's always been the good dutiful stay-at-home stick-in-the-mud son. And what was he going to get for it in the end? What the good boy of the family always gets: a kick in the pants. Take it from me, virtue doesn't pay."



"Mischa's progressing beautifully—we can often tell now when he's tuning up and when he's playing!" IRV BREGER

HE LOOKED from one face to another. "Hope you're not shocked by my frankness. But after all, it's the truth you're after. You'll drag out all the family dirty linen into the light of day in the end. I might as well display mine straightaway. I'm not particularly brokenhearted by my father's death—after all, I hadn't seen the old devil since I was a boy—but, nevertheless, he was my father and he was murdered. I'm all out for revenge on the murderer." He stroked his jawbone, watching them. "We're rather hot on revenge in our family. None of the Lees forget easily. I mean to make sure that my father's murderer is caught and hanged."

"I think you can trust us to do our best in that line, Mr. Lee," said Sugden.

"If you don't, I shall take the law into my own hands," said Harry Lee.

The chief constable said sharply, "Have you any ideas on the subject of the murderer's identity then, Mr. Lee?"

(To be continued next week)

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Bet You an Empire

Continued from page 13

Therefore, they organized the Alleghany Corporation. To raise funds they issued bonds—three issues totaling $85,000,000. They sold $62,000,000 of preferred stock. They issued 4,000,000 shares of common stock to themselves and sold 2,000,000 of these to the public at around $20 a share. To this great master holding company, the Alleghany, they transferred all or most of their holdings.

This done, they had carried the holding company framework almost to its farthest north. The ownership of corporations was utterly sunk in the tangle. The Famous Red Ash Coal Company belonged to the Prospect Coal Company, Inc. That belonged to the Pittston Company—a holding company. That was in turn partly dominated by the Virginia Transportation Company—another holding company. That was owned by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. The great railroad was dominated by the Chesapeake Corporation, another holding company. That in its turn was controlled by the Alleghany Corporation, the master holding company. That finally was held by the Vaness Corporation, what the Vans called their "personal basket." The stock of that was owned by the Van Sweringens.

Up Comes the Joker

It was this Alleghany episode that was their undoing. They sold $85,000,000 of bonds to the public—bonds of Alleghany Corporation. To secure those bonds they deposited with a trustee the stocks of their various corporations held by Alleghany such as Chesapeake Corporation, Missouri-Pacific stock, etc. And here was the fatal fly in the ointment.

The contract provided that for every $100 of bonds outstanding there must be securities on deposit with the trustee worth $150. In other words there must be on deposit with the trustee securities equaling in value 150 per cent of the bonds outstanding. And this was the provision that finally smote the too-hopeful brothers. It seemed safe enough to them at the time. This was in 1930.

In a little more than a year this bond issue had done its fatal work. First, they used the funds raised to complete their control of the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, an incredible blunder. Next, the stock market continued to go down. As it sank, the prices of the stocks they had put up as collateral also sank. Before 1931 ended, the prices had declined so low that the pledged collateral was below the 150-per-cent level required by the bank.

When that happened, quietly, without the public's knowing it, the control of their great empire slid out of their hands into those of the trustee. The trustee of the bond issue was the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

Part of the collateral pledged for the Alleghany bonds was its Chesapeake Corporation shares. The Chesapeake Corporation controlled the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. That road, one of the most prosperous in America, making money even during the depression, was the only property the Vans controlled that made money.

Now all the juicy dividends paid by the C. & O. Railway were turned over to the bank instead of to the Alleghany. Alleghany was deprived of its one real source of revenue. The Vans had no more money to play with.

The bank, though now in control of the empire, permitted the Vans to operate it. But they could not permit the C. & O. cash to flow into the Alleghany. This was what actually sank the Van Sweringens.

With 1933 and the bank disasters, the appalling financial condition of the Van Sweringens was bared to the public. They were seriously discredited. In 1934 the Alleghany went into receivership. They couldn't pay their taxes. They had been borrowing money on their life insurance to live. Then a little later a note for $40,000,000 secured by a pledge of Alleghany stock fell due and the Vans had to default.

This was the lowest point in the ebb tide of their fortunes. The bankers notified them that they would have to sell the Alleghany common and preferred stocks pledged for that loan, that it would be sold at auction to the highest bidder. And this would be the end of the Vans, for it was the Alleghany stock through which they controlled all.

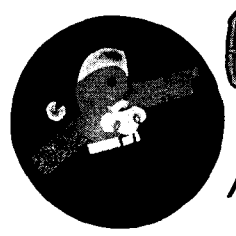
It was at this point we found them on that Sunday morning, August 11, 1935, with George Tomlinson, driving to Muncie to see old George A. Ball. Ball was their last bet but a good one. He owned millions. With his brothers he had built a fortune making glass jars for housewives to store their pickles and preserves in.

The Vans went to Ball's simple offices at the mason jar plant. O. P. did the talking. He had his scheme well cooked and his story well rehearsed. Here, in substance, is what he told Ball: He reviewed the long climb of himself and his brother from obscurity and poverty to power. Then he pointed out that his rail empire possessed one of the richest plums in the rail world—the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. It had earned 28 million net in 1934 and was doing better in 1935. The Chesapeake Corporation controlled the C. & O. Railway. The Alleghany controlled that. The rich fruits of the C. & O. had slipped out of the Vans' hands for the moment. But as the market rose, prices of Van Sweringen stocks were rising and soon these fatal pledged securities would be worth over 150 per cent of the bonds, and the control of the C. & O. Railway would be back in the hands of Alleghany. The bankers were going to put Alleghany stock on the block. All they had to do was to buy the Alleghany stock at the auction and wait. Ball could buy the preferred stocks at a sacrifice price and the common stocks for less than $300,000. He could buy control of a three-billion-dollar rail empire for a tenth of a cent on the dollar.

It Looked Like a Bargain

The bankers were selling it to satisfy a note of $40,000,000. But it would all go for a song. The bankers did not want to bid it in. The bankers were on the spot. Bank control of railroads was a sore subject. The Alleghany shares were too hot for them to handle. Therefore, they had decided to take a loss. Ball could buy in the preferred stocks for a couple of million, and the common, controlling a three-billion-dollar empire, for less than $300,000!

When control of the roads came back to Alleghany the price of Alleghany stock would go up. Ball could sell those shares at a big profit. Here is where the brothers came in: Ball would organize another holding company to buy the two million Alleghany shares to be sold. The brothers would stick on to reorganize and redeem the whole structure. Ball could give them an option to buy back in ten years 51 per cent of the new corporation shares at what he paid for them. The Van Sweringens would be



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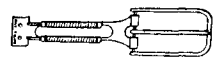

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saved and Ball would make a fortune for himself.

Ball agreed. And on September 20th a small crowd gathered in the real-estate auction rooms at Vesey Street to see three billion dollars of railroad and other properties knocked down under the hammer. Ball bought in the common stock for $274,000. His total bid was for $3,121,000, but all over $274,000 was for the preferred.

Once again the ingenious Van Sweringens had wriggled out of a tight hole. They had defaulted on a $40,000,000 note. Their railroad property had been sold to satisfy the debt. The next instant they were back in control again with an option that cost nothing to buy back that control in ten years. Ball organized another holding company—the Midamerica. He gave the Vans an option to buy 8,250 of the 15,000 shares any time within ten years, the right to operate the whole system in the meantime and a $100,000-a-year drawing account.

But at this point a new figure, a new force entered the scene—a force quite outside the sphere of the corporation lawyer and the financial promoter. Early in the morning of December 12, 1935, Mantis J. Van Sweringen died in a Cleveland hospital. The heart had caved in under the strain. It was a crushing blow to O. P. The two had worked together since boyhood. They sold papers on the same corner. They went to work in the same office as clerks. They quit together to become real-estate men. They entered the railroad field together. They lived together on their beautiful Daisy Hill farm. O. P. was the master schemer; Mantis J. the man of detail. Now O. P., fighting his last battle for rehabilitation, found himself alone with victory in sight.

Death Takes a Hand

In sight indeed! For in less than two months—in February, 1936—the great empire slid back into the hands of the Alleghany—O. P. and his latest ally, Ball. Here was a strange phenomenon in railroad control—the slide. When the market went down the empire slid into the hands of the bank; when it went up it slid into the hands of the Alleghany Corporation. The rising market had sent values on the collateral underlying the bond issues above 150 per cent and the Guaranty Trust relinquished control of them and of the cash flowing from the Chesapeake.

And then one morning the colored porter of O. P. Van Sweringen's private car, standing on a siding in Hoboken, went to call him and found him dying. He was unconscious and in less than an hour he was dead. His heart, too, had quit the struggle.

And with this, once more, the great empire took another slide. For the vast property was now Ball's without qualifications.

But it was not through sliding. Its record of slides so far stood thus:

1931—Alleghany Corporation's stocks passed under the default clause of the bond indenture from the Van Sweringens to Guaranty Trust.

1935—The Alleghany Corporation to Ball's Midamerica Corporation.

1936—Stocks from Guaranty Trust to Ball and Van Sweringen again.

1936—to Ball on O. P.'s death.

Then in March, 1937, Ball created another corporation—the George and Frances Ball Foundation—and transferred his shares in Midamerica to it. It was formed for charitable purposes.

Then on April 2, 1937, the investment world was startled once more. Mr. Ball announced that the George and Frances Ball Foundation had sold its Alleghany holdings to Messrs. Young, Kolbe & Company, investment brokers in New York.

Mr. Robert Ralph Young was a young man of thirty-eight, born in Texas, educated at the University of Virginia and, until this moment, a complete stranger to the newspaper-reading world. He had gone from college to a job in the du Pont offices. And when the war was over and the du Ponts bought into General Motors, in 1922 he shifted to the financial department of that corporation under the tutelage of John Raskob. He rose high in the financial machine of General Motors and then in 1928 left to form with Mr. Kolbe his own investment brokerage firm—Young, Kolbe & Company. Young thought he had worked out a plan to extricate the limping corporate giant from its troubles. He and Kolbe and Mr. Allen Kirby, of the Woolworth fortune, bought from the Ball Foundation its holdings for $6,375,000. Thus Ball made good on his little flier into railroads. He made a profit of around four million dollars.

No sooner had Young taken over his immense realm than he found himself the center of lawsuits and investigations. Senator Wheeler, probing railroad finance, brought him to Washington and put him on the grill and various financial and stockholder groups haled him into court.

But Young had a plan. It had two parts: First he had worked out a scheme to deliver the Alleghany Corporation from the terrors of the slide. The Alleghany had outstanding three bond issues. The worst of them was the third—known as the 5's of 1950. Securing it was a mess of Missouri-Pacific stock that was hopelessly sunk. The Alleghany was now getting cash—millions from the prosperous Chesapeake & Ohio, which in 1936 had net earnings of $44,000,000. It got in some other supplies of cash. Young proposed to use these sums to pay off that third bond issue—to go out into the market and buy up the bonds at 70 cents on the dollar. With that bond issue out of the way Young felt the Alleghany would be safe from the paralyzing effect of another slide of its Chesapeake stock into the hands of the trustee.

The second part of Young's plan was to start eliminating the holding companies. First Young would merge the Chesapeake Corporation with Alleghany. Then he would bring the C. & O. Railway, the Erie, the Pere Marquette and the Nickel Plate into a single great railroad corporation with the control in the hands of a single holding company—the Alleghany. The Missouri-Pacific he would cut away from this structure entirely. His first operation, he told Senator Wheeler, would eliminate nineteen holding companies.

What he would have done, what he could have done, must remain as yet in the domain of speculation. For once again the vast mountain of holding companies, railroads, mines, skyscrapers, etc., was preparing for a slide.

For this was in the spring of 1937. Young, like most other businessmen, was making all over again the blunder made in 1929. The stock market sagged and in August proceeded to tumble disastrously. On November 2d, the Guaranty Trust Company, trustee and nemesis of the Alleghany bonds, announced that the value of the collateral stocks had once again slipped to below 150 per cent. And once again the Alleghany's supplies of cash were cut off.

"I'll hafta get rid of him—he swallowed a compass and only points north now" REAMER KELLER

A Case History of Railways

Then a great battle set in for control of the system, and that battle has raged all through this year up to this very minute with the result still in doubt. It is a tortuous, winding, puzzling trail of intrigue, open war, denunciations, charges and countercharges. And where it will lead it is difficult to say. It is a battle between Young and his associates on one side, the old Van Sweringen crowd and Ball on the other and certain powerful banking influences off in the shadows. What it is about and how the battle is being conducted we shall see in a moment.

The picture of these Van Sweringen roads is the picture of American railroads. Here you find the virtues and vices of all of them. Take the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, running through the rich soft-coal country. Neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet nor depression can keep these earnings and dividends of the C. & O. from their appointed rounds. During the depression years the lowest net earnings over and above all fixed charges were $24,000,000 in 1932. They rose to $44,000,000 in 1936. The road has been well managed, so far as its physical properties are concerned. The Van Sweringens, it must be said for them, sought able men to run their lines.

But behold the Erie. That road, projected a hundred years ago and finished in 1851, enjoyed half a century of scandalous looting by such masters as Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, Jim Fiske and Commodore Vanderbilt, until its larcenous history has become a classic. In 1895 it was reorganized but with an immense burden of its old sins piled upon the new company in the way of funded

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debt. That was forty-three years ago. In that time the common stock has never paid a single penny in dividends. The first preferred collected dividends from 1901 to 1907 and in 1929 and 1930—nine years out of forty-three. The second got dividends in 1905, 1906 and 1907 and in 1929 and 1930—five years out of forty-three. How much is that common stock worth? As an investment—nothing. But it has a value. He who owns it owns the road and can control it and exploit it. But he cannot make any money out of it. Not out of railroad earnings. So he must find other ways to make a profit. This tends to put roads into the hands of exploiters.

It is a manufacturer of deficits. Hence it cannot keep either its roadway or its equipment up to date. Upon its troubled tracks rests over three hundred million dollars of long-term and accumulated debt upon which it cannot pay interest. But to pay that interest the revenues of the roads are drained year after year. There is nothing left for building, for maintenance. The road has 300 fewer locomotives than it had eight years ago and 80 per cent of these were bought before 1920. It has 16,000 fewer freight cars. It spent $3,900,000 on road maintenance in 1927 and only $1,729,000 in 1936.

It will never be healthy until it is reorganized. It is now in bankruptcy. But it must go through the wringer. Its common stock is worthless and should be declared so. Much of its preferred stock, if not all, is worthless and should be declared so. Its bonded indebtedness should be converted into common stocks and bonds. This would hurt no one save the owners of common stocks and some preferred stockholders. But they are hurt already.

As you look down through the structure of the Van Sweringen roads save for the Chesapeake and Ohio, you see a record of deficits—deficits year after year—huge bonded indebtedness in proportion to stock interest, common stocks worthless to all save those who wish to own them for the control they bring and who seek to make their profits through the processes possible through control.

This, of course, is not the story of every American railroad. But it is rapidly becoming the story of most of them.

The Fight for the C. & O.

Now the big question is—whose job is it to set this sorry picture straight? Will it ever be done by men who are fighting for the control of railroads because of the lawyers' fees and financing profits that can be made out of them? For this is now the core of the battle that is being waged around the vast properties of the Van Sweringens' floundering empire.

The prosperous gold mine in the center of that jungle is the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The Chesapeake Corporation owns 30 per cent of its stock, enough under ordinary conditions to control it. The Alleghany controls 71 per cent of the Chesapeake Corporation stock.

When the values of the stocks that were pledged to secure Alleghany bonds fell below the 150-per-cent mark, the bank trustee, the Guaranty Trust Company, took over those stocks. Thus they took over the Chesapeake Corporation stock. And that gave the bank the opportunity to vote 30 per cent of the C. & O. Railway stock at a stockholders' election.

Meantime a bitter battle developed between C. L. Bradley and John P. Murphy, holdovers of the old Van Sweringen group on one side, and Young and Kolbe and Kirby on the other. Young had lost control of Chesapeake Corporation when its shares went over to the Guaranty Trust on the last great slide. So Bradley and Murphy set out to collect proxies. They succeeded in winning the support of the Guaranty Trust against Young et al. And then a savage battle ensued early this year for control of Alleghany, Chesapeake Corporation, and the C. & O. Railway.

For some reason Kolbe seemed to go over from the Young side to the Bradley-Murphy forces. With the aid of Kolbe's vote, Young's power as chairman of the Alleghany was abolished. The Chesapeake Corporation fell into a stalemate. Kolbe resigned from its board, leaving only four directors—Bradley and Murphy on one side; Young and Kirby on the other. When the Guaranty Trust came into possession of the Chesapeake stock it voted it at a stockholders' meeting to add three directors to Chesapeake Corporation, thus overwhelming Young and Kirby, removing Young as chairman and electing Bradley to that post. Meantime the battle raged for control of the rich C. & O. Railway. The Chesapeake Corporation held 30 per cent of the stock. But, in a real fight, though an immense leverage, that is not enough. The annual meeting of stockholders was due last spring. Young and Kirby teamed up with the management of the C. & O.—Herbert Fitzpatrick, chairman of the board, and G. D. Brooke, president. The management made a frantic campaign for proxies. The Bradley-Murphy group did the same. The management had 42 per cent of the votes. But the opposition group could not get a majority. So finally a compromise was effected on this front under which three new directors were added to the C. & O. Railway board representing the opposition group, but control remained with the management teamed up with Young and Kirby.

What's Ahead for the Railroads?

Thus the matter stands at the moment. If stocks rise high enough to increase the value of the pledged securities of the Alleghany to 150 per cent, the Guaranty Trust will lose its control over the Chesapeake shares and Young and Kirby will be again in control.

After you have read and reread and scrutinized the contract by which the sly Mr. Ball sold his Alleghany stock to Young, you will see that all Young got was an option. It is doubtful if Young realized this when he bought.

Young got in his purchase 2,000,000 shares of Alleghany common stock and a lot of preferred. He paid about $2 a share for the common. But he actually got only 800,000 shares. Because Mr. Ball so worded the contract and note that Young et al. paid cash, or $1,600,000, for 800,000 shares of common, and gave a note for $2,375,000 for the remaining 1,200,000 shares. But it was understood that when the note fell due—in two years (April, 1939)—Young could either pay the note or return the stock. In other words, all he has is an option on those remaining 1,200,000 shares, with the right to vote them in the meantime. Can he raise $2,375,000? He has Mr. Allen Kirby with him and Mr. Kirby, of the vastly wealthy Woolworth tribe, has plenty of money and access to plenty more. But if Young doesn't meet this note, there will be one more slide of the mountain—back to Ball, and Ball seems to have cast in his lot with the opposition to Young and Kirby.

Therefore, at this moment the rival groups watch the stock market with breathless anxiety. The rise and fall of the market decides who can control the mightiest railroad empire in America.

This leaves one great question unanswered: Can an immense, half-shattered web of railroads, desperately in need of the most careful and intelligent, even masterly, reorganization and management, whatever may be the causes of their troubles, ever attain to health in a fantastic situation like this?

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YOU can understand Chancellor Adolf Hitler's war on the Jews in Germany, though if you are a believer in racial and religious tolerance you cannot condone it.

There was the claim, when Hitler came to power in 1933, that Jews were freezing Germans out of business and the professions. There was the fact that Jews numbered only about 2% of the German population. Putting claim and fact together, Hitler had a natural. Dictators build and hold their power by inflaming large groups of their people against small groups, or against foreigners. Here was a small group. Hence, the heart-rending sufferings of the German Jews for more than five years, now, with the end nowhere in sight.

It is not so easy to understand what Hitler was up to when he turned on the Protestant clergy in Germany and began persecuting them. The climax of this persecution to date has been the trial and acquittal of the Rev. Martin Niemoeller, wartime submarine commander who became the most prominent Protestant minister in Germany. Pastor Niemoeller's acquittal was followed, for reasons a dictator may be able to understand but we can't, by his arrest and internment in a concentration camp, where he still is at this writing.

All this took place before Hitler grabbed Austria last March. Protestants were in the majority in Germany at that time. What could be Hitler's object, anyway, in persecuting Protestant leaders and kicking Protestant congregations around?

The theory that Hitler was trying to conciliate Catholics by attacking Jews and Lutherans, however, did not stand up long. Hitler soon took to arresting Catholic priests and monks here and there and trying them on immorality charges. These charges smelled of fake and frame-up even through the curtains of the Nazi censorship and across 3,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean—though there were some convictions nevertheless.

The mystery of what Hitler was up to in persecuting religionists hit bottom depth and darkness when a mob stormed Theodore Cardinal Innitzer's palace in Vienna a few weeks ago. Of course it was a Nazi mob, though Berlin said next day that it wasn't. No crowd gathers in present-day Germany for any purpose without directions or permission from the Nazi authorities.

After Berlin's formal denial, the outrages against Catholic clergymen, laymen and property went right on. Most of them have occurred in what was Austria (now Ostmark)—and Austria's people have been for generations about 90% Catholic.

And there's the mystery. The German dictator is waging war against the three religious groups that among them must account for the religious loyalties or sympathies of 95% of the German people. And up to this writing he has gotten away with it. Why is he doing it? How is he getting away with it?

Does he fear even an organized church? Hitler must be making enemies in hundred-thousand lots at home by his war on religion, all religion. He is rapidly breaking down what good will he ever had in other countries. What does he hope to gain to outweigh these tremendous losses he is bringing on himself?

Again we don't know. The most reasonable answer would seem to be that the man is an antireligious fanatic determined, like Josef Stalin, whom Hitler professes to detest, to destroy religion.

Of one thing we are sure, though. That is that the whole spectacle stinks to high heaven —we use the expression advisedly—in the noses of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, steeped as they are in traditions of tolerance for all creeds, all races.

The stink is stepped up to the second or third power when you reflect that Germany, where all this is taking place, was the birthplace of those same ideas of religious tolerance. It was at Wittenberg in 1517 that Martin Luther posted his Ninety-five Theses against certain abuses in the medieval church, and thus started the renovation of the Catholic Church and the rise of Protestantism.

We can't be sure, of course, that Hitler won't win his fight to tear up the German tradition of religious tolerance by the roots. But we can't believe he will win. Bismarck couldn't win his Kulturkampf in the 1870's; and Bismarck took on only the Catholic Church, leaving the Protestants and the Jews alone. We still think there is something in the old saying that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church —any church.

Well, thank heaven, we in the United States realized at the beginning that it is a criminal mistake to give a government so much as a trace of power to make martyrs of the members of any church. Provisions outlawing government discrimination against any religious group whatsoever have been nailed in our Constitution since the beginning of our existence as a nation.

Consequently, we don't have those troubles here. We have religious frictions in some communities and at some elections, but the government cannot countenance those things officially. Judging from the miseries Messrs. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin have been able to deal out with their usurped powers over religion in their countries, we'd better be prepared to fight to the last ditch to keep our constitutional guarantees of religious freedom. And we'd better cultivate in our individual hearts all the tolerance that we possibly can.

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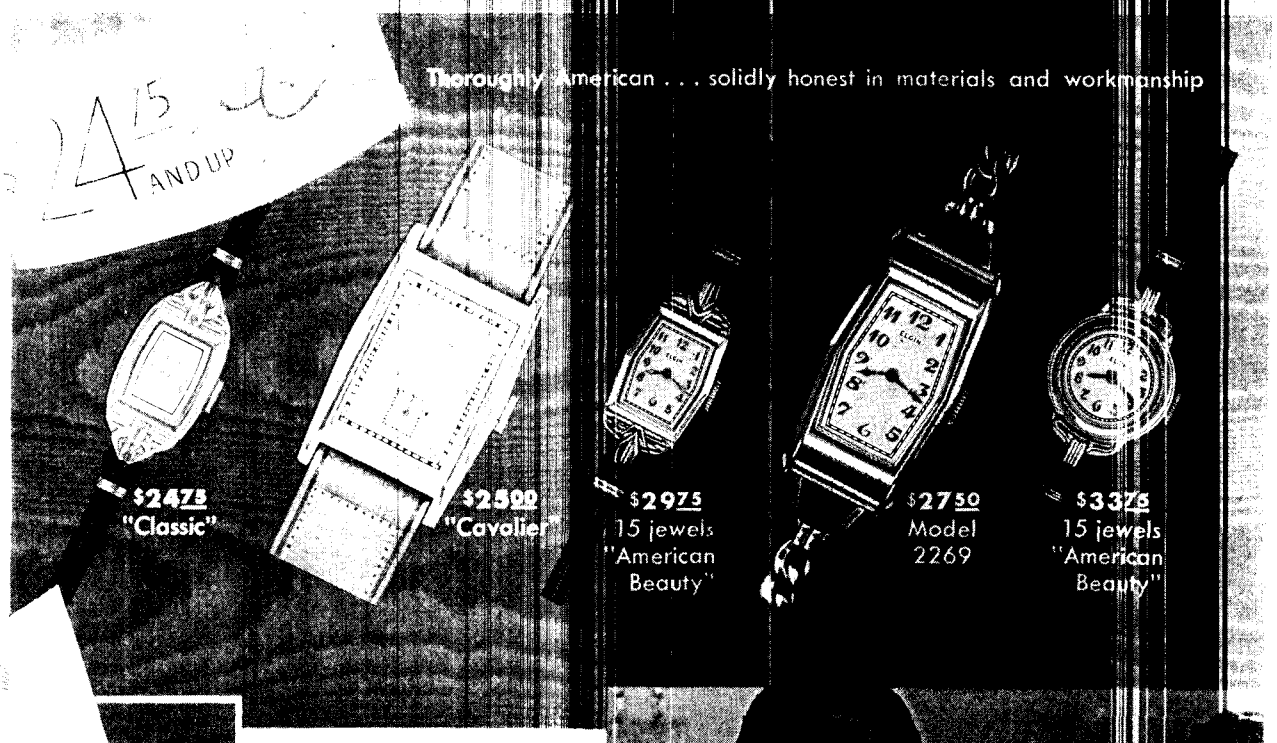

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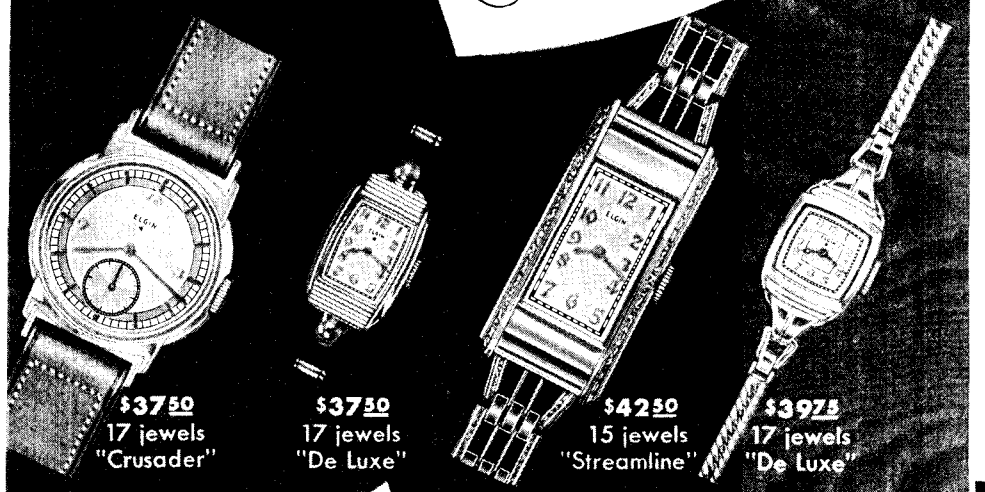

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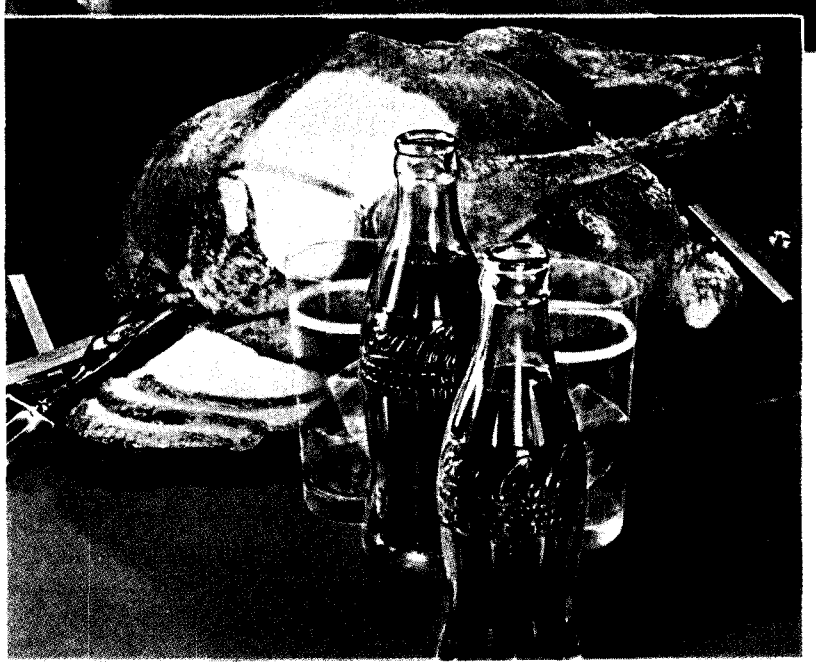

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